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Hollow Pleasure chapter 01Tenant 3A***By the second landing, Robert Bradford had to pause and catch his breath. The stairs were steep and his burden was heavy. Each exhale sent a puff of dust swirling throughout the tight hallway. He doubted the desktop tower in his arms would even turn on- he'd neglected it for far too long in the tenant storage area of the dank old basement. He peered up the final flight of stairs. Now he was remembering why he'd never bothered to carry his old computer upstairs when he first moved into his attic apartment. The Victorian along Willow Street was tall. The 12 foot high ceilings in each apartment might have created the illusion of more space, but the extra long flights of stairs were very real. By the time his hollow foot falls reached the top landing, his face was bright red. But it was for more reasons than one..."Oh! Hi there!" A cheerful voice greeted him at the top. He groaned inwardly. He looked like an out of shape mess, and he knew it. His skinny arms strained with the load that he carried. Kelsey Parker lived across the hall from him, in 3B- the only two attic apartments. They shared a tiny landing at the apex of the Victorian. A night nurse who lived alone, she usually wasn't up at this hour. This was a rarity that Rob wasn't prepared for. And if he'd have known she was out, he probably wouldn't have left his apartment at all. He would have just admired her from the peephole on his door. Kelsey was the object of most of Rob's guilty fantasies. She was in her mid twenties and so fuckin' cute that it made Rob want to cry. She wore her smile in her big brown eyes- they were always bright and sunny to match her disposition. She had a cute little upturned nose, and just enough of an overbite that her front teeth displayed like a chipmunk. She could have been the cutest Hoo from Whoville. Her hair was light brown, with highlights of dyed blonde throughout. Today it was tied up behind her head like a perky feather duster that bobbed with her movements. If her face wasn't enough to turn him into a stammering school boy, her body was something that could make him weep. She kept fit, but one thing that wouldn't shrink with exercise was her chest. Kelsey must have developed early in life, because her boobs strained any outfit that she wore- even her usual baggy scrubs. Rob had speculated that she was at least a double D- possibly even encroaching into E territory, and her slim frame did little but enhance them. Someday, the poor girl was going to develop back problems. But thank god today was not that day. She didn't have much of a butt on her- it was modest and perky. Rob mused that gifted chests often came at the expense of smaller asses on women. But Kelsey had so much going for her already that he was willing to overlook God having run out of modeling clay before he

finished her rear-end. He'd stacked it all into her boobs, and that was just fine. Rob didn't see her often out of her scrubs, but she was dressed casual yet cute. Today, that tight, wonderful body was crammed into a pair of Capri jeans that hugged her hips and stopped at mid calf, showing off her shins and ankles adorably. She wore a zip-up gray hoodie that hid lot of her frame, but it wasn't enough to hide her inviting chest. A pair of pink converse Chuck Taylor sneakers and orange socks gave her some quirky color. Approachable in a down-to-earth way that screamed of cheerful and friendly. It fit her, because Kelsey was always in a good mood. And to prove that point, Rob had interrupted her in the act of decorating her door for Halloween. A large cartoon pumpkin with a happy face was tacked to her door and she was in the process of spreading caution tape and fake spider webs in place. "Hello," Rob mumbled nervously. He was all too aware of his own appearance- he was pushing thirty-five, but he was pale and skinny. His arms seemed to lack muscle tone no matter how hard he tried to push himself to work out. And his lack of people-skills always showed in the way his shoulders hunched and his eyes darted away nervously. "Where are your Halloween decorations?" She pressed him, glancing at his plain door with a little pout. "Oh... it's only September," he stammered. "I know," she admittedly guiltily. "But I love Halloween." "Me too," he said and hurried to his door, feeling stupid and wishing he could come up with something better to say. "Maybe I'll put some things up... you know... to keep up with you." She rested her hand on her hip and gave him a smile. He thought he detected a hint of sympathy in her expression, and he hated himself even more. "Better hurry," she said. "Before Christmas gets anymore of an ego and tries to steal it from us." He laughed. "Well... have fun!" "Bye," she called after him as Rob shut the door. As soon as the door closed, Rob shut his eyes and groaned. "Stupid stupid," he muttered to himself. "What the fuck is wrong with you, Rob?" He sighed and placed the computer tower on the floor. His self-belittlement wasn't only for the typical reasons. Robert Bradford was a successful author. He'd published half a dozen books, and achieved enough financial independence that he could write full time from his apartment. As a result, he lived like a shut-in. But that's how he preferred it. He was never good with the spoken word- probably why he gravitated toward writing. He needed some way to express himself, because god knew, he couldn't do it verbally. How the hell can a guy who compiles volumes of stories, have such a hard time saying a few of clever things to the cute girl across the hall? It was a question he asked himself often. There was no excuse other than him not responding well to social pressure. It made his brain freeze like a deer in headlights. Alone, things had a tendency to come so much more naturally. He sighed. Alone. That was how he lived. His little apartment space was a lonely one. That was probably why he found such comfort in his imagination. Rob didn't have many friends. So he invented characters in his mind- people he would someday like to meet. They became like friends, and he wrote them down. They were hits, because his books sold well. But sometimes they weren't enough, and

Rob began to catch himself more and more talking to himself, the way a child would talk to an imaginary friend. Of course he knew there was nobody there to actually converse with him... but sometimes it was nice to close his eyes and pretend for a few minutes... On some nights, he'd narrate his entire mundane existence out loud, as though explaining it to an interviewer, or an old long lost friend, or a time traveler from ancient times... And some nights, he'd power up his Xbox, look to all his friends and connections— their cartoonish icons that were forever in a state of slumber because they'd all either started families, moved on, or passed away— and he'd sigh and wish they'd come back. He took a final glance out of the peep hole in time to see Kelsey stretching on her tip toes to reach the top of the door frame. Her sweat shirt rose slightly and Rob was treated to a view of bare skin just above the waist-line— a smooth tan tummy and a pleasant curve of her lower back. He felt his loins tighten... He turned away and wandered into the turret that overlooked the front of the building. His apartment wasn't huge, but boy did it have character. The bedroom was small, the bathroom was even smaller. The kitchen was basically just a kitchenette that shared space with the living room. But just off of the living room, Rob had the top floor of a large circular turret. He'd turned it into his work space with his array of computers in a cockpit configuration. Bulletin boards of notes lined the walls and a telescope overlooked the street on a tri-pod— his "periscope" to the outside world. The character of his home was the reason that he stayed as long as he did. That and the comfort sounds. The noises of the other tenants that carried through the thin walls and floor. He could pretty much hear everyone moving throughout the ancient building, and the sound sometimes comforted him when he was feeling especially lonely. People were within earshot of him. He was part of a community, even if he didn't really talk to them. It made him feel cozy. He tore himself away from the windows. Today he had work to do. Rob lugged the computer tower into the turret and set it up. He proceeded to hook up the wires and run the cables through the desk array. When it powered up, he was pleasantly surprised. "No way," he muttered to himself. It actually worked! His first bit of good news today. His usual writing computer had finally given up the ghost last night— it was on its last leg. He removed the broken one. It was garbage— doubtful even a thief would want it. He mentally rehearsed what he would say to Kelsey when he 'bumped into her' again as he carried it out the door and into the hall. But he found the hallway empty. She had apparently finished up and gone inside. There was a pang of disappointment. He left the computer on the top step and returned inside. He dropped into his desk chair and stared up at the ceiling with a sigh. He really needed to get some serious writing done today. His current project was starting to drag, and Rob knew just how dangerous procrastination could get. The less he worked on the book, the less excited about the project he became, and the more he'd forget about previous chapters. He needed to strike while his excitement was high, but every time he tried, he found his attention wandering. The desk chair was in the center of the turret. He spun around, looking at

the cock-pit configured computer array. The charts and storyboards on the walls, the scribbled notes. His eyes were once again drawn to the big windows that overlooked the street, and the telescope positioned within. Rob didn't like to think of himself as a voyeur, but he didn't have much normal contact with others. And breathing life and realism into his characters was something he struggled with. It had been his idea (inspired by an old Hitchcock film) to set up the telescope and keep tabs on his neighbors. There was the husband and wife in 1B— they seemed cool, the handicapped student and his single mother in 2A, just below his own apartment. There was a new tenant in 2B who'd moved in last month, though he hadn't met them yet (although that wasn't really a surprise considering how little time Rob spent coming and going). And of course, Kelsey across the hall. Rob had drawn a little cross section of the Victorian and tacked it to his wall with sticky notes that detailed everyone's routines. He supposed he was crossing into 'crazy stalker' territory, but he preferred to view it as the actions of an obsessive private investigator, and it was more fun to pretend that than to face the reality that he was a creep. He took a quick glance into his telescope and startled to see a moving truck parked out front. It was probably for 1A, the only vacant apartment in the six unit building. Furniture was being removed— mismatched hand-me-down items, some new Ikea boxes, and a folding futon. Three girls came and went— college girls from the looks of things. Rob's heart sped up. Interesting. College students were nothing out of the ordinary. The town appealed to hipsters, and the main street often rented to students at the nearby university. But these three were definitely the kind of women that would make a lonely guy like Rob sit up and take notice. He spied a busty one with an olive complexion and wild curly hair; a skinny brunette with a sharp face and super-model length straight brown hair; and a redhead with glasses who appeared to be drowning in an oversized hoodie. All three were pretty— maybe not 'Kelsey pretty' but they definitely warranted a closer look. He added them to the map behind his chair, intending to do some snooping at a later time. "Later," he promised himself out loud. "For now, you need to focus," he slapped himself once across the face, before returning his attention to the computer he'd brought up from the basement. Despite the age and neglect, it ran beautifully, almost too well. Why had he never bothered with this one before? He loaded his old documents, making the virtual world feel like home. He loaded his current story and stared blankly at the place where he'd left off... he wasn't sure what to type. The sound of walking on the old wooden floors stole his attention. Kelsey moving around in her apartment just on the other side of the wall. He smiled to himself, charmed at the sounds of her cute feet on the floor. Those pink converse sneakers and her orange fuzzy socks— to match her Halloween decorating, no doubt. He wondered if she painted her toenails— probably something to celebrate the season. That thought spiraled into another. He wondered if she was wearing black and orange panties. Maybe even a thong. Was she the type of girl who would? God, he hoped so. Before Rob knew it, he was inspired, but it wasn't thoughts of his story. It was lewd

fantasies of Kelsey— what kind of woman was she behind closed doors? Was she innocent and sweet in the bedroom, laying on her back, letting her handsome Prince take her gently? Or was she a hidden tiger, waiting to spring to life? Did she use toys on herself on those lonely nights, or just her hands. The thought that she might spend days laying awake just on the other side of the wall, gasping as she ran her hands over her body made his crotch begin to tighten up. Did she ever bite her lip, and look at the wall, and consider knocking, coming over here and throwing herself at her neighbor for some desperate and eager release? Curiously, he began to type. Robert Bradford was in no way an erotic novelist. His professional genres were suspense and horror. But the act of writing was much more intense for him than simply reading a story or watching a movie. It brought things to life in his head. It was savory— like slow eating a piece of chocolate and thinking about every little bit of it. Using all of his brain power to completely imagine something amplified everything... including pleasure. And at the moment, Rob decided that he needed some way to satisfy the overwhelming craving that he had for his sexy and adorable neighbor. His crotch was stirring itself to life. He had dabbled in love scenes, but outright filthy sex scenes was something new. He supposed he could have simply watched porn, gotten himself off, and moved on with his day. But the urges were growing, especially lately. He wanted Kelsey. The only porn star who remotely came close was a girl named Peta Jensen... but the resemblance was still too far off. Rob needed more. He needed his actual crush. If the pornographic scene that he really desired didn't exist, why not make it himself in his mind? He began to type, quickly mapping out a scene— rehashing the awkward interaction that he'd had with Kelsey in the hallway. It was painful, remembering the way he'd struggled to speak to her, the need to say something clever to her, and failing miserably. It was time for a different ending to that encounter. A few minutes after his 'character' walked away, there would come a knock at the door. When his character answered, Kelsey would be standing there. Her zip-up hooded sweatshirt would be opened and her breasts exposed— she hadn't been wearing a bra beneath that whole time in the hallway. Rob liked where this was going. His hand wandered to his lap and he rubbed his growing erection over the fabric of his khakis. Now he needed something for her character to say... some opening line, like a porno movie, that would set off the sex scene. His fingers flew over the keys. He giggled as he typed her dialogue line: "The only thing I like more than Halloween, is sucking cock." It was cheesy, he was aware. He could do so much better. But it ultimately led to a hot scene in which 'Kelsey' gave 'Rob' a wicked blow job, right there in the open doorway that overlooked the 3rd floor landing. Then they went inside and fucked like rabbits— she rode him on the couch like a woman possessed. The scene gave Rob an aching erection. As he typed things out, from the dirty talk, to the hot sweaty sex, he could feel his member throbbing. He considered the characters moving throughout the apartment, fucking in dozens of positions. But decided against it. He was too turned on now, and he needed release. He'd already devoted

more time to typing this out than he intended. It was time for the climax. Rob's character cries out that he's going to cum. She does too, and the orgasm together. The ending was a little hurried, but it was needed, because Rob definitely needed to satisfy himself, and right now. He concluded the naughty short story with something cliché, yet simple: "Kelsey returned to her apartment as though nothing had ever happened. But Rob knew... this was the start of something grand in his life." Not bad. Maybe he'd even submit the story to one of those online erotic literature forums (under a pen name, of course), but first... He leaned back in his desk chair. One hand rubbed his throbbing member, as the other hit save and dropped the document into a folder labeled with a simple 'X'. No sooner had Rob accomplished this feat than there came a sudden jarring knock at the door. It cut right through his lust induced bliss. Talk about shitty timing. "Umm, just a minute," he grumbled awkwardly, tossing his tissue box to the side of the desk, and hurrying to tuck his boner into his pants. It tented obnoxiously. Fate had a way of being cruel. Rob's manhood was large, despite his skinny frame. He had been gifted with a cock that fell just shy of 10 inches, with a thick meaty shaft. Unfortunately his lack of people-skills left him with few opportunities to use it. On more than one occasion he'd look at himself in the mirror and hum a few sarcastic notes from a famous song about irony. His hands trembled a little as he stood from his desk and tucked his cock up into the waistband of his pants, the head reaching past his belly button. He pulled his shirt down until it covered his crotch. It wasn't great. The outline still printed through his clothes. He sighed. "What am I? In fuckin' high school again?" He hadn't had to go to this sort of trouble to hide the fact that he was masturbating since he was kid living at home, and his parents would interrupt him for one reason or another. The knocking came again, sounding more urgent. Hopefully it was just the landlord or maintenance guy, telling him of a water shut off. Just a quick interaction, Rob wouldn't even need to open the door all the way. But when he peered out of the peephole, he spied Kelsey. His heart jumped. His first instinct was one of self-preservation. He'd written a dirty story about her, and somehow she had known and was here to slap him, or belittle him, or call him a creep. He'd done something wrong and now he was in trouble. He'd be humiliated and embarrassed, and have to issue apologies on top of apologies, before withdrawing into some hole to live out his pathetic days. No. That was silly. There's no way she knew. report

NEXT PAGE

He glanced down at his erection. It was subsiding, but not quick enough. Maybe he could lean slightly forward and hide it. He pulled open the door and greeted her as though he didn't know it was her. "Hello? Oh hi, Kelsey," he smiled pleasantly (at least he hoped it was pleasant). He personally felt like he looked nervous and guilty. It wasn't helped by the blank stare that his normally fun-loving and bubbly neighbor gave him. She blinked once at him, then seemed to snap

out of it. A coy smile spread across her lips like the Cheshire Cat. Her eyes were piercing and... lusty? It definitely wasn't Kelsey's normal perky demeanor. "Is everything okay?" he asked, suddenly worried. Then Kelsey gave him a coy, mischievous smile, reached her hands up to the zipper on her hoodie, and drew it down in one long pull. Her shirt opened, and Rob saw nothing but bare skin beneath. His jaw dropped. She wasn't wearing a bra, just like in his story. And when she pulled her top open, two huge exposed breasts stared back at him. They were bigger than he thought—especially on her small frame. They were perky, plump, and round, with tan lines leftover from the departing summer. The areas of skin not kissed bronze by the sun were bright white, with large pink nipples. "Oh my god," his eyes popped. Kelsey had always been unabashedly friendly to him, but she had never come onto him like this before. What the hell was happening? Then she said something that stopped his heart completely. "The only thing I like more than Halloween, is sucking cock." Like a slap in the face, it was as though she had stepped right out of his computer. But it was impossible... Before Rob could even consider any of this, she suddenly shoved the door to his apartment all the way open. She grabbed him by his skinny frame and pushed him up against the door frame. Kelsey grabbed his hands, thrusting them against her chest, letting him feel the warmth of her skin, and the heavy weight of her breasts. Her nipples were hard, and her soft tits inviting. "Oh my god—" he started to say, but Kelsey nearly threw herself to his mouth, starting to kiss him hungrily right there in the doorframe. Rob couldn't process this. She was a ten, and he was a six, at best. He had been skinny, with narrow shoulders and gangly arms and legs his whole life. He rarely went outside, and was always pale. The term 'blue blood' came to mind in the classic sense when he looked at himself in the mirror—people who were so pale, they looked almost blue. There's no way a girl like Kelsey would go for him. And certainly not in this way, making out in an open doorway on the top floor landing of his building. True, it was just their two apartments up here, but this was much more risqué than anything he'd ever done in real life. But now her tongue was poking into his mouth, coaxing his own into action. Was he dreaming? If he was, it was too vivid. She smelled of strawberries. Had he done this somehow? Had his imagination somehow manufactured this into reality? Before he could chase the thought more, her hand shot down to his crotch. She gave it a squeeze over his pants, making him nearly jump. "Ohh Rob, you are a big boy," she cooed against his lips. "If I'd have known you had a cock like this, I would have fucked you sooner," she declared. He jumped again, recognizing another line of dialogue from his story. What the—She bit his lip pleasantly, and when his tongue slid into her mouth, wrestling with hers, she began to suck. Fuck, she was wild, just like he imagined... Her hand rubbed his cock over his clothing with a sense of desperate urgency. He let his hands fondle her tits. He didn't know how this was possible, but less and less he found himself caring. This moment was already impossible. It could end at any moment. Hell, it could have been a dream... a very warm, realistic dream. And if that was the case, he better enjoy as

much of it as possible before he awoke. His hands felt for her hard nipples, and gave them a pinch and a twist. He didn't have a lot of experience here, mostly making it up as he went, but she squealed in delight all the same. That sweet little Disney Princess voice of hers was uncharacteristically horny and slutty. "I need it, Rob. I need it so bad. Can I suck on it? Pretty pretty please?" She begged. He knew she would ask that. At this point, he was certain that she was playing out everything from his story... and that was okay. He'd process it all later... "Suck it," he said, trying to sound as confident as he had in the story. But his words came out fearful and uncertain. Regardless, Kelsey dropped to her knees in front of him, trailing her hand down along chest as she went. Her hands worked quickly to pull open his pants and shove his shirt up his skinny frame. He stared down at her, his heart pounding in his ears. He could barely catch his breath. Her tits hung glorious and free right out in the open, and his cock pointed straight at that cute up-turned bunny rabbit nose of hers. "Ohh Rob," she cooed again, and devoured him in one gulp. The desperation was clear in her actions. His cock disappeared into her warm wet mouth. Her lips locking tightly around his enormous shaft. Her head began to bob. Her tied back hair trembled lightly like a feather duster being shaken. She was taking long quick pulls on his cock with her mouth. She made it disappear and reappear again and again between those perfect pink lips. All the while, her large brown eyes peered up at him, as if wanting to ensure that he was enjoying her efforts. Rob leaned against the door frame for support. He was certain if he didn't have that to lean against, his shaking legs would spill him to the floor. He had to throw his hands over his mouth, to keep from moaning out loud. It was an old building and sound traveled well. That wasn't stopping Kelsey though. She was moaning in muffled pleasure as she devoured him. "Mmmm... mmmm.... mmmm..." she said with each long drag of his cock. The pleasure was incredible. Had it really been since college that Rob had gotten a blow job? It seemed so long ago. And he never remembered them being this good. "Fuck... fuck yes," he found himself gasping between his fingers. "Uh huh... uh huh," she urged him. She shrugged out of her hoodie, completely unworried about being exposed in the hallway like this. She tossed it aside, letting her plump melons free. Her mouth went right back to his dick, latching on and sucking for all she was worth. One hand gripped his shaft and stroked him back and forth into her bobbing mouth. His balls swung free and heavily back and forth, smacking against her wrist with each stroke. He could feel how busy her tongue was. How smooth and slippery her lips were... Uh oh! Something was happening. Something that hadn't found its way into his little erotic story. Something he hadn't considered. Her blow job was too good. He had gone without sex for so long, been starved of it. Now it was catching up with him quickly. "Oh fuck... Kelsey... I'm going to..." he said, feeling the pleasantness in his cock reaching a fever pitch. His balls tingled. The head of his cock swelled to an even thicker degree, pulsing between her lips. All the while, Kelsey continued to moan and purr and suck and gobble, oblivious to what was happening. Her efforts driven by a single minded

urge. Rob tried to hold back, although he knew there was no stopping it now. "Ohhhh god," he braced against the door frame, his hips gave an involuntary thrust that sent his cock into her throat. She gagged pleasantly on his member. There was a brief moment, as though the world froze. And suddenly he was cumming. His cock went off like a loaded gun. The first rope of cum shot into Kelsey's throat. She swallowed it down. More and more followed in rapid succession. Each spasm that his cock gave sent hot cum into his neighbor's hungry mouth. She drank from his cock, as though his sperm was her sustenance. Even more shocking—she didn't relent. Her sucking didn't slow. Her hand milked him dry, draining him. Cum was spilling out of her lips, running down her chin to her chest, coating his shaft. "Sorry," he began to stammer. He expected her stop, to get up and leave, disappointed in his lack of performance. But to his surprise, she continued to suck, not relenting, only building speed. He groaned. His cock had grown extra sensitive after his orgasm. Even as his member became soft, Kelsey never stopped licking, sucking, and gobbling. Her tongue spun in a circle around the head, as though she was either oblivious to his premature orgasm, or she simply didn't care. "Oh god," he had to bite down on his hand to keep from crying out. The sensitivity of his dick was immense, and her sucking tickled almost painfully. "Oh god..." he almost screamed into his palm. Kelsey reached down and began to unsnap her jeans, then her hand disappeared down the front of them, finding her sex and rubbing. Her other hand went to one of her plump tits, squeezing and massaging in a sensual display that was meant for her pleasure as well as drive Rob wild. He watched, realizing she was still doing everything he'd written about in his story. Despite his pounding heart and whirlwind of confusion, a small part of his sensibilities whispered to him that she was following the script. He might have deviated, with his early orgasm, but she was continuing on, regardless of the sudden change. What could that possibly mean? Her lips pulled at his cock, now half limp. She sucked it in and out of her mouth like a noodle. He was still very sensitive, and the feeling was both pleasant and unpleasant at the same time. This wasn't possibly a dream. No way. Not the way it felt in her mouth right now. "I guess I have to tweak a few things," he muttered out loud, considering the story versus what was happening now. Kelsey stared up at him, a single minded sex toy busying herself. She moaned and gasped now as she sucked on his cock—playing with herself. He watched as she squeezed her breast tantalizingly, rolling her nipple between her thumb and forefinger. Her nipples were big. They'd have to be for her colossal mammarys. Despite the orgasm, Rob's cock started to swell once again. Kelsey wasn't done with him yet... not until the story ended... and she would keep going until it was done. Part of Rob wondered what would happen then, but did it really matter? Her unrelenting blow job, and her amazing sexuality combined with that body of hers... there was no denying that his cock was hardening. If she kept up at this rate, he'd be ready for round two in no time. He found himself sighing with pleasure more and more, falling into his role in this impossible dream like scene. He reached out and took that bobbing feathery ponytail in one hand. He gripped it tightly

and started to force her head up and down on his cock. "Mmmhmm," she responded. "Mmmhmm!" Her mouth was muffled. Her lips made wet sloppy sounds as she sucked his cum and her saliva into her mouth with each plunge of her head. "That's it," Rob snarled, surprised by the sound of his own words. "Who's a little slut?" He asked. Questions that he always wanted to ask in bed, but usually felt silly. His words tentative, but he was now living a fantasy that he knew wouldn't stop if he offended her. "I am!" she answered back, like a ditzy bimbo cheerleader. Something he had asked in the story, and the same answer she had given then. "Good girl. That's right. You're my slut. All mine." He leaned his head back on the doorframe and used his grip on her hair to fuck her face. Her busy hands worked over her body, squeezing her tits and fingering her pussy as she knelt on the carpeted runner. Curiously, he decided to venture off script, staring into those big eyes of hers as she regarded him. "Do you like playing with your big fuckin' honkers?" No response. Just her continued aggressive sucking. Another experiment. He repeated a question that he knew he only asked once in the story. "Who's a little slut?" "I am," she replied, exactly as before. Interesting. "Let me fuck your ass," he said. Again, something that hadn't made it into his story. Kelsey made no move to stop from her sucking. "Let me fuck your tits." This time, just as described on the computer, she popped off of his cock, and began to smack herself in the face with his throbbing member. Then she sat higher up on her knees and thrust out her chest to him, like a maiden presenting an offering to her master. "You like my tits?" She asked, almost pleaded. "I love your tits," he responded, and placed his cock between them. Kelsey squeezed her breasts together, trapping his rod between those big warm pillows. Then she started to move her body in time with his, jiggling those enormous puppies up and down against his wet shaft. "Ohhh, Kelsey," he moaned. She stuck to the script, but not tightly. He could trigger a change in the events, provided he said the right thing, and it was something he'd scripted. She wouldn't let him fuck her ass, but he could suggest she cut the blow job short, and fuck her tits because he'd written it. Her head bobbed in a single minded purpose. Her tongue lolled from her mouth like a panting dog. Her eyes rolling back in her head. Those big juicy tits slid up and down along him, milking a few left over drops of cum from the head of his member. Sweat was starting to appear on her chest like drops of dew. It felt good, but Rob wanted more. "I want to fuck," he told her. Kelsey nearly sprang to her feet. "I thought you'd never ask," she said in her perky voice, sounding more and more like a bimbo. She smiled, dirty thoughts at the forefront of her brain as she grasped Rob by the shirt and forced him backward into his apartment. He didn't even have a chance to shut the door before she was nearly throwing him onto the couch. "Get these off," she was barking at him like a sexual demon. She grasped his pants and nearly ripped them off. She gripped his shirt in both hands and tore it right down the middle, just like the story. She brought her lips to his mouth, kissing him deeply and passionately. He could taste his own cum on her breath— something he made a mental note to tweak later. Then she was dragging her tongue

down his chin, his neck, his skinny chest and stomach. Before she reached his aching member, she stopped and nearly tackled him. She tossed away the last of her clothes and jumped into his lap. Her aggression was wild, exactly as he'd always fantasized about. Premature orgasm or not, Rob was ready to go again. His cock was hard and aching with yearning by the time she scrambled into his lap, thrust her tits into his face, and reached back between their legs to grasp his cock and guide it into her pussy. "Holy shit, this is really happening," Rob commented, taking in the sight of his neighbor's hot wonderful body. With her tits in his face, he couldn't resist planting kisses on her flesh, letting his tongue flick out to taste her. How could he not? They were bigger than his head. He could smell her body wash— a pleasant coconut smell. Kelsey pushed the head of Rob's cock into her eager wetness. The warmth started to swallow up his head. "Ohhhh Rob... I've never had one so big before," she managed to moan out. "Holy shit, Kelsey," he said as she started to wiggle her butt and lower herself on his shaft. "I have a feeling we'll be doing this a lot," he moaned. Kelsey sank lower, taking him deeper and deeper. Her body responded by squeezing his cock tightly. "Oh shit," he moaned. Then she was fully seated in his lap. His entire rod throbbing within her womb. "Oh my god," she squeaked out. "Oh my god." She glanced down at him and smiled. "Just relax. I want to make you feel really good," and she started to move her hips. She slid up and down his cock, fucking him slowly at first. Rob wrapped his arms around her waist, savoring the moment. He never knew it could be like this. Big tits in his face, a warm wet pussy engulfing his cock. Moans escaping the lips of a beautiful girl that he'd had a crush on forever, it seemed. He felt like his arms could wrap twice around her narrow waist. He held her tightly and helped move her up and down on his lap. He looked over her shoulder to the open apartment door. "What if someone comes up here and sees?" He moaned, all too aware it was part of his dialogue in his story. She paused, and cradled either side of his face in her slender fingers, looking in his eyes with a naughty little smile. "Maybe they'll join us," she grinned and moved her lips back to his. Her words made his cock throb inside of her tight body. Their mouths locked together and Kelsey resumed rocking on his lap, but this time with much more vigor. Her plump juicy tits pressed against his chest, sliding up and down his body with ease. They were warm and slick with sweat. He gasped. "God, I've wanted this forever," he moaned. "Me too." His hands eagerly roamed every inch of her body, still not believing this to be really happening. He wanted to feel every inch of her. Cautiously he gave her a slap on the ass. "Oooh!" She cooed. "Have I been a bad girl?" She asked, bouncing harder. "Very bad. Fucking your neighbor with the door open... like a real slut." He growled, moving his hips and thrusting up into her body. He slapped her ass harder, making his own hand sting. Kelsey yelped, and rode him faster. "Your slut," she told him, struggling to catch her breath. By now her tits were bouncing wildly with her movements. They slapped together in front of Rob's face, threatening to knock him around. The futon beneath them began to creak. "Someone might hear," Rob grunted,

out of breath. All too aware of how real that might be... and how alarming."I don't care!" She cried out. Kelsey wrapped her arms around Rob's neck and leaned back. She positioned her feet on either side of him on the couch as she leaned far back into space. She clung to him, still bouncing, as Rob helped brace her, aware of how small his arms were and how uncoordinated he was. Thankfully Kelsey did most of the work for both of them. Her body was built for it, Rob noticed. Even as she threw herself back and forth on his lap, impaling herself on his cock, her flat belly was flexing. Her arms showing some definition. She worked out frequently."Fuck me, Rob!" She threw her head back and screamed. "Fuck me with that big fat fuckin' cock!"God, even to hear cheerful Kelsey curse like that drove him wild. His cock jumped and spasmed inside of her. Her body slapped against him over and over again. Her tits knocked together wildly."Yes! Yes! Yes!" She panted."Take it, you slut!" Rob allowed him to get lost in the fantasy moment. Though he had no explanation for why it was happening, it didn't much matter. This was much more intense than anything he'd ever written or created in his mind. And it was happening exactly as he'd imagined it.He slapped her on the ass, and each time that he did, she moaned and screamed in pleasure.They fucked until exhaustion began to set in. Sweat was pouring from Rob's brow, and he was suddenly grateful that he hadn't described multiple positions throughout his apartment- the way he had always wanted to fuck Kelsey. He was positive that if he had, she would literally fuck him to death. He didn't have that kind of stamina."Oh god..." he shut his eyes, feeling his cock building up to a second orgasm.Drops of sweat were chasing each other down between her breasts."Harder... harder!" She panted in her sweet wholesome voice that had turned into a ravenous slut"Ohhh Kelsey. I'm going to cum!" He cried out.report

NEXT PAGE

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written any more to the story than this. What would happen next? Would she come to her senses? Would she snap out of this trance, and freak out? Or would she be cool with it? The only thing that he remembered was that he'd given the whole story a generic ending: "Kelsey returned to her apartment as though nothing had ever happened. But Rob knew... this was the start of something grand in his life." Suddenly, without a word, Kelsey climbed off of him. Her body naked, with a pleasant sheen of sweat that made her glisten. She bent to collect her discarded clothing, and wordlessly went to her apartment— her legs scissoring cutely. She shut the door. Rob stared in disbelief, still naked, his cock deflating in his lap, sticky with their mess of lovemaking. What the fuck? He started to come to his senses, and when he did, he jumped to his feet on wobbly legs, dressed quickly, fixed his hair, and replaced his torn shirt. Then he decided he'd better follow up, not sure what else to do. He knocked on Kelsey's door, eyeing the grinning pumpkin cutout that she'd tacked up earlier. That pumpkin no longer looked like he was grinning because he was joyous and innocent. He was grinning because he'd seen things... he was privy to some new secret knowledge. After a moment, Kelsey opened. She was dressed, but a sweaty mess. "Oh, hi Rob," she smiled politely. "Can I help you?" Rob stood, feeling confused. He hadn't thought through what he would say when she answered. And she definitely no longer looked like the sexed up demon that had fucked him like crazy only minutes ago. He decided to keep his answer vague. "Umm... d—did you knock on my door a little while ago?" She blinked. "No. I mean... I don't think so. M—maybe, but I'm having a weird blackout moment." "Blackout?" He asked, trying to sound casual and not at all guilty. "Like, have you ever taken a really good nap, and woken up when it's dark out, and you have no idea what day it is? You can't tell if it's seven at night, or seven the next morning?" "Yeah, I guess I know the feeling," He laughed nervously, rubbing the back of his head. His hand came away sweaty. "Did you take a nap?" "No. I don't think so. And I'm a total mess," she looked at herself. Rob paled. "I don't know. There was a small power surge earlier, and the AC went out. You know how it gets really hot up here really quickly." She smiled. "I guess you're right. But I don't remember knocking on your door." "Maybe it was just a ghost," he replied, dismissively, wanting to hurry back to his apartment to process all of this. "Ooh," she said, intrigued. "It's an old building. That would certainly make for a fun Halloween." "Well I'll see you later, Kelsey," he said and hurried back to his door. "Bye," she called sweetly after him. When Rob shut his door, he sagged against it with relief. He pinched himself once, very hard, to make sure it hadn't all been some dream or hallucination. She really didn't remember the crazy sex they'd just had! And he was positive that she was being honest just then in the hallway, she was back to her normal self, not doing anything uncharacteristic. He needed to be cautious, because while she had basically attacked him, he'd left evidence behind in a girl who didn't remember having sex with him. That tended to not look good. He hurried into his turret/writing studio and looked at his ancient tower computer in disbelief. Maybe there was a ghost in the house. Maybe it

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END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment contains elements of hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, and voyeurism. This is a work of

fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Hollow Pleasure chapter 02

Tenant 1A***A late summer wind blew across Willow Street, shaking the leaves and sending a few of the fallen ones scattering across the grass. They chased each other in bright shades of gold and brown. Despite the coming fall, it was a slow change. Things were still warm and pleasant. The sky didn't yet start to feel or smell like fall. But that could change abruptly. Literally overnight.

Danni Esposito stood on the front steps, admiring her new building. This was exciting! It was called the 'Connelly House', and there was a grand, almost Disney-esque quality to the building. It was a classic Victorian style mansion in shades of brown, mint green, and bright gray. It would be dynamite at Halloween, reminding her of something the Munsters might live in... but less rundown. A covered porch lined the front of the building and wrapped around the side. There was even a three story turret that tapered to a point in the low foreboding attic. The coolest part of this whole arrangement was that the wrap-around porch and the turret were features in her apartment unit!

Well... not just hers. She would be sharing it with two other girls this year. But she was no stranger to that. She had known Tina since grade school, and though she had just met Lucy, she seemed quiet and cool. They had finished with the moving truck yesterday. Now family members were helping with the last of the items. Danni's older brother Bill— the cute one that Tina had secretly coveted for years— used his pickup truck to tote the larger furniture that the girls owned. He was polite and courteous as always, calling Tina 'ma'am' even though it wasn't necessary. She was swooning over his new military haircut and his way of carrying himself. The Marines had really whipped him into shape. Not that he wasn't already. He had always been a cutie with a kind approachable demeanor.

"So when do you ship out?" Tina was asking. "Day after tomorrow, ma'am." "When will you be back?" Danni merely rolled her eyes. She knew what was happening. In fact, if Tina's parents weren't helping with this move, she was certain that Tina would be much more vulgar and personal with her line of questioning.

Danni helped Bill carry a few of the bulkier items inside as Tina trailed behind. The siblings traded a knowing look, and Danni had to hold back her smirk. "Thank god you're on the first floor," Bill had said when he roamed further down the hall and poked his head into the narrow stairwell. It didn't look like the easiest to navigate with heavy items. He unloaded the last of his truck and departed (much to Tina's disappointment). He had other obligations.

"At least this one has air conditioning," Tina's father commented, finishing the assembly of some Ikea furniture that he and his wife had been working on (and fighting the entire time), in the cramped bedroom. The girls had their beds on either side of the room like Ward and June Cleaver, a night stand in the middle and a matching set of Ikea wardrobes along one wall. They hadn't yet unpacked their personal items to give the room character, and so far it looked sterile and

hotel-like... aside from the old hardwood floor of the ancient house, of course. A throw rug would warm that up. Right now, however, the room resembled one of their old dorms- the hellish one from their first year that had seen record temperatures without AC. That had been the closest that long time friends Danni and Tina had ever come to wanting to kill each other. "Oh stop, it's lovely," Tina's mother commented, being contrary. "I don't see why the girls have to share a room. They found the place and jumped through all of the hoops to rent it. They should get a say in who gets what room." "We did, dad," Tina said. "We chose to let the new girl have the back bedroom." "That's very thoughtful," her mother said. "Thoughtful people finish last," her dad added. "We didn't do it to be thoughtful," Tina grinned teasingly. She laced her fingers through Danni's. "There's something we've been meaning to tell you..." "Now's as good a time as any," Danni giggled, playing along. Tina waited until the color drained from the faces of both parents before bursting out laughing. "We're kidding," she said. They sighed with relief before her mother immediately added, "Not that we wouldn't support you either way..." "Oh for the love of god," Tina said and started ushering them to the door. "Thank you for all of the help, but we've still got a ton of unpacking. Love you!" She breathed a sigh of relief when the door shut. "That was something," Danni laughed. Tina only shook her head. "They're getting worse. Sorry about that." Danni waved her hand dismissively, not bothered. She gazed around the apartment. "It is pretty cool here," she allowed herself to fall backward onto the comfy hand-me-down couch and splayed her arms out across the cushions. Tina agreed. "At least it isn't student housing. It's an actual real apartment, with actual real people." She wandered into the turret. The floor boards creaked beneath her feet. She gazed out the windows. The sun was starting to set, the sky growing a shade of navy blue. "Should we start unpacking? It's been a long day," said Danni. "We should at least get the blinds in the windows. And maybe set up a few lights so we're not falling over boxes in the dark." "Good idea. But first, we should order food." "If I eat, I'll never get anything done," Tina said. Danni ignored her. "You want to ask the new girl what she's hungry for?" "Is she even here?" "I saw her come in and go straight to her room." Tina rolled her eyes. "Figures. Hey new girl! Did you want some food?" She hollered down the hallway. "Jesus, Tina. She has a name." Danni insisted. Tina sighed. She had only met Lucy a couple of times, and didn't quite know what to make of her. The girl was timid and bookish. A natural redhead (fitting for a girl named Lucy) with fair skin and freckles (how unfortunate for her). She wore dark framed glasses that looked a size too large for her, and made Tina giggle at the way the girl goggled behind them- like an owl or something. It was hard to get a sense of her body type, because she wore baggy hand-me-down clothing... in addition to her perpetual nervous expression. Lucy leaned out of her bedroom door a moment later. "Oh... umm... I was going to start my laundry in a minute." Her brow was pinched. She continued to look at them like she expected there to be more. Danni and Tina waited. When nobody spoke, Danni nudged Tina with her elbow. Tina sighed inwardly.

Why did she always have to be the pack leader? "Well if you want to hold off for a bit, I have to do some too. I'll join you." "That'd be nice," Lucy smiled meekly. "It's kind of creepy down there." The laundry room was in the basement of the building, in a room just off of the stairs and storage area. It was an old building; none of the girls would argue with Lucy's assessment. "Sure thing." Lucy smiled one last time, and ducked back into her bedroom. Tina glared at Danni and shook her head in a 'Happy now?' gesture. "At least we won't have to worry about her throwing ragers and doing drugs and stuff," Danni whispered. Tina didn't feel as reassured by Danni's unbridled optimism. The truth was that quiet people sort of creeped her out. That was part of the reason that Tina and Danni didn't mind sharing a room and giving Lucy the only other bedroom in the apartment. They had known each other's habits for years, and they wanted to avoid the awkwardness of bunking with a new girl who might be... weird. "Pizza?" "Do you really think pizza is such a good idea?" Tina asked. She pinched her own belly over her shirt, and scowled at what she felt and saw. "Oh please, we've been down this road," Danni waved her hand dismissively. "You're hot." "Yeah, but looks, like fame and fortune, are fleeting. A little pinch here, and little pinch there. That's how it starts." "Curvy, Miss Boobs and Butt," Danni commented, ignoring Tina's concerns and reaching for the menus from Tony's Pizza down the street. The paper menu didn't show anything too out of the ordinary for an Italian pizza place—subs, steak sandwiches, poppers, wings, cheese sticks, and (of course) pizza. It was comfort food, but nothing terribly healthy. "Honestly, I'd kill for what you've got." She meant it. Tina was a knock out. Exotic, with caramel colored skin and wild wavy black hair—Tina had put a few adventurous streaks of blonde in it. Despite her complexion, she had bright green eyes, that almost appeared yellow in certain lighting. She had a tiny nose, and small pixie-like mouth. People often speculated on Tina's heritage (as did Danni). She could have been partially Italian... but not the kind of Italian that Danni was, with the light skin. The good Italian with the dark tan complexion and wild raven locks. Sometimes Danni thought that Tina also had Latin blood in her, possibly a touch of Pacific Islander, and some African American heritage. Whatever the blend was, it worked, because Tina looked worldly, wild, and free. A traveler from distant lands who'd seen and done it all. And she was curvy. Holy shit was she curvy! Danni hadn't been blowing smoke. Tina had a sexy hour-glass figure. Full perky D-cups that made any shirt look tight, and wide hips with a big apple-butt (that again pointed to a possible Hispanic heritage)... along with the fact that she was bold and confident enough to speak her mind. "Thanks," Tina said, although she wasn't entirely sure she'd agree with that. Danni was very slim, built like a runner with a slender frame, narrow shoulders, and a naturally skinny body that made her jealous. She had perky B-cups that looked far easier to tote around than Tina's heavy chest. Her heart-shaped ass and fit legs added a perk to her step. Her dark Italian hair came almost to the small of her back, and her eyes were large and doe-like. And to round it out, Danni always seemed to be smiling. It was her

sunny disposition, and the fact that she didn't have a mean bone in her body or a negative thing to say about anyone, that made people gravitate to her. In fact, in all of the years that Tina had known Danni, and seen friends and boys come and go, the only thing that people ever criticized was her voice. Despite her model-like looks, Danni's voice was very high pitched, almost to an irritating degree. Girls at school (who were jealous of her looks) often referred to her as 'Minnie Mouse' behind closed doors. Not that the insult needed to be secret. Danni was very aware of her voice. But she didn't really dwell on it. She just sort of shrugged it off. 'There's nothing I can do about it, so I may as well not worry about it,' she'd once said after a lengthy discussion during their freshman year about the things they would want to change about themselves. The girls had often joked that, for a day, they'd love to do a Freaky Friday body-swap, where Tina would get to try on Danni's slim athletic body, free of her heavy boobs and ass, and Danni would get to know what it was like to have eye-catching curves. Of course, the voice thing was an issue, but Tina had come to know that flaw as something that gave Danni character... even if it came with a few problems. "I'll buy if you order," Danni said, circling her choices on the menu. "I don't need another restaurant thinking I'm a little kid." "Fine." Danni made herself comfortable. In her yoga pants and fluffy socks, she folded her legs beneath her on the couch while Tina made the phone call. "One day you're going to have to do this for yourself," she remarked. "Maybe I'll take up smoking so I can get a raspy voice by then," Danni fired back. Lucy joined them a moment later, carrying her laundry basket. The sleeves of her baggy gray university hoodie came down past her hands. She headed for the door as quietly as she could, looking like she was hoping to sneak past them. "I thought we were having dinner together?" Danni asked, slightly disappointed that Lucy seemed to have a change of heart. "Afterwards we can play a game. I think I have Sorry or Cards Against Humanity." She felt foolish. Trying to get an introvert to open up was like pulling teeth. "Oh, I'll be right back," Lucy said. "I was just going to get a few things started, and then I'm coming right back." "Oh. Okay," Danni offered an encouraging smile, and Lucy immediately bolted into the hallway. Tina merely shook her head. "You tried. Let her go." *** Alone in the hallway, Lucy breathed a small sigh of relief. It wasn't that she didn't like Tina and Danni, but she didn't know them that well. The thought of some get-to-know-you kick that they were on put a lot of pressure on her. And she didn't quite like it. The alternative didn't seem so bad—being by herself to do a few chores... even if it was a strange old house. The main hallway was dark, lit by sconces and lined with dark wood wainscoting. The carpet was more of a runner, and did nothing to mute the creaks and thumps that her sneakers made. The laundry room for the building was in the basement. The door stood open at the end of the hallway, beneath the main staircase that wound its way up and around. As she neared the basement, she startled when a man emerged. He had light shaggy hair and a scruff of beard. He was skinny, with sharp cheekbones and restless blue eyes. "Oh!" Lucy yelled out, from reflex. "Sorry, you

startled me."He offered her a shy nervous smile. There was definitely a bashfulness about him, that Lucy recognized... because she was much the same way. But the difference was, she was 19, and he looked about 35."These things happen," he shrugged. He looked her up and down for a moment, and Lucy felt slightly self-conscious. Was he checking her out? That didn't seem possible. Lucy was not a girl who thrived with attention. Between her flaming red hair, and the glasses that she'd worn since she was in the fourth grade, she had never thought highly of her appearance. The prescription for her near-sightedness was tremendously bad- bordering on legally blind. That would have been fine, but Lucy hadn't come from money, and her parent's couldn't afford the stylish frames, or the advanced lenses that were thin. Really, her only option growing up was to endure the hardships of thick glasses that magnified her eyes, and the thick black frames that weren't even close to stylish- she thought they made her look like a cartoon mouse who hid all day in the library reading books. Apparently her classmates had thought so too. There'd been a lot of teasing and name calling. 'Six eyes' was probably the one that stung the most. The best way to avoid the slings and arrows growing up had been to stay off the radar- to make herself as invisible as possible. She wore frumpy plain clothes with no logos- hard to make fun of someone who's outfits were completely innocuous. It worked... mostly. People didn't look twice at her, even as her body started to develop. That was the true challenge. Lucy was not a slender girl, like her new roommate Danni. Her breasts had taken shape, and by the time she reached high school, her boobs were enormous- a cup size that was deep in the alphabet. That was one of the reasons she didn't wait for Tina- her bra size made her self conscious and she didn't want Tina to see. Lucy also had wide hips on her frame, and though she would never be classified as a heavy girl, she had a little tummy to her that was always going to be there. High school had been a nightmare to try to find clothing that hid it all, and once, during gym class, her classmates had seen enough of her figure to come up with a whole new slew of insults for her. They referred to her breasts as "udders" and called her "Bessie". Although those days were mercifully behind her, she could never quite shrug off the embarrassment. Maybe that was why she was nervous around Danni and Tina. They were both so pretty, that next to them, she felt like a ghou. It wouldn't surprise her if they were both popular girls in school. And them being so nice and inclusive with her was not something she was used to. It scared her, because she felt like it was the buildup to a cruel joke. They lure her in with kindness, and when her guard finally came down, they'd revert back to old habits. She knew it was unfair to assume that- that wasn't how the real world worked... but it was why she preferred to avoid people. And now here was this man in the hallway, looking her over. She naturally inched the wash basket higher up to cover her chest. He blinked, still looking shy, himself. "I'm Rob. I'm up on 3A." He didn't offer to shake hands. That was fine. "Lucy... umm... 1A," she tilted her head back over her shoulder. "I know," he started to say, then caught himself, "I mean, I saw you moving in yesterday." He

blinked, then caught himself again. "Not that I was watching you. I just meant that I noticed the moving van." She smiled, slightly amused by his fumblyings. Okay, maybe she wasn't the only one here with a touch of social anxiety. "It's okay. I know what you meant." Rob sighed with relief. "Good. I guess we'll probably see each other a lot then." She laughed nervously. "Probably not. I like to keep to myself." He blinked and glanced at his feet. "Oh, me too." She thought for a second. Was that bitchy? It sounded bitchy. Oh god, does he think I'm a bitch? "Well I won't hold you up. It was nice meeting you," he said. Rob stole one final glance at her and darted away. Lucy hurried into the basement, replaying the conversation in her head, and mentally berating her own replies to his simple questions. Some of them had been kind of stupid, and the more she thought them over, the more she reddened. She descended the basement stairs. They were old and rickety, and by the time she reached the bottom, she suddenly forgot about her awkward encounter with her new neighbor. Taking in the extent of the basement, Lucy sort of regretted not waiting for Tina. The old basement was definitely eerie. It was split into several rooms, divided by ancient brick and stone mason walls— to support the full weight of the house above. They were crumbling in places. The main room was tenant storage— a long cavernous room lined with chain-link cages to keep out the sticky fingers of thieves. Not that there was anything worth stealing inside. Each apartment unit had a cage assigned to it. Most of them were filled with junk— holiday decorations, empty boxes of electronics still under warranty, mountain bikes and outdoor gear. 2B had some weights and gym equipment, including a tired looking punching bag. 2A contained some old toys in Rubbermaid containers, and orthopedic devices— crutches and a wheelchair, most likely outgrown now. Lucy was slightly curious about the man she just met, and couldn't resist taking a peek at the cage for 3A. Like everyone else, it was mostly old holiday decorations and junk. She spied some dusty old computer equipment, and a monstrous stack of pages and books. In fact, there were boxes of books, all the same covers, but she couldn't quite make out titles or author names. But she didn't want to linger long. The cage for 3A was near the far wall. The floor was just dirt in this area, and nearby was an old wooden door set halfway into the floor at the bottom of a short set of stairs. It gave her a chill. Lucy hurried away. report

NEXT PAGE

The layout of the basement was convoluted and maze-like. Multiple rooms that branched in all directions— for the furnace, for water heaters, for utilities, and tools. The laundry room was thankfully the most welcoming. It was brightly lit with sterile white fluorescents, and lined along two walls with multiple washers and dryers. They were all coin operated, and Lucy set her basket down on the table in the middle of the room while she fished for her change. She grabbed a machine for herself, and stuffed her over-sized bras inside, before anyone else could come down here and judge her body. Once the machine

began to fill, Lucy hurried from the basement. By the time she returned to Danni and Tina, she couldn't be sure, but she felt a little relief to be in their company.***Robert Bradford took the stairs two at a time. He raced back to his apartment unit. The interaction with Lucy was still replaying in his mind. "God, how are you so bad at talking to women?" Rob belittled himself as he hurried past the second landing. "It's almost like you were built to be creepy and off-putting," he swore. "You managed to out-awkward an awkward girl..." He hit the final landing, eyeing Kelsey's cute Halloween door. She hadn't said a word about the events of yesterday. It was like she didn't even remember or know it happened. Rob wasn't sure if he was relieved to have gotten away with it... or sad that she hadn't fucked him out of her own free will. Not that Rob would turn down crazy wild sex like that, but he always hoped that if a girl like Kelsey was going to bed with him, it was because she... wanted to. He bolted across the hall and into his apartment. Kelsey was at work right now. His hasty departure wasn't out of concern for bumping into her, or even to get away from Lucy. Their interaction reminded Rob of someone, and he desperately wanted to look up who, before it escaped him. The fact is, Rob couldn't get the thought of Lucy's body out of his head. While Kelsey in 3B was the cutie of his dreams, Lucy had her own appeal. Even beneath those layers of baggy clothing, Rob could tell the potential that her body had. She was curvy, but in ways that made his cock instantly come to life. Even now, he could feel his libido screaming to him. He had to forgive the terrible pun, but Lucy was juicy. Huge knockers, and wide hips. "What the hell was her name?" Rob's memory cycled through the rolodex of porn stars and actresses that he fancied, as he typed on his computer. Working from home as a writer came with its perks— one of them being that Rob logged a lot of time with porn. "Found her!" he declared as the image gallery came into view. Codi Vore. She was an adult actress with a body almost exactly like Lucy's. A short, thick girl with huge natural melons the size of cantaloupes. And he thought Kelsey was busty! Good god, Lucy put her to shame. Lucy had a wide hips, a big ass, and thick thighs. She'd definitely never fall under the category of fat, but she had a little belly to her that in no way was a turn off. But unlike Codi Vore, Lucy had wild red hair, librarian glasses, a shy nervous expression, and freckles. He imagined those freckles went all the way down to her enormous rack. And also unlike Codi, Lucy was physically here... in his building. Despite the fact that she was just a college girl, he knew then that he wanted her. His cock was making that abundantly clear. It was pressing through his jeans, throbbing warmly against his thigh. He shut his eyes, imagining all sorts of various scenarios as his hand went to his bulge. He started to rub. After a second, he grumbled. It was no use. He was aroused, he was sexually frustrated, and after yesterday, he craved the real thing. Especially on a girl built like Lucy... He eyed his computer with curious interest. He knew it would be wrong. If it was really true, if he really had this power, to use it would be very wrong. But he needed it... he needed to do it again more than he needed anything. And besides... it might not even

work. Yesterday could have been a simple freak thing. Just an anomaly. "I'm just going to do an experiment." He said aloud. "Nothing wrong with a harmless experiment..."***Lucy had rushed through pizza with the girls. Tina and Danni had asked her a lot of questions. Lucy had tried her best to be conversational, but the fact was that she still wasn't fully comfortable around them. She was self critic of everything she said, and though she was hungry, decided it best to limit her slices. Tina and Danni were both fit, and she didn't want to be the hog of the group. Plus, she had other things on her mind— like getting back to the washer and retrieving her undies before anyone saw. What she hadn't been expecting as she descended the basement stairs was to find someone waiting for her in the laundry area. "Oh, hello," She offered Rob a nervous smile. It took her a moment digest the scene. On top of one of the nearest dryers, Rob had apparently set up a computer. Was he that protective of his dirty clothes that he needed to hang out down here while he waited for the washer to stop? He looked out of breath, but regardless, he offered her a smile. "Hi, Lucy." There was a moment of apology on his face. But then his eyes wandered over her body. He turned and began to feverishly type.***"Well that was awkward," Tina commented, gathering up her clothes that hadn't been washed before the big move. Danni sat on the bed. Her eyes were large, filled with wishful thinking. "Maybe she's got a lot on her mind." "I don't think she likes me very much," Tina replied. "You saw the way she scampered off after dinner." "She probably wanted to get back to her laundry. Maybe she's afraid somebody will steal her stuff." "Danni, she barely acknowledged me. You saw how every time I'd ask her a question or compliment her, she'd withdraw like I was winding up to hit her." Danni shrugged, kicking her feet idly back and forth. "You have kind of a big personality. You're intimidating. Plus, you're very pretty, so that probably doesn't help." "So are you," Tina insisted. "She'd be pretty too if she knew her potential." Tina thrust her dirty clothes into her basket with such frustration that Danni recoiled. "Please don't hold her down and give her a make-over," Danni forced the chuckle. "I'm going to have a talk with her, downstairs." "Tina, don't." Danni pleaded. "She's just shy. You'll scare her away." "I don't care," Tina replied. "We signed the lease. We all have to live with each other. I'm not going to spend the next year of my life tiptoeing around in my own home, just because shy girl has some insecurity issues. She can get the fuck over it, so we can all be friends." Danni smirked thoughtfully. Tina paused on her way out the door. "What? What's so damn funny?" Danni just shrugged mildly. "With that attitude, I'm just starting to wonder how you landed me as a friend." "Isn't it obvious? I intimidated you into it," Tina smiled to herself as she headed out into the hallway. "Be nice to her!" Danni called. "I'm am nice, dammit!" Tina shouted back. Despite their banter, Tina really didn't have any intention of intimidating Lucy. She knew how to have a heart to heart, and she figured the sooner they cleared the air and faced the awkward tension between the three of them, the sooner they could make their apartment feel like a home. That was what Tina strove for— she wanted their place to be like

the setting of a sitcom— a home of comfort, familiarity, and laughter. The central hub. She headed down the hall and descended the basement stairs. It was dank and dark. She scowled at the cobwebs that hung from the single bulb as they brushed her face and hair. Reaching the dirty basement floor, she could hear the pleasant hum and slosh of the machines in the next room. The sterile fluorescent bulbs spilled out of the open door from the laundry area. But so did something else. She heard a man's voice coming out in a soft wet whisper. "You have some biiiiiig—" His voice was lost to the machines in the room. Tina paused. Who was that? She crept up to the door and peered into the laundry area. She almost gasped as she fought to not drop her laundry basket in complete shock. In the next room was a man she hadn't met— one of the other tenants. Pale and gaunt. And across from him, standing completely nude was Lucy. What the hell was she doing? Was this why she had insisted on coming down here alone? Because she was in some weird fling with a man? Even weirder, there was a computer set up on one of the machines behind him, and a wireless keyboard grasped in his hand. "Your tits are fuckin' huge," Rob admired them. Even in the sterile lighting of the basement laundry area, they were huge and luscious. Lucy looked meekly back at him, her body presented like an offering. Her huge boobs had big pink nipples. The freckles on her face matched the splash of ones that kissed the top of her breasts. They definitely stole the show, which was a shame, because Rob thought the girl's body was all around delightful. Lucy may not be fit like Kelsey, but the little roll to her belly was very normal and slightly adorable. A tuft of red hair above her womanhood matched the red curls on her head. And, to Rob's surprise, a tiny tattoo on her hip hinted at a desperate attempt for her to break out of her shell and be a rebellious young woman. It was a four-leaf clover. Of course it was. "Why do you hide your body behind such baggy frumpy clothing?" He asked her. Before she could answer, he feverishly typed. It was an experiment. He had to know his level of control. Instead of typing out exactly what he wanted Lucy to say in reply, he kept it vague: 'The girl's expression was earnest as she answered honestly.' Rob pressed enter. He didn't type any more than that. He was curious if he had to control every single word she spoke, or if she would draw upon her memories and offer up something personal about herself. He wanted to test the limits of free will— if she would divulge information that he couldn't possibly know, or if she was just 100% a puppet on a string. "The girls in school were mean to me," Lucy answered, there was a sweet, almost hesitation to the way she said it. "They made fun of me... of my body. They called them cow udders, and called me things like Bessie." "Did that hurt your feelings?" Rob asked, without typing a word. She still hadn't fully answered the question. Only divulged the details. "Yes," she admitted. "I thought there was something wrong with me. I wore clothes that hid everything, so it would be harder to make fun of me." For a moment, Rob was conflicted. He could relate to being outcast. But at the same time... he was turned on. Even the vulgar names that were used to describe her body. It was horrible... but it was so bad that it stirred his cock to life. The vulgarity...

the cruelty... he was hardening in his pants. He hurriedly typed: 'Despite her humiliation, recalling the cruel remarks began to arouse her. For the first time in her life, she found herself liking it.' He looked up at her and she was biting her lip, her eyes in the throws of some memory. "That turns you on, doesn't it?" He asked. "Saying it out loud." Her cheeks reddened, but she nodded slowly, her expression a mask of embarrassed guilt. It had worked! Rob had been able to alter her emotions with vague sentences. Not just her specific actions were on the table, like a programmed robot. Long term lasting effects might also be possible. He wasn't sure how all of this was happening, but he didn't much care. He'd been gifted something wonderful. The 'how' and the 'why' wasn't all that important. What was important was what he did with it. And Rob was far from a superhero with morals. He was a man with needs. His heart pounded. He was crossing a line, and he knew it. But he was too turned on to stop. The sex with Kelsey had been unbelievable. He'd never had such a wild time in his life. Now he wanted to do it again, and this girl with her big heavy rack and curves... she looked like she could take a pounding. "Does it make you wet when I tell you how fuckin' hot your enormous milkers are?" Lucy blushed again, her eyes glancing to the floor, but her hand wandered down to her pussy and felt herself. She came away soaked. "It does," she admitted. Rob typed one last thing into the computer. He figured this might be greedy and ambitious of him, maybe it wouldn't even work – like if a magic genie offered him a wish, and he used it to wish for more wishes. 'Lucy didn't know this man... but she had fallen under his spell. Her personality wouldn't change... she was hardly a robot, but she would give herself over to him, in any way that he wanted, without question. And she would respond to his will, his desires, and his commands.' Rob had written love scenes before, and was aware of the ways to skim over them without going into specific step by step details. Maybe a vague skimming would work just as well in real life. He set aside his keyboard and began to test this. "I want you to sit up on that table, and spread your legs." Lucy walked on trembling legs. She was still blushing, her expression one of sincere arousal, and also nervous embarrassment. She was shocked she was doing this, but she was also turned on. There was nothing robotic or slave like about this. She wasn't catatonic, and her eyes weren't vacant. This was as real as it could possibly get, despite the complete lack of free will – a perfectly simulated illusion. She hopped up on the table, planted herself nervously on the edge, and spread her legs, revealing her wetness to him. She even took the initiative to rub her hand up to one of her tits – hefting it and giving it a squeeze. "Do you touch yourself a lot?" He asked her. She bit her lip and nodded, pinching her nipple harder. A soft squeaky moan escaped her throat. "You look like you do," he smiled, letting his hand wander down to his bulge, as it printed through his pants. Just beyond the doorway, Tina had no idea what she was seeing, but she was positive that it was something unnatural. Tina never believed in the supernatural or magic tricks. She thought powers of the mind and hypnosis were about as real David Copperfield making the Statue of Liberty vanish. Hell, she even

thought psychiatry was just a simple trick for the weak, and only worked for those who wanted to believe in it. She had spent her life grounded in reality. But she had no explanation for what she was seeing now. This man had made Lucy do a complete one-eighty just by typing on his computer. It didn't make any sense, and she wasn't even sure she believed it while it happened right in front of her eyes. But she knew that she definitely didn't want to be here. Tina's heart was pounding. Yet she couldn't look away. She had so many questions, that her curiosity (or her own fear) kept her feet planted where she stood. She stayed hidden in the shadows, watching as Lucy sat in a vile pose. The redheaded student mashed her big heavy tits in each hand, rolling her nipples between her fingers. She was biting her bottom lip, staring at Rob with an expression that was pouty and desperate. Her flesh yielded like bread dough. "Does Bessie need to be milked?" He couldn't resist commenting. The cruelty was something new. But when she made no effort to move, to slap him, to dress and run off, he realized that it felt kind of... good. The lack of consequences renewed his feelings of power and control. She blushed again, but almost immediately let out another soft sweet moan. She nodded. Rob's hand undid his pants and he reached inside, producing his swollen cock. Lucy gasped. Lucky for Tina, because she had gasped at the same instant. Tina had assumed this skinny weirdo wouldn't be packing much. Not that Tina thought of herself as a slut, but she'd been around the block a few times and done a few... shameful things. This guy was packing a serious monster that hardly looked proportional for his frame. It swelled quickly. Rob pumped it in his fist. "Do you ever suck on your own nipples while you touch yourself?" He asked. Lucy nodded to herself, and she showed him. She mashed one of her big breasts upward, tilted her head down and ran her tongue in circles around her nipple. She never took her eyes off of Rob, peering at him over the rim of her glasses. "You've been doing that for years, haven't you?" He asked. He barely recognized his own voice. Lust had taken over and these feelings of power made him forget completely about his normal social anxiety. "Licking your own tanker tits." She nodded. "You're going to be licking my load off of them by the end of the night," Rob said, growing bolder by the moment. The words so abrupt, they startled Tina. And to her horror, the laundry basket she was carrying slipped from her arms and clattered to the basement floor. Rob spun and time stood still— the author with his huge cock out, and Tina in the doorway, her eyes huge like a deer in headlights. "Oh shit," Tina said. She turned and bolted. "Wait!" Rob barked after her. Tina didn't wait. She ran through the basement. Her sneakers pattering off of the cement floor. She took the rickety old stairs two at a time, the muscles in her legs steering her away with one single minded goal— she had to get away from this creep, lest she end up like Lucy. Her instincts kicking in and fight or flight taking over. Rob didn't chase her. Instead, he hurried to his keyboard. He didn't know if this would work. Didn't know if any of this would work. But he knew how this looked. And if she'd been watching him, she was aware that Lucy wasn't exactly operating under her own free will. He

needed to do something. What if she got out of the house? Could he still control her? Did this device have a range? What if she came back with help, or the police? Could he control multiple people? An entire police force? Hell, he didn't even know if he could control more than one person at a time. Maybe with Lucy under his spell, he wouldn't be able to make Tina stop. But he needed to find out. He could hear her running on the boards above his head. Tina raced down the hallway, toward her apartment, toward the front doors... Her heart was pounding, her shaking legs felt like rubber. She wasn't sure how she wasn't falling down from fear. Ten more feet. She opened her mouth to scream for help... And suddenly she stopped dead in her tracks, frozen and unmoving. Then slowly... Tina turned around and walked back to the basement.***Despite the intruder's initial reaction— to run away— her own curiosity overcame her instincts of self preservation. In a change of heart, she froze in the hallway, considered what had seen, and without another word, she returned to the basement.'Rob stared at the words on the computer monitor for a long time, for an eternity, it seemed. Had it worked? He had no fuckin' clue. He looked at the redhead on the table. She was still softly touching herself, but even she sensed something was wrong and had begun to slow her roaming hands. Maybe he had gotten carried away. Maybe he ought to pack up and leave town right now. But then movement caught his eye. The college girl with the dark curly hair stepped into the room like a sleepwalker in a trance. Rob took a deep breath. The relief that washed over him was incredible. And a moment later, it was followed by something even better— the realization that he had absolute control. Both Lucy and her roommate were responsive to his commands. Maybe the whole building could be. But that was an experiment for another day... For now, he let himself get a good look at this new arrival. The girl who had caught him and Lucy was dark and exotic. Her hair was wild and her eyes were piercing. Not only that, but she had a knock-out hour glass shape— big tits, big ass, slim waist. Obviously, she wasn't as busty as Lucy, but her body was more of the type to be sought after. report

NEXT PAGE

Rob picked up his laptop keyboard and typed ferociously. Finally he glanced up. "What's your name, dear?" He asked with a smile. "Tina," the newcomer said, staring blankly. "Tina. How sweet. Tell me, Tina, are you into women?" He asked. She shook her head, her curls slapping lightly off of her cheeks. Rob's evil smile spread across his face. "Well you are now." He began to type.***Rob stood in the basement laundry room. He'd shed his clothing completely— something he wouldn't dream of doing before. Being completely naked, even in his own apartment, was something that made him feel vulnerable. But that didn't matter now. If someone walked in... well they'd simply find themselves joining the fun. He leaned against one of the machines, his rock hard cock in his hand, stroking it slowly. He didn't want a repeat of last time with Kelsey— and what was happening in front of him was far more exciting than any porn he'd ever seen. He'd never had

two women at the same time before, and though things hadn't started yet, his whole body shook excitedly at the anticipation. He considered writing about the third roommate still upstairs, coming down to join them, but all of this was still new to Rob. Juggling two women on paper and in real life was a challenge enough. Later, he decided. With more practice, he'd progress into the world of orgies. For now, he had more than enough to keep him entertained. Tina had stripped off her clothing completely and had climbed onto the table with Lucy. The two girls knelt in front of each other, their complexions contrasting pleasantly— one bronze and the other porcelain. They hadn't started yet. Rob was going to guide them through this. They merely faced each other. "Have you ever touched another woman before, Tina?" Rob asked. The girl swallowed. Her sincerity was part of his narration. He didn't want robots, after all. She shook her head, regarding Lucy's naked body. "Lucy, what do you think of Tina's body? Answer honestly," Rob stressed with a smile. Lucy blushed and let her nervous eyes glance over Tina. "She's so hot. I wish I could look like her. She's too... perfect. I'm very intimidated by her. I—I don't know what to say when she even looks at me." "Touch her," Rob commented. "Face that fear." Lucy hesitated only for a moment, then reached out a trembling hand and began to run her fingers over Tina's curves— tracing them around her collar bone, then down the swell of her large breasts. Tina's breathing was hard and deep. She watched Lucy with excited bewildered eyes. Her flesh broke out in goosebumps from Lucy's light touch. Lucy traced her fingers around Tina's dark nipples until they stood erect. "Do you want to kiss her, Lucy?" Rob asked. "I do," she admitted, her eyes shining with guilt and embarrassment. "Do it," Rob urged. Tina swallowed, her eyes wide as Lucy leaned in. Her red curls fell across Tina's face as their lips met. They both moaned softly as their nervous mouths came together for the first time. Rob pumped his cock as he watched. Both girls were breathing hard. Their kissing was soft at first, but soon they both began to open up. Lucy overcame her shyness and Tina overcame her hesitation. They leaned into each other. Tina's hand came up and wrapped around the back of Lucy's head, her fingers tangling through her red curls. Their eyes shut, their mouths opened, and their tongues began to roll and play together. Rob knew it would happen like this, but he hadn't choreographed everything. He had merely typed a non-specific guide, and now it was playing out before his very eyes. As the girls grew more aggressive and urgent with their kissing, their breasts met. Their large melons sliding across each other's as they started to moan and writhe on the table. Lucy inched closer, straddling one of Tina's strong thighs as they embraced. Their kissing going from tentative taboo to passionate and urgent. Their lust was overtaking them. Lucy's hips began to move. She was grinding her pussy against Tina's bare thigh, coating her bronze skin with her wetness. In turn, the sensation was fueling Tina's lust. Her inner tiger was coming out— always the one in control. Her hands pulled at Lucy's hair. Lucy may have been the instigator, but Tina was the aggressor. It wasn't long before both girls were locked tightly together as they made out. Their tongues made wet kissing sounds as

their bodies pressed hard. Lucy's tits dragged up and down Tina's rack, skin on skin, moving slowly and sensually. Their thighs tangled together, their bodies constantly moving as they grinded on each other. It called to Rob's mind high priced strippers putting on a show in any mobster movie. Only these were innocent neighbors, and they were putting on a show in the dirty basement of his apartment. Rob stroked himself harder, his cock pulsing excitedly with his racing heartbeat. Eventually Tina's true sexual self took over and she pushed Lucy backward on the table. Lucy yelped as Tina practically tackled her, pinning her to the surface where so many tenants would fold their nice clean clothes. Tina kissed Lucy hard, then began to make her way down her body. She dragged her tongue across Lucy's pale skin, her piercing almost yellow eyes stared up at her victim. Lucy moaned and squirmed in pleasure as Tina's warm lips kissed and licked their way around— first to her big tits. Tina's tongue snaked out and darted in quick little circles around Lucy's nipple. "Ooooooh!" Lucy cooed in pleasure, her soft innocent voice gasping. Then Tina's lips peeled back and she began to gently bite, making Lucy's voice cry out pleasantly. "Lucy is self conscious about her tits," Rob told Tina. "Does she have anything to be ashamed of?" "Mmmm, fuck no," Tina murmured, her attention focused on the soccer ball sized breast. "You should show them off more. You should show off this entire hot body way more..." Tina said, and to emphasize her point, she slid her hand down Lucy's tummy and down between her legs. Lucy jumped and let out a high pitched "Ooo!" as Tina assertively thrust her fingers into Lucy's wetness. "I have a feeling that she might," Rob smiled, watching as Tina switched to Lucy's other breast, all the while pushing her fingers in and out of Lucy. The girl writhed and squirmed and moaned on the table. Rob couldn't stop himself any longer. If he didn't get in on this now, he would explode. He stepped up to the table, turned Lucy's head until her gasping mouth was face to face with his throbbing cock. Then he pushed himself into her parted lips. She accepted his member with just the slightest hesitation, and Rob knew that a shy outcast girl like Lucy didn't do this sort of thing often. That was fine. Rob enjoyed crossing new boundaries. "Suck it, Lucy." She nodded her head, her eyes wide and her mouth agape as Rob pumped his cock in and out of her lips. She wasn't really sucking, so much as just struggling to keep up with the giant cock that Rob was pushing in and out of her mouth. He leaned his head back and moaned. Her sweet little moans muffled by the shaft in her mouth. Tina's dark curls trailed down Lucy's tummy, tickling her and making her gasp and wiggle. Tina made her way lower, until she was kneeling in front of Lucy's wetness. Tina never stopped working her fingers in and out of Lucy. She was soaked. Tina lowered her mouth and tasted Lucy, licking the juices from her fingers before pushing her mouth against Lucy's body. Her tongue probed and licked, and found Lucy's clit, focusing all of its attention on that. Lucy cried out in pleasure, her moans vibrating their way up Rob's shaft in pleasant tickles. Rob and Tina grew more aggressive. Lucy wiggled and squirmed under Tina's hungry mouth and stabbing fingers. But when Lucy would try to move, Tina's

free hand shot up and pushed the girl back down on the table. "Lay still, slut," she looked up from between Lucy's thick thighs and barked at her. Lucy lay back and down and resumed sucking at Rob's cock like a nursing calf. Rob couldn't take it much longer, something about the girl's innocence was bringing out his inner animal. He scooted her closer to the edge of the table until her head hung backward off it. He put his hands on her shoulders, and began to fuck her face. She swallowed him down, struggling to keep up. His cock hit the back of her throat, and she made soft glugging sounds with each thrust. He didn't relent, reaching forward to grasp her enormous tits. "Take it, Bessie," he growled, gripping her by the tits and slapping them together. They made heavy meaty sounds as they clapped together. "Take this cock, you fuckin' dairy cow." His hips turned to a blur, his balls slapping against Lucy's forehead. He had never fucked like this before— so aggressive and unapologetic. He didn't even know himself in this moment. Lucy was moaning and whimpering sweetly against their combined assault. Tina busy between her legs, aggressively finger fucking and licking. And Rob, pounding her mouth, slapping her tits around. "I ought to make you walk through the halls of this building, completely naked, showing every single person here these giant milk bags. Would you like that, Bessie? Being shown off like my prized cow." He wasn't sure if it was something in his words, or from Tina hungrily feasting on the girl's clit, or in the magic of Rob's vague storyboard, but Lucy suddenly screamed through the cock in her mouth. Her back arched, coming off of the table, and her fingers and toes clenched. Rob watched as Lucy's hips bucked and spasmed, lifting off the table top and pushing against Tina's mouth repeatedly for several exciting seconds. Finally Lucy's moans trailed off, and her body settled. When Tina came up for air, Rob was delighted to see her face and mouth were soaked with Lucy's juices. The redheaded student had really cum hard. Tina ran her tongue in a circle around her full lips to taste it all, then she gave Rob a long sensual smile. Rob wagged her forward with his finger, and Tina crawled like a panther back up Lucy's body before laying on top of her roommate. Rob slid his cock from Lucy's lips, letting her come up for air. When he offered it to Tina, the girl parted her lips and took him deep, her head bobbing eagerly and expertly on his staff. Her dark curls flopped and slapped against Rob's body. He moaned. "Your turn to tell me a few things about yourself," he said as he reached for his keyboard and typed up a few more commands. When he was satisfied this would play out like it had with Lucy, he looked down at Tina she swallowed up his cock. "You suck a lot of dick, don't you?" Tina glared up at him with those penetrating eyes. She nodded her head. "What was the one you're most ashamed of?" Rob prodded for answers. She took his cock out of her mouth long enough to answer. "My literature professor," she replied as she stroked Rob's member. His cock was slick with the saliva of both girls. "He's elderly," she said after a second before plunging her mouth back down on him. "You did it for the grades?" "Mmmhmmm!" She declared enthusiastically as she gobbled him up. Rob knew her type. Academic and grade conscientious. The kind of girl who would do anything to not let

down mommy, daddy, and (most of all) herself. She would cheat just for a meaningless letter on a page. The ends justified the means."You didn't do it for the grades," he responded. "You did it because you're a slut." He reached over her body and gave her ass a slap. She let out a muted cry around his throbbing member."You did it because you liked it," he said severely. "You enjoyed the power over someone who you hold in high esteem. You enjoyed reducing a man of knowledge into a horny pervert. But more than any of that... you enjoyed having a dick in your mouth... because you're a slut!"She sucked eagerly, her lips working faster and faster Her hair wildly beating against his pelvis. "Mmmmm! Mhmmm!" She declared. He slapped her ass again."Say it!" Rob ordered her."I'm a slut!" She cried out, his cock half in her mouth, making her slur her words. Her saliva dribbled down to Lucy's upturned face. Lucy was licking gently at Rob's balls as they hung over her."I bet your father would be so fuckin' ashamed of you if he knew the kinds of things you did," Rob said, slapping her ass again.Tina's mouth returned to Rob's cock. "He would," she cried out between hard slaps."I bet he'd punish you like I am."This seemed to set off a whole new reaction from Tina. She laced her legs through Lucy's and she started to involuntarily grind her snatch against Lucy's leg."Yeah, you like the thought of Daddy manhandling you?" Rob slapped her ass again, and Tina's hips shook, gripping Lucy tighter, rubbing herself harder.She could only moan and gasp as she bobbed her head aggressively on Rob's cock."Daddy, in a rage, not seeing his girl like the princess he always has. Seeing her like a common whore who needs to be put in her place..." Rob snarled, enjoying the power he was having over the girls- not just controlling them for his sexual pleasure, but the fact that he was hitting on all the right things that would set them off. In this case, the mention of Tina's father was bringing her closer and closer to the brink.The girls were dragging their tongues along either side of Rob's cock now. Tina's body sliding against Lucy, aggressively humping the timid redhead. The table beneath them shook and wobbled.Rob ran his hand down Tina's backside and gave her plump ass one final good crack. "Maybe the next time Daddy comes to visit... I'll make him sit watch what kind of bad girl you really are. Would you like that? Would you like showing him the whore you really are?"It was too much for Tina. Her legs tightened around Lucy's thigh and squeezed. Her body greedily humping her leg for as much pleasure as she possibly could. She was practically riding her roommate. She went into convulsions, her back arched and she threw her head back and moaned. Her voice rolled through the basement as she climaxed from the foreplay alone.Rob smiled, pleased with himself. Both girls down. It was his turn.As Tina's orgasm subsided, he ordered them both off the table. "Present yourselves to me," he demanded. The girls obeyed. They clambered back down, and each took a position in front of side by side machines, bent forward, arms braced, and asses thrust out to him.Shy timid Rob felt the power over others for the first real time in his life. They did everything he said, and right now, existed only to please him. He went from one to the other, appraising their bodies, and probing their wet holes, trying to decide

who was more worthy of him first. He picked Tina. He wanted to go while her pussy was freshly soaked from her orgasm. He grabbed her hips, letting his hands wrap around her waist, and he pulled her into his thrust, sinking his hard unprotected manhood into her body. "Ohhhhhh!" She moaned as he took her. "Reminds you of your professor?" He grunted through clenched teeth. He drove his dick all the way forward into her, until his hips came to rest against her big soft ass. The warmth of her yielding flesh drove him wild. He hadn't felt this kind of pleasure before, from a woman this out of his league. "Yes!" She cried out. She clung to the dryer as Rob began to thrust with animalistic aggression. His body running on pure instinct, lust, and literally years of pent up, underutilized sexuality. "Makes you think of your father, doesn't it?" Rob pressed. "Ohhh, fuck! Oh fuck shit yes!" Tina cried out, throwing her head back in pleasure. She flicked her hair wildly back out of face Rob could tell the way her pussy instantly grew sopping wet that he was onto something. The mention of her father alone made her hips gyrate from side to side as she thrust backward to meet his pounding. Her ass jiggled with each hard slap as their bodies collided. "Then show daddy how bad his girl really is," Rob grabbed Tina's hair, and turned her head until she found herself staring into Lucy's face. Lucy, who was patiently awaiting her turn, bent over the machine next to them. Tina didn't hesitate this time. She grabbed Lucy by the back of the head and pulled her into a lusty and debaucherous kiss. Tina shut her eyes, and dragged her tongue across Lucy's lips, before forcing it into her mouth. Lucy caught on quickly and went willingly, the two of them making out, all for Rob's benefit, as they gave themselves over to him. He continued his hard assault on Tina's pussy as he reached over with two fingers, and drove them between Lucy's legs. She jumped for a moment, then continued to kiss Tina in a passionate make out, while Rob fucked her snatch with his fingers. Both girls were moaning loudly, his personal sluts. His harem, and the basement, their den of sin. He was pleasantly surprised at how juicy Lucy was. Her pussy sloshed against his aggressive finger fucking. Tina's body just as wet, wrapped tightly around Rob's tool. The washing machine shook as though from an unbalanced load. He fucked her long and hard for several minutes before pulling out of her with a playful slap on the ass. He turned to Lucy, pulled her upright and spun her around to face him. The surprise in her expression drove him on. He picked her up, and sat her on the edge of the washing machine. "Fuck me... please!" She begged. It was her turn and she was pleading for it. Tina and Rob each took one of her huge juicy tits, hefting it, feeling the weight, and started to suck and lick. Tina smiled at Rob as she raked her teeth across Lucy's breast like a lusty vampire. And with that wild hair and those exotic eyes, she might very well have been. "Feed us first, Bessie," Tina took up Rob's insult as she teased the pale redhead with her mouth. Lucy let out a gasp, and a small squeal of pleasure. Her feet kicked at the air, desperate for some form of release. Both Rob and Tina sucked hungrily at her nipples for several minutes, until the girl could hardly take it. She was gasping and cooing and squealing in desperation before long. And only when she

was driven absolutely crazy, then Rob was ready for her. He stood, and pushed her thick thighs apart as far as they'd go. Grabbing her by the ass, he pulled her into him, feeding his cock into her body. She leaned her head back, bracing her arms on the machine behind her, as Rob pulled her ass and hips off into space. She threw her legs around his waist, her toes curling as he sank himself into her wetness. God, she was juicy and ready. She enveloped him and he slid deep and easily. Her slick body devouring him. Tina couldn't pull herself away from Lucy. Her mouth stayed locked around Lucy's plump boob, still feasting on it as Rob's hips found the rhythm, delivering his member into her body with thrusts that sent her curves bouncing and jiggling. Lucy's red curls hung heavily with sweat. Her glasses were steaming up. Her big eyes even bigger behind the lenses, watched this man take her with a sense of disbelief. Her voice sang out her pleasure each time his cock filled her up. Rob thought that sex like this only existed in movies. The three of them were sweating, sex drunk. They couldn't stop touching each other. Lucy's hair clung to her forehead and her shoulders. Tina's was hanging over her face, tracing lines over Lucy's pale skin as she sucked at the girl's plump breasts. Lucy's tits jumped and jiggled. Her flesh rippled. Her legs were locked so tightly around Rob's waist, he thought she might squeeze him to death. He pistoned into her, his cock a mad blur, until the girl was nearly squealing with uninhibited pleasure. report

NEXT PAGE

"That's it, Bessie," Tina used her hands to help push her deeper and deeper against Rob. "That's it. Cum for him!" Her words only intensified the timid librarian looking student's orgasm. Rob felt a wet mess between their bodies as her pussy gripped him, quivering around his thrusts, convulsing. She had cum hard a second time, and it had been just as wet as the one she'd left on Tina's face. Lucy fought to catch her breath. "My turn," he panted, out of breath. He was growing tired. He wouldn't have the stamina to continue much longer. That was just as well. His cock was swelling, tingling pleasantly. His member was throbbing, on the brink of his own pent up orgasm. "Do it!" Tina's demanding attitude urged him. "Give it to us!" She cried, and before Rob could offer any instructions, she dropped to her knees beside Rob. Her head thrown back, her face tilted up to him, her mouth expectantly open and her eyes staring through him. Had he done that? He didn't remember writing anything about a porn-like money shot, but here it was. She even cupped her big tits, like she was holding them up to him, awaiting the delivery of his seed. That image alone was enough to set Rob off. He pulled out of Lucy, and she dropped to her knees beside Tina, mirroring her posture. Rob stood over them, admiring his handiwork. In all of his life, he never believed he'd ever be in a position like this— with two gorgeous busty sluts kneeling before him like his personal sex servants. But here they were, openly accepting every sexual urge he had. He hovered his cock in front of them as they cupped their breasts out for him, held their mouths open, regarded him

through heavy lusty lidded eyes. He only had to stroke his slick cock a few times. He was ready to burst. The first shot went wild— cum streaking across Tina's forehead and landing in her wild hair. She didn't even flinch. "Yesssss," she purred. The second shot found its mark on her tongue. The next one landed on breasts, like glazed icing on her sweet bronzed skin. Rope after rope followed in quick succession. He aimed these at Lucy, giving her glasses a thick coating that he honestly didn't know he had in him. His legs trembled. He felt dizzy— sex drunk from a fuck session that was more intense than his wildest dreams. He coaxed the last heavy drops of sperm from his cock with long strokes. They pattered onto Lucy's chest, running down her big 'milkers' until they came to rest on her nipples. Rob sighed in pleasure, even as Tina leaned forward and used her tongue to chase these stray drops down Lucy's flesh. The redhead giggled and purred. Rob blinked, suddenly exhausted and clearheaded after the wild sex. His post orgasm bliss rolled off of him like the tide receding. Reality and guilt came crashing in. Oh god, what have I done? He looked around the empty basement, feeling vulnerable once again. But his eyes fell on his computer. He shouldn't be feeling vulnerable. For the first time in a very long time, he had something to feel excited about. He had a power. He could control others. "Okay... time to clean up," he said more to himself than the sex drunk vixens kneeling on the dirty basement floor. They were still covered in his cum, looking filthy, glazed, and sweaty. They glistened from the overhead fixtures. But more than that, they were still kissing, fondling each other, licking cum from each other's breasts, and moaning sweetly. He hurried to the computer and typed quickly. He couldn't leave them in this state. At least not yet. Not until he had a better handle on just what he was capable of. He needed to clear their memories, return them to reality, and take a few measures to ensure he wouldn't get into trouble— though he doubted he would. Sex wasn't the only thing he could make people do. But it was just what interested him the most. But there was a new temptation that he couldn't resist, as he wrote faster than he ever had in his life. Why not send them back to their rooms with a few tweaks? A few... improvements. They could return to their normal lives a little more... open minded. A little more sexually confident. And dressing more salaciously in their day to day lives certainly wouldn't hurt either. But these girls were just the beginning. They had another roommate that Rob hadn't met yet, and he was anxious to be introduced. Not to mention the other tenants in the building. Rob had never been an outgoing person, and it just occurred to him how rude he'd been all this time, never taking the time to say hello. But perhaps this was the perfect opportunity for a little meet and greet of the people who lived in his building...*** Hollow Pleasure to be continued... ***report

NEXT PAGE

"That's it, Bessie," Tina used her hands to help push her deeper and deeper against Rob. "That's it. Cum for him!" Her words only

intensified the timid librarian looking student's orgasm. Rob felt a wet mess between their bodies as her pussy gripped him, quivering around his thrusts, convulsing. She had cum hard a second time, and it had been just as wet as the one she'd left on Tina's face. Lucy fought to catch her breath. "My turn," he panted, out of breath. He was growing tired. He wouldn't have the stamina to continue much longer. That was just as well. His cock was swelling, tingling pleasantly. His member was throbbing, on the brink of his own pent up orgasm. "Do it!" Tina's demanding attitude urged him. "Give it to us!" She cried, and before Rob could offer any instructions, she dropped to her knees beside Rob. Her head thrown back, her face tilted up to him, her mouth expectantly open and her eyes staring through him. Had he done that? He didn't remember writing anything about a porn-like money shot, but here it was. She even cupped her big tits, like she was holding them up to him, awaiting the delivery of his seed. That image alone was enough to set Rob off. He pulled out of Lucy, and she dropped to her knees beside Tina, mirroring her posture. Rob stood over them, admiring his handiwork. In all of his life, he never believed he'd ever be in a position like this— with two gorgeous busty sluts kneeling before him like his personal sex servants. But here they were, openly accepting every sexual urge he had. He hovered his cock in front of them as they cupped their breasts out for him, held their mouths open, regarded him through heavy lusty lidded eyes. He only had to stroke his slick cock a few times. He was ready to burst. The first shot went wild— cum streaking across Tina's forehead and landing in her wild hair. She didn't even flinch. "Yesssss," she purred. The second shot found its mark on her tongue. The next one landed on breasts, like glazed icing on her sweet bronzed skin. Rope after rope followed in quick succession. He aimed these at Lucy, giving her glasses a thick coating that he honestly didn't know he had in him. His legs trembled. He felt dizzy— sex drunk from a fuck session that was more intense than his wildest dreams. He coaxed the last heavy drops of sperm from his cock with long strokes. They pattered onto Lucy's chest, running down her big 'milkers' until they came to rest on her nipples. Rob sighed in pleasure, even as Tina leaned forward and used her tongue to chase these stray drops down Lucy's flesh. The redhead giggled and purred. Rob blinked, suddenly exhausted and clearheaded after the wild sex. His post orgasm bliss rolled off of him like the tide receding. Reality and guilt came crashing in. Oh god, what have I done? He looked around the empty basement, feeling vulnerable once again. But his eyes fell on his computer. He shouldn't be feeling vulnerable. For the first time in a very long time, he had something to feel excited about. He had a power. He could control others. "Okay... time to clean up," he said more to himself than the sex drunk vixens kneeling on the dirty basement floor. They were still covered in his cum, looking filthy, glazed, and sweaty. They glistened from the overhead fixtures. But more than that, they were still kissing, fondling each other, licking cum from each other's breasts, and moaning sweetly. He hurried to the computer and typed quickly. He couldn't leave them in this state. At least not yet. Not until he had a better handle on just what

he was capable of. He needed to clear their memories, return them to reality, and take a few measures to ensure he wouldn't get into trouble— though he doubted he would. Sex wasn't the only thing he could make people do. But it was just what interested him the most. But there was a new temptation that he couldn't resist, as he wrote faster than he ever had in his life. Why not send them back to their rooms with a few tweaks? A few... improvements. They could return to their normal lives a little more... open minded. A little more sexually confident. And dressing more salaciously in their day to day lives certainly wouldn't hurt either. But these girls were just the beginning. They had another roommate that Rob hadn't met yet, and he was anxious to be introduced. Not to mention the other tenants in the building. Rob had never been an outgoing person, and it just occurred to him how rude he'd been all this time, never taking the time to say hello. But perhaps this was the perfect opportunity for a little meet and greet of the people who lived in his building...*** Hollow Pleasure to be continued... ***report

END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment (in particular) contains themes of hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, public indecency, and elements of incest. You've been warnedThis is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.***Hollow Pleasure chapter 03***Tenant 2B***The song on the radio was one that she never heard before. It sounded vaguely Irish— soulful and dark. The singer was raspy. His voice rolled from the speakers, belting out lyrics about sinners and drinking and doing lines. Between the wind in her hair, and the song pounding with the beat of her heart, she was feeling it after only a couple of blocks. "This song is fuckin' amazing," she said. "Reminds you of the Emerald Isle?" Captain Graver asked with an amused smile that made the scar beside his eye disappear. "Fuck you, sir," she shot back. She ticked the points off on her fingers "'Galloway' is Scottish, not Irish. My grandparents were first gen immigrants, so even my parents don't have accents. And lastly, only my dad was Scottish." "Right," Captain Graver replied. "Got it. Your mother was what? Italian?" "Israeli." "Close enough." She snorted in derision. "Whatever, you Polish piece of shit." This earned a laugh from her Captain. Technically he wasn't her Captain yet. She was still in training. And she had known Graver long before he was ever a Captain. They had been buddies. Otherwise, she wouldn't get away with half of the shit that she normally did. Like not wearing a uniform, for example. Sure, she wore the black multi-cam camouflage baseball cap with the insignia of her unit, and the black MOLLE vest with the ammo pouches and utilities, but that's as far as she'd ever go. She would never wear a full uniform ever again. Not after what happened..."The song reminds

me of Church. All the talk of sinners and praying," she said. "It's about a bar." Graver said immediately. "What?" "It's about a bar, moron. Interpret the lyrics, instead of just taking them at face value." She listened for a moment before making sense of it all. "Well I'll be damned." "Yes you will," he said, pulling the Jeep to the front of the building and letting her out. Captain Graver eyed the old Victorian on Willow Street and let out a whistle of appreciation. They didn't make them like this anymore. The mansion loomed over the street, tall and proud. "Colonel Mustard in the billiard room with the dagger," he muttered to himself. It looked like a mystery mansion. "Thanks for the ride," she said, retrieving her equipment from the backseat before hopping out. Her boots hit the pavement as she slung her duffle bag. "How's the knee?" He asked. "Hurts like a bitch." "Next time, get your own fuckin' ride home," Captain Graver smirked. She shot him the finger, making him laugh. "Say hi to Quinn for me, next time you see him." "Will do, Cap. Thanks." Then the Jeep was rumbling off. Her name was Kate Galloway, and she normally rode a motorcycle— a sporty crotch rocket. Unfortunately, a minor setback during training today had hurt her leg badly enough to force leave her motorcycle at the HQ building and bum a ride home. She made a mental note to invest in some knee pads. She slung her vest over one shoulder and hefted her duffle with the other, starting toward her apartment, breathing in deep the fresh late summer air. Christ it was good to be alive. Sitting on the front steps of the of the building, reading a book in the sun was a young man of about 18 or 19, with a sweet innocent face and big brown eyes. A mop of shaggy brown hair hung down to his ears. He glanced up at her timidly, then his eyes darted away fast. He seemed to shrink away and cram himself further against the railing (if that was possible). Clearly he was making a considerable effort to avoid being in her way. Galloway felt a little bad for him. Obviously he wasn't someone with much confidence. He was trying hard to not trip her up. Her dirty boots thumped over the planks of the front porch. She set her bag down for a second and dug her key from her torn jeans. The kid glanced at her from the corner of his eye timidly. She smiled at him. He immediately returned his gaze to his book. She unlocked the front door, then paused. She wasn't sure why, but she had the overwhelming urge to reach out. An old friend flashed before her eyes— a friend from years past who held himself with the same kind of posture— sadness and self-loathing. That was why she found herself blurting out "Hey you." He looked up, the alarm apparent in his expression. His eyes had grown large. "M-me?" He asked. "Yeah, you. Is everything alright?" "Oh, I'm okay," he flashed her a very nervous yet polite smile. His eyes took her in. The woman who was calling out to him was extremely pretty— in her late twenties. Her eyes were ice-blue, lighter than the sky, and her hair was wavy and wild, tied back into a ponytail. She was wearing a black camouflage cap, but her ponytail bobbed out the back. Her hair was naturally dark brown, but it was dyed to a rebellious shade of maroon. The exaggerated color reminded him of raspberry sherbet. Her lips were full and pink, her cheeks apple-like, and her eyes squinted naturally. He saw a cheesy horror movie called Shout or Scream (or

something like that) when he was younger, one that everyone at school was raving about. This woman kind of reminded him of the star-- Neve Campbell. Was that her name? She had that same calm, even manner. She seemed... cool. Although he wasn't sure what to make of her muddy boots and torn jeans. A tear was over the knee, and blood was running freely from her visible skin. She either hadn't noticed it was bleeding, or didn't care. Kinda cool. Her legs looked solid and strong, and her jeans hugged her hips and pleasant curve of her butt. She was wearing a dark blue shirt with a police-like insignia and the word TRAINEE over the curve of her breast. Not that he would notice such things... but her chest was full and proportional... pleasantly round-- what was that? C-cup? Her arms were fit and toned. Her left arm was decorated with a sleeve tattoo-- a rose that bloomed on her shoulder, and a thorny stem that wound its way down her bicep to mid forearm. Her vest that she held slung over her shoulder was camouflage and tactical-- like the soldiers in movies and video games. The name GALLOWAY was embroidered on a patch in white letters. He looked at her only for a second, taking in all of these details before he had to look away self-consciously. She was hot, and whenever someone hot talked to him, he assumed there was some punch-line coming that he didn't foresee-- some put-down that would embarrass and upset him. She lingered, which only made it worse. He could feel the heat creeping to his face. "Are you sure?" she pressed. His face flushed a color of bright red. She was painfully hot. The kind of bombshell that fighter pilots would paint on the noses of their planes. "Yeah, I'm good," he answered all too quickly, feeling out of breath. She seemed to give this some thought. Then (to his shock and anxiety) she put down her gear and came over. She sat down on the step beside him. "What are you reading?" she asked. "Just a sci-fi book. You wouldn't be interested," half of his brain was excited that someone so pretty was taking an interest in him. The other half was so self-conscious that he was just wishing she'd go away. "What makes you think that?" She blinked. He stammered stupidly, trying to think up an answer. She smiled at his discomfort, a bit amused. He couldn't arrive at a good answer without risking offending her. So after a minute of stammering nonsense, he stopped talking. "Sorry, I didn't mean to bother you," Galloway said. "I just wanted to make sure you were alright out here. You're 2A, right?" He nodded. "Yeah. You live across the hall? You're 2B." She smiled. "I'm Kate, but '2B' if you'd prefer. The guys in the squad call me Galloway so that works too." She stuck out her hand to shake. She was wearing fingerless black gloves, like a biker. "So what are you doing out here?" She asked. Her eyes were penetrating. He couldn't think straight when she looked at him. "I forgot my key," he blushed. "Did you forget your phone too? Can't call the landlord to let you back in?" "I-I don't have a phone." "Ah, so you're a time traveler. That makes more sense. Want me to kick down the door for you?" He didn't seem to notice her joke. Tough crowd, she mused. "Um... we don't have a lot of money, so no phone." "We?" He hesitated to admit this, especially to an attractive woman. "My mom and I. I'll just wait for her to get home. It's no big deal." "Out here by yourself? That's a

shitty plan. You're going to hang out with me instead, until she gets home," Galloway said. His eyes widened at her suggestion. This development was not something he planned for. "No, really, it's fine. It's a nice day out, and I don't mind sitting here and reading." Galloway knew that was a lie— she knew what someone having a bad day looked like. He didn't really want to be out here all day, but he was desperately trying to not inconvenience her. She wasn't hearing it. "Let's go," she urged him, climbing to her feet. "I'm not going to hang out by myself all night." He considered this, looking bashful and nervous. Galloway couldn't really fathom why. When he saw that there was no arguing with her, he reluctantly gathered his things. It was almost as though he didn't want to stand up. But when he did, she startled. He retrieved two shiny objects from the ground. At first, Galloway flashed back. She thought they were rifles. But then he snugged his arms into the loops and used them to help stand. Suddenly Galloway realized what she was seeing. Orthopedic crutches— the kind that wrapped around his forearms. They weren't the result of some temporary injury. He was disabled. He moved in jerky motions as he situated himself. That was why he was hesitant to stand up in front of her. He was self-conscious. He noticed where her eyes had gone and he pointed to himself. "Cerebral palsy," he said in the tone of someone who's had to say it a million times before. Galloway cocked her head curiously. "If that's what your mother named you, I ought to kick her ass." He blinked, confused for a moment. Then he burst out laughing. "No... I meant... I have—" he trailed off, blushing bright red. "Let me try that again. I'm Ethan." "There we go. That's better," Galloway smiled. "I just happen to have cerebral palsy," he explained. "And I just happened to have a fucked up sense of humor." "I noticed." "It's that apparent?" He shrugged. "So does this mean you're not going to be a gentleman and hold doors for me, or carry my personal items?" She smirked. It wasn't in Galloway's nature not to lightheartedly poke. Ethan looked at her for a second, then he allowed a nervous smile, and hunched near her duffle bag. It was an awkward display but he managed to loop it over his shoulder, before nudging the door open with one of his crutches. "You know I was just messing with you, right?" Galloway admitted. "I'm a gentleman," he joked, and it earned a laugh. "But what do you have in this thing? Rocks?" "If you think that's heavy, wait till you carry my purse." "I'm not carrying your purse. Even I have to draw the line somewhere." As they headed inside, Galloway found herself rather charmed by this kid. Maybe she was a big softy at heart, but he had a sense of humor and some determination about him. When they reached the stairs, Galloway felt a moment of doubt. They both lived on the second floor, and with Ethan's... limitations... "Is there a secret elevator I don't know about? I know I haven't lived here that long, but..." "No, I have to use the stairs," Ethan said, as though it was obvious. He started up carefully. "That doesn't seem very accommodating." "What about this place seems up to code?" Ethan laughed. "Fair enough." "Something about the building being historic, they can't make it more accessible. But it's cheap, and my mom works really hard. So I can deal with it. As long as I'm careful

on the steps, it's nothing that I can't handle."Galloway again smirked. "I wasn't asking for your sake. I need an elevator right now because my knee is fuckin' killing me." She motioned to her torn jeans and bloodied knee.Ethan paused, replaying their conversation in his head. She was right. She hadn't mentioned him at all. This woman had a sharp sense of humor that he most certainly wasn't used to. He stared at her for a second, pausing halfway up the stairs. "A scrape on your knee, huh? That must really be hard for you," he said, then couldn't stop the smile from spreading across his face. In seconds, they both sputtered laughter."You're funny," she admitted. "So what's your deal? Why were you cowering outside earlier, being weird when I invited you in?"Ethan shrugged. He didn't like to chase this line of thought, because it wasn't very up-lifting. "My dad left us when I was little. I guess he didn't want to deal with me having..." he let his eyes flick to his crutches "...extra needs. So I guess, ever since then, I just try really hard to not be in anyone's way."Galloway wasn't sure what to say. That was horrible. You always think you have it rough until you meet someone who had worse."You go to school?" She changed the subject."Umm... not really.""You don't sound so sure.""Graduated high school this past summer. I'm taking a year off..." It was Ethan's turn to change the subject. "You said 'the squad' earlier. So you're like, a cop or military, or something?" "Part-time bartender. But I just started a new job... it's pretty serious.""What is it?" he grunted. They reached their landing. Two doors faced each other in the cramped space. In front of Ethan's door, the stairs narrowed and continued further up and into the attic and the 3rd floor landing. A set of sconces flanked both doors. They were heavy oak. They looked medieval."Honestly, Ethan, even I'm not very sure."He cocked his head at her comment, as though it was impossible for him to understand that answer.She smiled easily. "It's a private police firm. You know how like security guards aren't officially cops?"He nodded his head vigorously, even before he gave a lot of thought to what she was explaining."Well security guards are usually employed by private companies. That's like mine. They employ private guards. But we're putting together a SWAT team. My new boss wants me on it, and they're fast tracking me through the training program."Ethan's eyes widened with surprise.She read it at once. "I know. It scares the hell out of me too.""Well that's really cool though!" he said, looking her over appreciably.She shrugged as she unlocked her apartment door. "I guess. I never did anything like that before though. It's kind of scary, you know?" "You never did any job like that before?" He was blown away. "How does that work?" "The closest job I had to this was as a casino security officer. But I left that job pretty quickly to be a bartender..." "Why?" Ethan prodded. "I was shot." Her words stopped Ethan dead in his tracks.Much of Galloway's good humor was gone, but she was being casual and matter of fact about her explanation. She saw the shock on his face, and smiled. She hiked up the sleeve of her left arm. At first Ethan only saw the rose tattoo. But as he inspected closer, in the center of the blooming flower, he saw the tell-tale scar- the puckered skin."It was a robbery gone wrong," she explained.

"That job was fun up until then. But I lost a few friends that day. A few others got hurt. That was when it became real." She pointed to his crutches, then back to her shoulder. "Look at us. Quite the pair, you and I." She unlocked the door and led him into her apartment. It was somewhat cramped but cozy. The front door faced an open living room space with a couple of mismatched couches, a chipped coffee table, and a TV and entertainment center. To the right, down a short hall was the bedroom and bathroom. To the left was a kitchen, just as open as the living room. Only the couch served as the dividing line between the two. The counters and cabinets were new, and a movable chopping block and a couple of stools served as the table. It was all lit by modern lighting fixtures—probably from Ikea, or one of those clean-lined modern furniture stores. It was pleasant. Galloway was apparently still in the process of unpacking. A few boxes lined the living room wall. Otherwise, she looked pretty well settled in. "Oh neat!" Ethan declared when he saw that along the back wall of her kitchen, a glass door opened onto a small porch that overlooked the back of the apartment building—the lawn, the alley, and beyond that, the sloping hillside of a cemetery. "You got the only one in the building," he said looking out the glass. A couple of cheap plastic lawn chairs were set up, a small table, with an empty glass that Galloway had forgotten to bring inside. "You better believe it," She started to unpack her gear. He was relieved to drop her heavy bag with an audible thud. "So how'd you go from wanting to avoid a dangerous job to joining a SWAT team?" He made his way over to the patio door and looked out. The yard appeared very far down. The view was tremendous. "Doesn't make much sense, I know. I have some reservations about it, myself. But I needed to do something with my life sooner or later. And as luck would have it, I was tending bar one night. A customer got a little handsy with me. I broke his wrist," Galloway smiled proudly. "A couple of customers saw it. One of them came up to me afterward—this young brunette woman who looked and spoke like an undercover cop. Turns out, she owns the firm that I'm training with now. She offered me a job. Even more interesting, the captain of the tactical division is an old friend of mine I haven't seen for years—he's her fiancé. Small world." She laughed. When he turned back from the door, his eyes widened. Galloway was in the process of removing several boxes of shells and a very elaborate looking military rifle from her duffle. She was transferring it to a locking hard case. "Don't get curious," she cautioned him as she placed a pistol into it as well and snapped it shut, locking it. "I never saw a gun in real life," he admitted. "They're exactly what you think they are," she replied. Then she offered him a lopsided smirk. "Dinner is on me tonight while you wait for your mom to get home. Hope you like burnt chicken." ***Ethan's mother was a small compact woman with bouncy neck-length strawberry blonde hair and an elfish smile. She introduced herself as Meg and had clear blue eyes. She'd almost be construed as mousy, though she was extremely cute. Ethan had explained that she was a legal secretary. It was apparent by the way she dressed—a clean blouse, though nothing uptight, and some modest jewelry. A gray pencil skirt displayed an ass

that rivaled Galloway's, and though the woman was small (a full head shorter than Galloway), her thighs were pleasantly on the thicker side. Galloway hadn't been expecting someone so young. Meg couldn't have been much older than 35. It was past dark by the time she'd arrived from work to collect her son, and when Galloway answered the door, she couldn't resist looking the woman up and down from head to toe. "I'm not a home wrecker, I swear," Galloway playfully held up her hands defensively. "He told me he lived with his mother, not some hot as hell girlfriend. Ethan!" Galloway called over her shoulder. "You totally lied to me, you little manwhore." report

NEXT PAGE

This earned a blush from both Ethan and Meg— displaying the resemblance. "That's my mom!" Ethan called from the kitchen. He'd been helping Galloway with the dishes, and the two had been listening to music through a Bluetooth speaker, while making casual conversation. Galloway turned back to the woman at the door. "No fuckin' way." Meg shrugged, a little smile creeping across her features. "What can I say? I wasn't the most responsible teenager." "Neither was I. I like you, already," Galloway introduced herself. Despite her tiredness from a long work day, Meg Richards maintained much of her good humor. She seemed like a genuinely cheerful person, although a little... sad. "Thank you for spending time with him and making him dinner," Meg said. She sounded apologetic. "I would have come home sooner, but it was one of those days where I couldn't escape work—" Ethan reddened. "Mom, I'm not a kid that needs a babysitter." Galloway shrugged in a no-big-deal way. "This was a first for me. I don't always bring home men I just met, but for him I'd make an exception." Ethan's cheeks grew even redder. "Do you want to come in for a beer or something?" She offered Meg. "No, I better not. We don't want to over stay our welcome after just meeting you." She said, waiting patiently while Ethan collected his book and started across the hall, his crutches clacking on the floor boards. Halfway there, Ethan turned and thanked Galloway again for today. He added as an afterthought, "And don't second guess your job. I think you'll be really great at it." It warmed Galloway. She leaned against the frame. As the tenants parted ways for the evening, a set of hurried footsteps echoed up the stairs. A skinny man in his mid thirties hurried around the corner, with an overflowing pharmacy bag in one hand. He almost ran headlong into them. "Oh, hello!" Meg startled. He blinked at them, not expecting to run into anyone as he returned to his attic apartment. "H-hello," he replied, the nervousness was apparent. But despite that, he took a moment to look each of them over... particularly Meg. His eyes wandered appreciably, until Meg shot Galloway a glance, then bid them good night— hurrying into her apartment and shutting the door. That made her uncomfortable, Galloway realized. She didn't blame Meg. The first thing that really struck her was how pale this man was. The term 'blue blood' came to mind. Galloway had been told by an old teacher that the phrase was coined

from years ago to describe people who never went outside and were so pale that their veins had a bluish tint. Galloway found him incredibly familiar looking. "I'm Kate, I just moved in." "Rob," he said. "I live upstairs." "3A or 3B?" He looked for a moment like he didn't understand the question. Then it sank in. "Umm, 3A." He started to slide the plastic bag behind his back in an attempt to hide it from view. Galloway noted that it was packed to the brim with... condoms? She found that a little ambitious. He might have been cute in a nerdy way if he spent some time outside, put on some weight, and cleaned himself up. But instead, he gave off a serial-killer vibe. He saw where her eyes were. "Well... it was nice meeting you," he said immediately and headed for the stairs. "You too," she responded, watching him go. His unsteady hurried legs called to mind the clumsy saunter of the Scarecrow from the Wizard of Oz. Rob rounded the corner at the next landing and was gone. As Galloway shut and bolted her door it came to her where she had seen him before. The bar. He was a Tuesday night regular at the bar where she used to tend. That night wasn't her normal shift. She had only covered one night, but he seemed to make everyone uneasy. And one thing that she remembered distinctly: He had a tendency to talk to himself. Now he lived above her. God dammit. *** Kelsey was waiting for Rob on the couch in his apartment when he came bursting through the door. "Mmmm, there he is..." She said in a husky voice that was barely her own, her head propped up on her arm. She was splayed out in a slutty 'nurse' outfit— not really a cheesy Halloween costume, but more of Kelsey's normal work scrubs that he'd gotten her to modify a bit. The V-neck had been cut much deeper, her tits practically spilling out of it, and she'd shortened the bottom to reveal her flat tanned tummy, all the way up until the bottoms of her breasts were visible. Naturally she wasn't wearing a bra. Rob's imagination had run out at her scrub bottoms, but he made sure she wore them low, to show the straps of her thong, and she rolled up her pant legs cutely above her pink converse sneakers, so he could see those ankles and calves. She dressed like this for him during her 'regular visits'. Rob knew that it was hollow. All of it. Kelsey wasn't here of her own volition. She was here because whatever he typed into his computer just happened. Even the vague and the long term played out the way he desired. He had typed a short narrative about how Kelsey had put on her outfit, and waited for him in his apartment until his return, and she had done exactly that in real life. In many ways, Rob felt a little bad about this. Kelsey was amazing. Controlling her mind and actions in order to have wild sex wasn't exactly his plan A. He would have preferred she genuinely liked him, and there were real feelings to her actions. But there wasn't. And the simulation was the next best thing to reality. It was never going to happen any other way, so he may as well enjoy it— because the alternative was his lonely sexually frustrated existence. Sure, when they were done fucking, he always sent her home and snapped her back into reality— returning her to her old self. But that was getting harder and harder to do. Even when they weren't having sex, Rob liked the company. He liked having someone to talk to, even if it was all

pretend."Did you stock up?" Kelsey giggled, seeing the bag in his hand."Huh? Oh yeah," he was distracted. He emptied the contents of his bag across the table. Boxes and boxes of condoms cascaded into a pile. Rob didn't particularly like condoms— the smell bothered him— but he figured it'd be best to play it safe. He was leaving behind a lot of evidence, and he didn't want these girls to start questioning it when they snapped out of whatever spell they were under. Caution was especially imperative after his run in with the woman in 2B, with the raspberry dyed hair. He'd met her once at the bar he sometimes frequented. Other drinkers had commented about her resemblance to Neve Campbell or Lauren Graham. Personally, Rob thought she looked like a younger version of porn star Maggie Green, with the eyes of Angela Daddario. Aside from her being incredibly sexy and wild, he hadn't given her much thought since then, however. But now... the badge-like insignia on her shirt. She looked like she might be a cop now or something. Kelsey seemed to read his thoughts. "What's wrong?" He told her about his encounter with Galloway, and his thoughts on her career. "If she's in law enforcement," he explained, "We need to be really careful." Kelsey licked her lips. "Is she pretty?" Rob looked up sharply. Kelsey smiled and cocked her head. "Maybe she'd like to party with us. Having a cop on our side might be a good thing." Rob couldn't help but laugh. He'd gotten a little vague and open with his directions for Kelsey's behavior. He'd learned fast that he no longer had to script her word for word in his 'stories'. She would take on this wild sex-fiend persona just from a few loose directions. But he was astounded how she was sort of forming a personality of her own while she was under the spell. Like a robot learning to be a human. "You might be right." He admitted with an amazed shake of his head, although he'd still rather just avoid her. Kate Galloway was hot as hell. She would be a fun addition to his sexual adventures. But he was playing fire. He needed to tread really carefully in his dealings with her. Galloway would require baby steps. In the meantime though..."Have you ever met the mother in 2A?" He asked Kelsey. She shrugged. "Maybe once or twice," her big brown eyes retreated for a moment as she thought it over. They still had the smile in them... that magic sparkle that made Kelsey the object of Rob's desires. Although they didn't seem as vibrant as they did when she was conscious— her true self. "I bumped into her and her son as well." Kelsey bit her lip and an evil smile crossed her lips. "I like where this is going..." "She's cute." Rob mused. While Rob didn't have a porn star that came to mind for her, he'd watched enough cheesy sci-fi shows in his life. There was something about her face that reminded him of Katee Sackhoff, though he couldn't be sure of what. Just a smaller Katee Sackhoff with softer, more elf-like features. She had nice legs— thighs that thickened pleasantly as they reached her round shapely ass. Her tummy was taught and her breasts were a pleasant B-cup, which appeared much bigger on her small frame. "Perky. I can picture her in an apron... and nothing else." "Mmmm... like the cover girl on in dirty edition of Good Housekeeping. The good mommy of the year," Kelsey purred. Rob barely noticed the underlying suggestion to

Kelsey's thoughts. He was too busy thinking about Meg. Of course he'd met her a few times in passing. And of course he thought she was pretty. But like most very attractive women, Rob never considered her as an option, so he'd given her very little thought. Sort of same way that a man living in poverty will never truly look at the million dollar sports car— you could appreciate it and dream about it, but until the day where you realize it's within your grasp and you *can* own it, you never really allow yourself to fantasize... Suddenly now, thanks to this wonderful new inexplicable gift, every attractive woman was within Rob's grasp. The prettiest ones around, that he hadn't allowed his wandering eyes to really look at, were now a simple keystroke away from being his. He glanced at the computer array in the turret. Why should he stop with just one? He could have them all. And tonight he was feeling daring...***Meggy Richards was having a tough night. Normally she was one of those people who could fall asleep the moment her head hit the pillow. It wasn't because she was blessed or because she was lucky. Meg had a lot on her plate— she had since she was 16 and first read the results of her pregnancy test. But combine that with a disabled child, an absentee father, and a one-income household, she simply couldn't add sleep to her list of problems. Between work exhausting her, and her worries over her son, she would take a moment each night to meditate, to listen to soothing sounds on her headphones, to count her blessings, push away her concerns, and to let sleep take her quickly. But tonight was not one of those nights. Meg often experienced loneliness. Between work and her son, she had very little time for relationships. Normally, that would be okay... but she still had certain needs. And when those needs arose, she'd tip toe to her bedroom door, and peer out, making sure the light was off in her son's bedroom. Then she'd retrieve her toy— a little pink vibrator— from her nightstand, lay back on her bed, and quietly satisfy her urges. Somehow tonight was different. Tonight, the urge came on sudden and strong. Stronger than ever. Meg's heart began to pound, and she grew hot all over. She threw her blankets off of herself. She shouldn't be this warm. It wasn't a hot night, and Meggy was sleeping in just her panties and a gray t-shirt. She let out a gasp when her hand slid between her thighs. Her panties were soaked. Her nipples pressed through the thin cotton fabric of her tee. There was an urgency to this bodily need. She had never *needed* sex as badly as she did right now. And she was certain that her toy might make her scream. She practically sprang out of bed and hurried to the door. Please be asleep, please be asleep... Ethan's room light was on. She swore under her breath. He was probably up reading, or listening to music, or playing on his computer. ... Maybe he was enjoying some other less wholesome activity. It wouldn't surprise her. Her son was a teenage boy, just like any other. And after spending an afternoon with that sexy rebellious looking woman across the hall (Ethan had excitedly explained she was some sort of officer in training), it was very likely Ethan would use those fresh thoughts of his new friend to pleasure himself. She leaned against the door frame, eyeing the light that was coming out from beneath his door. Meggy wasn't a prude. She

knew her son did such things— especially at his age. And between his bashful nature and his... impairments... there was a lot of uncertainty if he'd meet a girl who he could open up to. On more than one occasion, she'd caught Ethan in the act, laying on his bed, or sitting at his desk. He'd always scrambled to cover himself and pretend he'd been changing, but Meggy knew better. It was perfectly natural. Everyone had needs...She startled. She was grinding herself on the frame of her bedroom door. When the hell had she started doing that? Right there in the hallway, one bare thigh wrapped around the frame, moving her body up and down like a stripper on a pole. Oh god, what if Ethan stepped out to use the bathroom, and saw her like this? She stopped herself, but her body screamed at her to keep going. Her heart was pounding. Her legs were shaking. Her cheeks were so flushed, she felt like her body was on fire. She hadn't felt this wonderfully excited and aroused since she was young and had taken her first glimpses into the world of sex...Her hand had wandered back to her panties. She was dripping. What the hell was happening to her? She leaned harder on the frame and gently sank her teeth into her bottom lip. Her fingers slipped into her undies and she started to rub her soft wetness. The sigh of pleasure that escaped her throat barely sounded like her own voice. She froze for a second. Had she been too loud? She listened for an agonizingly long time, but didn't hear the tell tale sound of Ethan's crutches moving across his bedroom floor. Would she hear him touching himself if she listened much longer? She pushed a finger back inside of herself, and it felt like a bolt of electricity. Her eyes fluttered. Her other hand shot up to her chest, and she pushed her shirt up and up, until her bare breasts were exposed to the night air. Her shirt came to rest just above her perky tits. Despite her age, they were still full and round... a good shape, with perky pink nipples. Such a shame, she thought as she reached her hands up and cupped one of them, that nobody wanted to suck on them. The last person who had was Ethan when he was nursing...She jumped. She was pinching her nipple, and it was extra sensitive. Her whole body gave a spasm, and she flung her hair back. It slapped against the frame. Thank god she had something to lean against, because she was almost sure her legs didn't have strength to hold herself up much longer. The thrill was too much. No matter how much she rubbed herself, she knew she needed more. Even the vibrator wouldn't suffice. She needed the real thing, and urgently. If she didn't get fucked by a real cock right now, she was going to explode! Meggy was gasping. Sweat was running down her body. Her hormones drove her on in one single-minded urge. Her feet seemed to move with a mind of their own. She tip toed down the hallway and stood in front of her son's bedroom door. One hand still down the front of her panties. Her shirt resting up above her tits— her body on full display. What was she doing? Ethan would be horrified. He'd surely reject her in an instant. She was his mother! But she couldn't stop. She needed a cock inside of her, and turning around and simply going back to bed wouldn't satiate this urge. Her hand reached out. She fingered the old knob in one trembling hand. She was about to turn it, to bare herself to her own son and

throw herself at him, and demand that he take her...But without explanation she stopped. Something in her head urged her instead to go to the front door. Meggy slipped soundlessly down the hall, her heart still hammering away. She hurried through the darkened living room, feeling like someone else was at the wheel of her body, driving her. When she flung the front door open, she gave no thought to why the pale skinny man from 3A was standing in the hallway with a knowing smile on his face. He hadn't even knocked! "Take me," she pleaded, her voice soft and desperate. Rob pushed her back against her door frame. She went willingly, throwing her leg up against his hip. He was already bulging in his gym shorts. A surprisingly large pleasant bulge for such a skinny man. Meg cooed when she felt it slip against her mound. "Ohhh god," she whispered, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him hard and excited. Her lack of experience was apparent to Rob. Poor woman. It must have been a while. "Why don't you take a little break from being mom tonight, and focus on the hot slut you always wanted to be..." Rob whispered back. He pushed his hips against her, eagerly dry humping her there in the open door. The thrill of being out in the open excited him. He knew the situation was under control... but it was so easy to forget in the moment. He had the lady cop right across the landing, and Meg's son down the hall. Either of them could easily hear what was about to happen, and come to investigate. Rob using the word 'mom' with her only seemed to arouse her more. She gasped and bit his lip excitedly. She squirmed against him, her body moving like a dancer. She was so excited, she couldn't even hold still. Her hands shoved his shorts down his legs. His cock sprang free. Meg didn't hesitate. She locked her hand around it and began to stroke him. Her hands were small, just like her body, and his already large thick manhood was that much bigger beneath her frenzied fingers. He was thrusting back. His sighs of pleasure were hushed in the darkness. He reached his hands around Meg's back, cupping those firm perky ass cheeks. His fingers slipped beneath the fabric of her panties. "What if someone comes?" Meg panted out beside Rob's ear. "So what?" Rob said, and sank his fingers into her fleshy globes. He squeezed hard, until she whimpered. Still, she didn't relent. Her hips were pushing hard against his cock, desperate to be filled by him. Her body moved and gyrated. She was guiding the head of his cock exactly where she needed it. "They'll see me... doing this... in the doorway," she said and pulled aside her panties. She hiked her leg higher on Rob's hip. His cock touched her warm wetness. She slid his shaft around in little circles on her hungry pussy, coating the head in a hot sheen. "Good... they should see how desperate you are for cock," Rob said. He thrust his hips and felt the head of his cock slip inside of her. She was achingly tight. She whimpered a little. "Ohhhhh," she seemed to melt into him. Her hands were running over her own body, squeezing her breasts, massaging them. Her head thumped back against the door frame. "I think you want to get caught..." Rob murmured. He pushed himself harder, sinking only a few inches into her body. But Meg was small and short. He couldn't go much deeper at this angle. He slid out of her, spun her around and bent her forward. She caught

herself on the door frame and held tightly, scooting her ass back against him. "Maybe that hottie across the hall will open the door and see you." Rob gave her firm ass a slap that could have been heard in the stillness of the building. "Maybe she'll arrest and discipline you for this display of indecency." report

NEXT PAGE

He then shoved her panties down until they were around her ankles. He spread her cheeks until he could see that pink wet pussy, and her tight little ass hole. She whimpered and wiggled her ass, scooting herself back, desperately seeking his cock— the pleasure she'd been craving for years. "W-what would you do?" She asked, her voice quivering with anticipation. "Maybe I'd fuck her first. Cuff you and make you watch and wait..." Rob smiled. "Please... no," she almost cried out. Rob was pleased with her desperation. "You need to be fucked, now more than ever, don't you?" "Yes... please god, fuck me—" Rob didn't let her finish her plea. He pressed his cock into her body, and sank deep. His long shaft plunged into her depths. Her pussy so tight and warm, it was a shame that she had no prospects, because a body like this deserved to be fucked nightly. For a moment, Meg couldn't find her voice, couldn't even breathe. It had been so long, that her breath caught in her throat. When she finally regained her wits, she shivered. "Ooooooh..." Rob started to thrust. "W-what..." Meg started to whimper, but her voice was unsteady. Her legs shook. Her hands clung to the door frame. "What if someone else caught us?" "Who?" Rob played coy. "What if Ethan caught us?" "Your son?" He started to pump himself deeper. He knew it was wrong... but this woman mentioning her son while he fucked her... it made his cock swell. It was a new level of deviancy he hadn't achieved... and for that reason, it was an incredible new high. Meg braced with her outstretched arms, and started to push her ass back against Rob's invading member. He slid deeper and deeper. Meg threw her head back. Her bouncy wild hair flinging backward. "Yessss..." she said. "I don't know... what if he did?" Rob played coy, pressing her for more. He wanted to see where she'd go with this. "Oh god," she moaned, pushing back against him. Each time he did, her body was able to more easily swallow up his lengthy and throbbing girth. "I- I don't know." "Maybe he'd like to stay and watch. See what kind of slut his mommy really is," Rob taunted. His member plunged happily into her. His voice was soft and husky. Rob was ashamed to admit that even he was trembling. This was a very taboo topic... but it excited him. He wanted to explore further. He gripped Meg by the hair. Her blonde shoulder length hair soft and bouncy. "H-he's never had a girlfriend..." she sighed. "I feel bad for him. He's probably very lonely." Even the act of confiding this while her big butt jiggled pleasantly against his body felt filthy. "Just like his mommy," Rob said. "He's a virgin?" "Uh huh," she panted. Her ass sliding up and down now in between long thrusts. She had to press her face to the doorframe for support. Her legs were trembling so hard, that her knees were knocking together. Her panties still around both

ankles like a pair of shackles. "But I don't want him to be forever. He should be starting college... he should be meeting girls... but..." Rob shushed her. He knew where she was going with this— that she feared his disability might hold him back. "Do you think he would enjoy watching you?" He said, tugging harder on her hair. She whimpered and gasped. "I don't know..." she moaned. "I'll bet he would. I'll bet he'd get so hard, seeing this sexy little body of yours in action." Rob slid himself out of her, teased the tip of his cock across her eager pussy lips. Meg's hips never stopped moving. She needed him back inside of her more than she ever needed anything. "Oh god..." she moaned. "I'll bet he'd have so many filthy thoughts about his mom." "Please..." She glanced at him over her shoulder. Her hair hung over her face, obscuring her eyes, but he could still see the pure instinctive lust in them. "What would you have done if I hadn't been at your door?" Rob asked. Meg shut her eyes and whimpered. Her entire body was pleading for him not to stop fucking her. It was obvious in her movements. She would do anything to keep going. "It's so bad," she admitted, ashamed of herself, her fingers gripping the frame. "Tell me. Or I'll leave right now..." Rob said sternly. "I couldn't stop myself. I needed it so bad," she said, almost afraid he'd judge her. "I would have gone into his bedroom, and before he could say a word, I would have put his cock right in my mouth." "Bad mommy," Rob cracked her once across the ass. He was pleased with himself. He got her to admit the most taboo, awful thoughts she'd had. He wondered if this was completely the doing of his magic story writing computer... or if the guilty idea had always been there... eating away at her as she watched her boy grow up. He rewarded her with a hard thrust, returning his member deep in her body. "I know," her eyes shut, but she was still pushing herself back into his thrusts, bent completely forward, her butt never stopping. His cock disappearing fully into her body, she was only humping a few inches each time now, not wanting to let him escape again. Her thrusts came faster and faster. Rob noticed how wet she'd become. Her inner thighs were coated. "You would have been his first?" "I was so ready. I would have..." she insisted. "He needs it, I know he does. But so do I. I would have ridden him until we were both exhausted..." Rob's cock was throbbing powerfully with each beat of his heart. This woman was basically confessing to thoughts and intentions of fucking her handicapped son. But the pure wrongness of it all was the biggest thrill of his life. He had ultimate control over people. Not only could he make someone— anyone— fuck him in any manner that he wanted... but he could make people go against their own moral fortitude. In this case, a mother had been ready to commit the ultimate sin because of his whims. More than that, she had *wanted* to. Maybe his computer was to blame, but he couldn't just control actions, he could control desires. Thought control. "You wouldn't have done it because you felt bad for him. You wouldn't have done it because you thought he had a lack of options," Rob drove this point home. His hands on her body gripped her strongly. He pulled hard at her hair. His other hand gripped her ass and squeezed. His thrusts threatened to knock her head-first into the wall. But still she threw

her head back, pushed herself into his penetrations. She fought to not scream into the night like a ghost haunting this old home."You would have done it for one reason, and only one reason," Rob said. "Because you're a horny slut, and he's a cock that can pleasure you.""Ohhh god," Meg started to cry out. Her pussy was contracting around his shaft, and he knew that feeling well by now. She was cumming."Your boy became a man, and now you see him as a sexual object... like the depraved slut that you are."Meg had to throw her hands over her mouth. Her petite body quivering with the intense pleasure that took control. She hadn't cum like this in years. It was the kind of orgasm she certainly couldn't achieve alone in her empty bedroom."Even worse," Rob moaned. "You're turned on by the thought of how bad it is. Only a demented sexual deviant would fuck her son, and you love to think that of yourself."Meg's screams were muffled by her hands. Her butt bounced and jiggled."You want to see that look on his face as his eyes roll back and he empties his balls into your body."Meg couldn't say a word. Rob was fucking her stupid, and there would be no coherence to anything she might say. It would just be a series of animalistic moans.She pulled her hands away from her mouth, threw her head back. Her tongue hung from her mouth like a dog. All she could imagine was her son staring back at her, bewildered and shocked by what was happening, and she would open her mouth and start to lick his excited penis. Without realizing it, Meg was licking the doorframe in front of her, her tongue moving excitedly.It was too much for Rob too, this new level of depravity far too exciting."I'm going to cum," he managed to choke out. He'd forgotten a condom. Of course he had."Give it to me," she begged, struggling to catch her breath.Rob pulled out of her, and spun her around. "On your knees," he was struggling to keep his voice a whisper. Meg went without a second thought, dropping down on the hardwood floor like a servant waiting to be fed. Her tongue hung out, her mouth agape."Shut your eyes, and call me Ethan. Beg me for it," he said.Meg cupped her tits, rubbing her erect nipples. "Please Ethan. Mommy needs to taste it. Feed me, Ethan."Her whispering her son's name in the dark was what set off Rob. He had to bite his lip to keep from crying out as his cock erupted. He stroked his hard length feverishly.A stream of cum shot out of his aching member and landed across Meg's face."That's it, baby boy. Cover mommy's face," she continued to pant.A series of ropes rapid-fired from Rob's cock. Each time, Meg had another dirty plea for her son, and Rob believed she really was picturing her son dumping his load onto her face. He aimed his cock directly into her open mouth and let the last heavy ropes of jizz fall squarely on her tongue.In just a short time, Rob had filled her mouth completely. "Swallow your son's cum," Rob said, half sex drunk. His own legs trembling now.Meg shut her mouth and obeyed. In one big gulp, his salty load was gone. She knelt there, staring up at him, caressing herself."Now go to bed," Rob insisted. "And don't wake up your son. Not yet. I have big plans for you." Rob pulled up his gym shorts. The apartment still dark and silent. The hallway as empty as ever. "But until I come back again, I'll make sure you have plenty of thoughts to keep you company..."Meg stood silently, fixed her shirt,

and pulled up her wet panties, almost like she was in a trance. Then she spun and headed back to her bedroom, not making a sound. Rob giggled softly as Meg passed her son's closed bedroom door. There was no reason why two lonely people couldn't find comfort in each other's arms. But not yet. A slow buildup to that conclusion would be so much more fun for him. Especially since his apartment was one floor above. He glanced to the ceiling in contemplation. A show like that might be more fun for him to watch than to actually participate in. He returned to the hall, and gave a cautious glance to door 2B. Kate Galloway would definitely complicate things. But maybe Kelsey was right about having a cop in his harem. He just needed to come up with a plan for her. Something big... He tiptoed back to his apartment. *** Hollow Pleasure to be continued... ***report

NEXT PAGE

He then shoved her panties down until they were around her ankles. He spread her cheeks until he could see that pink wet pussy, and her tight little ass hole. She whimpered and wiggled her ass, scooting herself back, desperately seeking his cock— the pleasure she'd been craving for years. "W-what would you do?" She asked, her voice quivering with anticipation. "Maybe I'd fuck her first. Cuff you and make you watch and wait..." Rob smiled. "Please... no," she almost cried out. Rob was pleased with her desperation. "You need to be fucked, now more than ever, don't you?" "Yes... please god, fuck me—" Rob didn't let her finish her plea. He pressed his cock into her body, and sank deep. His long shaft plunged into her depths. Her pussy so tight and warm, it was a shame that she had no prospects, because a body like this deserved to be fucked nightly. For a moment, Meg couldn't find her voice, couldn't even breathe. It had been so long, that her breath caught in her throat. When she finally regained her wits, she shivered. "Ooooooh..." Rob started to thrust. "W-what..." Meg started to whimper, but her voice was unsteady. Her legs shook. Her hands clung to the door frame. "What if someone else caught us?" "Who?" Rob played coy. "What if Ethan caught us?" "Your son?" He started to pump himself deeper. He knew it was wrong... but this woman mentioning her son while he fucked her... it made his cock swell. It was a new level of deviancy he hadn't achieved... and for that reason, it was an incredible new high. Meg braced with her outstretched arms, and started to push her ass back against Rob's invading member. He slid deeper and deeper. Meg threw her head back. Her bouncy wild hair flinging backward. "Yessss..." she said. "I don't know... what if he did?" Rob played coy, pressing her for more. He wanted to see where she'd go with this. "Oh god," she moaned, pushing back against him. Each time he did, her body was able to more easily swallow up his lengthy and throbbing girth. "I— I don't know." "Maybe he'd like to stay and watch. See what kind of slut his mommy really is," Rob taunted. His member plunged happily into her. His voice was soft and husky. Rob was ashamed to admit that even he was trembling. This was a very taboo topic... but it excited him. He wanted to explore further. He gripped

Meg by the hair. Her blonde shoulder length hair soft and bouncy. "H-he's never had a girlfriend..." she sighed. "I feel bad for him. He's probably very lonely." Even the act of confiding this while her big butt jiggled pleasantly against his body felt filthy. "Just like his mommy," Rob said. "He's a virgin?" "Uh huh," she panted. Her ass sliding up and down now in between long thrusts. She had to press her face to the doorframe for support. Her legs were trembling so hard, that her knees were knocking together. Her panties still around both ankles like a pair of shackles. "But I don't want him to be forever. He should be starting college... he should be meeting girls... but..." Rob shushed her. He knew where she was going with this- that she feared his disability might hold him back. "Do you think he would enjoy watching you?" He said, tugging harder on her hair. She whimpered and gasped. "I don't know..." she moaned. "I'll bet he would. I'll bet he'd get so hard, seeing this sexy little body of yours in action." Rob slid himself out of her, teased the tip of his cock across her eager pussy lips. Meg's hips never stopped moving. She needed him back inside of her more than she ever needed anything. "Oh god..." she moaned. "I'll bet he'd have so many filthy thoughts about his mom." "Please..." She glanced at him over her shoulder. Her hair hung over her face, obscuring her eyes, but he could still see the pure instinctive lust in them. "What would you have done if I hadn't been at your door?" Rob asked. Meg shut her eyes and whimpered. Her entire body was pleading for him not to stop fucking her. It was obvious in her movements. She would do anything to keep going. "It's so bad," she admitted, ashamed of herself, her fingers gripping the frame. "Tell me. Or I'll leave right now..." Rob said sternly. "I couldn't stop myself. I needed it so bad," she said, almost afraid he'd judge her. "I would have gone into his bedroom, and before he could say a word, I would have put his cock right in my mouth." "Bad mommy," Rob cracked her once across the ass. He was pleased with himself. He got her to admit the most taboo, awful thoughts she'd had. He wondered if this was completely the doing of his magic story writing computer... or if the guilty idea had always been there... eating away at her as she watched her boy grow up. He rewarded her with a hard thrust, returning his member deep in her body. "I know," her eyes shut, but she was still pushing herself back into his thrusts, bent completely forward, her butt never stopping. His cock disappearing fully into her body, she was only humping a few inches each time now, not wanting to let him escape again. Her thrusts came faster and faster. Rob noticed how wet she'd become. Her inner thighs were coated. "You would have been his first?" "I was so ready. I would have..." she insisted. "He needs it, I know he does. But so do I. I would have ridden him until we were both exhausted..." Rob's cock was throbbing powerfully with each beat of his heart. This woman was basically confessing to thoughts and intentions of fucking her handicapped son. But the pure wrongness of it all was the biggest thrill of his life. He had ultimate control over people. Not only could he make someone- anyone- fuck him in any manner that he wanted... but he could make people go against their own moral fortitude. In this case, a mother had been ready to commit the

ultimate sin because of his whims. More than that, she had *wanted* to. Maybe his computer was to blame, but he couldn't just control actions, he could control desires. Thought control. "You wouldn't have done it because you felt bad for him. You wouldn't have done it because you thought he had a lack of options," Rob drove this point home. His hands on her body gripped her strongly. He pulled hard at her hair. His other hand gripped her ass and squeezed. His thrusts threatened to knock her head-first into the wall. But still she threw her head back, pushed herself into his penetrations. She fought to not scream into the night like a ghost haunting this old home. "You would have done it for one reason, and only one reason," Rob said. "Because you're a horny slut, and he's a cock that can pleasure you." "Ohhh god," Meg started to cry out. Her pussy was contracting around his shaft, and he knew that feeling well by now. She was cumming. "Your boy became a man, and now you see him as a sexual object... like the depraved slut that you are." Meg had to throw her hands over her mouth. Her petite body quivering with the intense pleasure that took control. She hadn't cum like this in years. It was the kind of orgasm she certainly couldn't achieve alone in her empty bedroom. "Even worse," Rob moaned. "You're turned on by the thought of how bad it is. Only a demented sexual deviant would fuck her son, and you love to think that of yourself." Meg's screams were muffled by her hands. Her butt bounced and jiggled. "You want to see that look on his face as his eyes roll back and he empties his balls into your body." Meg couldn't say a word. Rob was fucking her stupid, and there would be no coherence to anything she might say. It would just be a series of animalistic moans. She pulled her hands away from her mouth, threw her head back. Her tongue hung from her mouth like a dog. All she could imagine was her son staring back at her, bewildered and shocked by what was happening, and she would open her mouth and start to lick his excited penis. Without realizing it, Meg was licking the doorframe in front of her, her tongue moving excitedly. It was too much for Rob too, this new level of depravity far too exciting. "I'm going to cum," he managed to choke out. He'd forgotten a condom. Of course he had. "Give it to me," she begged, struggling to catch her breath. Rob pulled out of her, and spun her around. "On your knees," he was struggling to keep his voice a whisper. Meg went without a second thought, dropping down on the hardwood floor like a servant waiting to be fed. Her tongue hung out, her mouth agape. "Shut your eyes, and call me Ethan. Beg me for it," he said. Meg cupped her tits, rubbing her erect nipples. "Please Ethan. Mommy needs to taste it. Feed me, Ethan." Her whispering her son's name in the dark was what set off Rob. He had to bite his lip to keep from crying out as his cock erupted. He stroked his hard length feverishly. A stream of cum shot out of his aching member and landed across Meg's face. "That's it, baby boy. Cover mommy's face," she continued to pant. A series of ropes rapid-fired from Rob's cock. Each time, Meg had another dirty plea for her son, and Rob believed she really was picturing her son dumping his load onto her face. He aimed his cock directly into her open mouth and let the last heavy ropes of jizz fall squarely on her tongue. In just a short time, Rob had filled

her mouth completely. "Swallow your son's cum," Rob said, half sex drunk. His own legs trembling now. Meg shut her mouth and obeyed. In one big gulp, his salty load was gone. She knelt there, staring up at him, caressing herself. "Now go to bed," Rob insisted. "And don't wake up your son. Not yet. I have big plans for you." Rob pulled up his gym shorts. The apartment still dark and silent. The hallway as empty as ever. "But until I come back again, I'll make sure you have plenty of thoughts to keep you company..." Meg stood silently, fixed her shirt, and pulled up her wet panties, almost like she was in a trance. Then she spun and headed back to her bedroom, not making a sound. Rob giggled softly as Meg passed her son's closed bedroom door. There was no reason why two lonely people couldn't find comfort in each other's arms. But not yet. A slow buildup to that conclusion would be so much more fun for him. Especially since his apartment was one floor above. He glanced to the ceiling in contemplation. A show like that might be more fun for him to watch than to actually participate in. He returned to the hall, and gave a cautious glance to door 2B. Kate Galloway would definitely complicate things. But maybe Kelsey was right about having a cop in his harem. He just needed to come up with a plan for her. Something big... He tiptoed back to his apartment. *** Hollow Pleasure to be continued... ***report

END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***FAIR WARNING— The following installment (in particular) contains themes of CUCKOLDRY, humiliation, hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, exhibitionism, elements of gang rape. You've been warned. This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. ***Hollow Pleasure chapter 04***2BKate Galloway didn't sleep especially well. Her stomach felt like it was in knots, just rolling over and over with nervous anxiety for the coming day. She had (what she sometimes called) 'Paranoia Dreams'. Her mind didn't make much sense of the images and sounds that she heard, but she found herself tossing and turning in a perpetual state of half-wakefulness. In the early morning hours, sleep finally caught and held. But that was when the dream began. Maybe it was the change in environment that triggered the memories. Or maybe it was the semi-military career that she was now participating in. Or even just the nerves from the job change, of which she had many. She found herself in a place she knew, and it chilled her. The sounds struck her first. The empty electronic bells and jingles from thousands upon thousands of slot machines. Some played tunes, some talked, and some just blared out senseless noise. The one beside her played a tune she had heard a million times before, but had forgotten until this moment when her brain called forth the memory from a deep dark corner— one filled with cobwebs and moss. When she heard the melody she knew instantly where she was. "Oh no," she whispered to

herself. Red carpet in a molten lava pattern. A winding maze of flashing lights made up the jungle of slot machines. The glowing colors of the bars spaced evenly throughout the floor. A green velvet arrangement of table games. She took in all of the sights, and she would later find it odd how correct everything was. Galloway often had dreams where she was in her childhood house, only the house didn't look at all like the real home. Her mind just established "this is it" and she accepted it in her sleep. But tonight, this was the casino, in memory and reality. She spun in a circle, her heart pounding in her ears. She knew the place well, but one thing that she didn't recognize was the odd lack of people. The casino had been open twenty four hours a day, seven days a week, year round. There were always people. But tonight the place was oddly empty, so much so that it frightened her. And that was what began to needle at her, building a steady knot of dread in her stomach. Something bad was coming. Galloway glanced down at herself and gasped. She was in her old security guard uniform. She recognized the boots that she hadn't worn for years, and the bright shiny badge gleamed in the flashing lights, pinned onto a hideous robin's egg blue faux police shirt. Galloway immediately wanted to take off the shirt, to discard the uniform, but then she heard it and stopped. The echo of screams from the cashier's cage, phantom voices—voices from the past. Then the deep rumble of explosions as the cage doors were blown from their hinges... the crisp pops of gunfire followed. Men spilled out through the doorway. Four silhouettes like harbingers of death. Until the day she'd die, she would never forget any of it. Galloway started to run. She wasn't sure where, but she needed to get away. The slot machine maze was endless, and the phantom screams drowned out her pounding heart. She still couldn't see any people, though she could hear them. Right now, it was just her, and the four robbers. She opened her mouth to scream out for her coworkers, but no sound came. Quinn? Where was Quinn? In a distant corner of her memory, she remembered that he had run with her. But tonight, she was completely alone. The gunshots grew louder. She was aware that she was being chased... and like all dreams, her run turned to slow motion. Her legs were leaden. She couldn't move. And that was when she was grabbed. A pale gaunt man with a bald head, prison tattoos, and razor sharp teeth had snared her by the ponytail. One of the robbers. His eyes gleamed with a demonic glow. She struggled, but his grip was strong. Other men were on either side of him now. Three others. Their features came into focus. One of the robbers was wearing a security uniform. Officer Jones. He'd sold them out for easy cash. "Shhh, it'll all be over in a second," said Prison Tattoos, his voice was a hiss. Galloway saw the gleam of a sharp wicked blade. She braced. This was the point that Jones had punched Prison Tattoos in the face, allowing Galloway to escape. "Not her," Jones had said to Prison Tattoos— he liked Galloway. But this time, that moment never came... This time, things played out differently... The knife came to rest against the top button of Galloway's uniform. He sliced it off with a quick flick of his wrist. Galloway cast a questioning glance to the robbers. They were all leering at her beneath their ski masks.

Even Jones. Oh no. Another flick of the wrist, and the next button popped free. Another, and her breasts were exposed, straining the tight confines of her bra. Her chest was rising and falling in deep gasping breaths. The blade continued until the entire front of her shirt had been sliced open. Her terrified breathing making her chest swell. Her belly bare. Then Prison Tattoos slashed away the straps of her bra with expert precision. One of the men grabbed her bra and yanked it away, revealing her plump round breasts to the group. They pushed her back onto one of the green felt blackjack tables. "Nooo," she whined softly in her sleep. As they shredded her uniform from her body, Galloway felt on display. Not just to this group of bad men, but suddenly the casino was filled to the brim of gamblers, and employees, customers, and drunks. They had come out of nowhere to witness her exposure and humiliation. They all gathered around, watching as the robbers stripped her clothes from her body in an animalistic frenzy. She struggled, but the more she felt their eyes on her fit, toned body, the more she fought a chill. Her body shivered, and trembled. There was a growing warmth deep down... She became aware that this attack was somehow turning her on. Why? "Look at that slut," one of the customers gasped, casting judging eyes on her body. "Damn, she's got some grade-A tits," someone else said. A robber reached out, and grasped one of her puffy pink nipples, pinching it between his thumb and forefinger. Galloway arched her back and let out a whimper that turned into a moan. "What a whore! She loves it," he declared. "While on duty," customers said, shaking their heads. She fought to sit up and see what they were doing, but they held her fast. The feeling of being pinned only made her more wet. She had always been a woman who was in control. To become overwhelmed was a completely new sensation. Galloway moaned and squirmed, even as two of the robbers leaned forward, and took her breasts in each mouth. They began to suck hungrily. Prison Tattoos continued to disrobe her, mindful to leave her boots, and duty belt in place, to remind her of her job and obligations that she was now shirking. She kicked at him, but her efforts were feeble... maybe her heart wasn't in it... "Stop," Galloway moaned softly, but that only seemed to make them more hungry. The two who suckled at her chest, pulled more aggressively, slurping and licking. "See that boys?" Prison Tattoos declared. "This pig fuckin' loves it! Don't you piggy?" Galloway shut her eyes. She'd always looked up to police and authority figures her whole life. To even hear them call her that was like blasphemy to her ears... but when they said it... she felt her nipples harden. It was actually turning her on. She was moaning excitedly now, as Prison Tattoos ran his hard rough hands over her wet pussy lips. Her head lolling from side to side, looking to the massive crowd of people who were gathering around to witness her defilement. "Let's give this pig something to gobble up," Prison Tattoos declared. Suddenly an enormous black cock appeared in front of her face. Galloway didn't need to glance up to know it was Officer Jones' rock hard member. The biggest she'd ever seen. Galloway didn't question her actions further. She didn't even hesitate. She liked it and she knew it. She opened her

mouth wide, and slid her tongue in a slow sensual circle around the bulbous head. She was rewarded when a drop of precum seeped out, and she flicked it lightly into her mouth with a fast tongue movement. Then she leaned over and stuffed her mouth full of Jones' cock. "Suck it, you slut," Jones' deep voice was ordering her. Not that it was necessary. Galloway eagerly sucked at his cock, as the accomplices worked on her tits. They were going to gang rape her here on this gaming table in front of the whole casino. But was it really gang rape? Galloway was shamefully more aroused than she'd ever been. And 'shameful' was an understatement. These men had stormed into her work place, shot and killed people—including her friends, they'd put a bullet in her shoulder, and now they were stripping her on a gaming table and forcing her into a sex act. What the hell was wrong with her that she was pleasuring them? That she was turned on by the despicable act? She was betraying more than just her friends and the victims of these monsters. She was betraying herself. It flew in the face of everything she believed, yet she was wetter than ever. She knew she would perform the sluttiest acts imaginable for them... because she couldn't stop herself. "I am a slut," she cried out in a lusty voice, not her own, before sucking Jones' cock straight to the back of her throat. The men were biting her nipples, and it was making her squeal in pleasure. She was gasping, leaning over on her side, to better bob her head on her tormentor's manhood. Then she felt her legs pulled apart. She glanced down in time to see Prison Tattoos—fully naked now. He was wagging a cock the size of a baseball bat at her. The mushroom-like head pointing straight toward what he was about to claim as his own—her body. Her pussy lips were glistening with excitement. Among the crowd, she heard gasps as the man's monster cock was fully revealed. And somehow, impossibly, Galloway noticed that the robber's legs weren't human legs. They were the legs of a goat—like the devil, himself, was about to fuck her. She couldn't stop herself. She opened her legs, willing to accept it. She needed it. She needed it badly. "Fuck me," she found herself begging. "Fuck me hard!" Her body was tingling all over. Her pussy felt like it was on the verge of orgasm, though he hadn't yet touched her. She knew the second that he put it in her, she would cum. There was no way she could stop herself. "Take me," she pleaded, even as the devil man grabbed her by the thighs, and thrust himself into her body. The pleasure was so intense, Galloway could only see a blinding light. She screamed as she felt her body ready to go off. She was going to orgasm right here on the blackjack table in front of thousands... "Yesssss..." she started to cry out. Despite her every effort to not enjoy this, there was no denying it. She was going to climax. And it promised to be a powerful one. "Ohhhhhh godddd!" Her back arched. Her moan was loud... Suddenly the shrill blaring of an alarm cut through the pleasure and it all began to fade. The orgasm that she had building up was retreating like a vampire from the sunrise. Galloway returned to the surface of sleep, finding herself alone in her bedroom, struggling to catch her breath, staring dumbfounded and disoriented at the flashing clock beside her bed. She whimpered for so many reasons. She was utterly exhausted. She

hadn't gotten nearly enough sleep last night, and her muscles were more sore than they'd ever been from training. And when she put her hands between her legs, her fingers came away damp. Even the act of touching sent waves of pleasure through her body from the orgasm that she'd been denied. "Fuck my life," she said, aware of how badly she wanted to lay back and get some real rest... probably after finishing off the orgasm that she'd been cheated out of. Her cheeks reddened as she recalled the dream. It was especially fucked up. The idea of being gang raped in public by the monsters who'd caused so much hurt and destruction. Why had it turned her on so much? It wasn't at all like her to sexualize scumbags like that. Still... there was no denying that it had turned her on considerably— all loss of power and control... of humiliation and degrading herself and her badge to the public... of the taboo of rewarding those who broke the law by granting them access to her body and the pleasure she could bring them... Her mind lingered on it for a moment longer, before she shook those thoughts aside. A dream and nothing more. Regardless, the sun was coming up. It took a lot of mental strength, but she eventually got up, showered, dressed and packed her gear. She didn't dare consider leaving the house without a coffee today. She really didn't want to go to this job. It was so beyond her realm of knowledge, that she was horribly worried she was making a life-altering mistake. This was such unfamiliar territory, that she was terrified she'd journey miles down a path, only to realize it wasn't at all where she wanted to be, and she would be too deep 'in the woods' to easily find her way onto another path. She contemplated how familiar it would be to go back to her old job as a bartender. There was a degree of comfort to that. And better yet was the thought of crawling back into bed and rubbing away all these feelings and emotions with the orgasm that she desperately needed. Instead, she pulled open the door to her apartment and found a note taped up, written on lined notebook paper. She unfolded it and saw the scribbled mess of handwriting that could only be from the shy nervous boy from across the hall that she'd befriended. "Dear Kate Galloway, it was nice meeting you and hanging out. Thank you again for dinner and for letting me hang out until my mom got home. I'm sorry that you feel nervous about your new job. Don't be. You have a REALLY cool job! But in case you are, this might cheer you up. My mom used to tell me whenever I didn't want to go to school, 'Just do what you have to do to make it fun, no matter what. The day will go faster and before you know it, you'll be going home.' I hope that helps. —Ethan (a.k.a. 2A)." Galloway smiled and went to work. ***3A Robert Bradford slept very little, and had awoken in the early morning hours— even despite the midnight rendezvous with the hot little mom who lived in the apartment below. He was thrilled in a way that energized him. He was like a little kid attempting to sleep on Christmas Eve. There was just too much excitement, too much potential. His mind couldn't stop concocting wicked scenarios— fabricating the filthiest fantasies imaginable for his sexy neighbors. He felt powerful— the building was his. It was his kingdom, his playground. And all of the tenants... they were his playthings. He made himself a coffee and sat in his

turret office, spinning slowly in his desk chair and contemplating the maps of his apartment building, as well as notes on each of his neighbors. He knew he'd started compiling them for a reason! Initially he thought he was using them as inspiration for characters in upcoming novels. But now they were the characters in his diabolical fantasies. And the thing about characters in any story— they have motivations, things that drive them. How delicious it would be to orient his debauchery around what made each of them so special...He set to work with post-its and scribbled notes. Meg Richards, 2A, was a good, dedicated mom. But what if she wasn't? What if her sexual needs began to cross wires with her focus on being a mom? Rob grinned. He liked that. Her son, Ethan, the unfortunate teenager with the Tiny Tim-like crutches. Rob didn't know much about him. But that didn't matter. He gave it some thought. If his plans were to work, it would only be fun if he could observe... unnoticed. That brought him to his next tenant...Kelsey Parker, 3B. His Kelsey. He decided against giving her a 'theme'. Pure and simple, she was his. That's how he wanted her. But she could also be of use for more than just sex. Rob turned to his computer array and began to type out a narrative for the day. Really, it was more of a honey-do list for Kelsey. Today she would skip work, in order to run some errands for him. He needed tools, and electronics (in particular, cameras and microphones). If he was going to expand his harem, he needed better ways to monitor the building. Part of him felt bad, using her for chores... but how was that any different from sex? He'd be sure to reward her later. Then there was the cop in 2B— Kate Galloway. He added her to the big board and stared at her name for a long time, tapping his pen against his cheek. She worried him, though he wasn't able to say why. Maybe it was her profession. While he had no doubts at this point that she'd act out whatever sick fantasies he could dream up, it probably wouldn't be wise to dive straight in. A cop had to have cop buddies— people outside of the walls of this place. And if she suspected anything was happening to her, the fallout might extend beyond Rob's ability to contain it. No. With her, he needed to work carefully... plant the seed, maybe give her a new "fetish" to explore. Put some needling little idea in her head that might arouse her. But he'd do it in a way where she wouldn't suspect any external forces at play. He needed her convinced that her own perverse mind had created this, and nothing else...Dreams. That was how Rob decided to strike. While he didn't know Galloway's past, he kept it vague— typing up an open-ended narrative on his magical mind control computer— something where her mind could fill in the personal details with her own memories. He drafted up a fantasy— a reoccurring dream that suddenly went off the rails and aroused her in ways that she never imagined she could be— something embarrassing that would compromise her morals and shock her conscience...Although Rob never thought of himself as a criminal and didn't like to, even now, he was aware that the women he was fucking weren't exactly of sound consenting mind. They were under a spell that he triggered with the simple act of typing. What better way to deal with someone on the right side of the law, than to give them a guilty fetish for those on

the *wrong* side of the law. Galloway would start to enjoy the idea of degrading herself for the pleasure of men who she viewed as monsters, as scum, as despicable. Especially an alpha who is always in control... the thought of having no control will become her new trigger. If she could be conditioned to accept these types of men as her sexual turn-ons, she'd ultimately see Rob as a source of pleasure instead of torment. Rob liked that. It was poetic. When he was finished with his draft, he hit enter. It was a shot in the dark. He had no idea what she'd dream about, and desperately wished he could know. He imagined her one floor down, writhing and gasping in her bed, fighting her way through the nightmare that he'd just sent her way... and finding a guilty pleasure from it. She'd wake up, sweaty and aroused, wondering why the hell she was so worked up. "Sweet dreams," he whispered. "Mwahaha..." he rubbed his hands together and did his best evil villain laugh. He shivered... nerves combined with excitement. He was giddy. report

NEXT PAGE

He returned his focus to the big board of names. That left the first floor. The college girls Tina, Lucy, and the third (who he had yet to meet). Tina was an easy one—grades. Classic status fixation. He could make that angel fall from grace in fun ways. Then there was Lucy... so innocent, with her glasses and freckles and virginal demeanor. Maybe he could weaponize her. Nobody would ever suspect a girl like her of any wrong doing. But before Rob could make up his mind about the college girls, he needed more information. He needed to know what the third one was like. He'd only encountered her in passing—slender with the straight dark hair and the squeaky voice. He would have Tina and Lucy do some undercover work, and report back to him with information on their roommate. That was their assignment for today. Maybe if they were talented enough, he could have them seduce their way into an armored car or a bank vault. Wouldn't that be something? Like Charlie, with three attractive slutty angels... He giggled. One step at a time... There was also the couple in apartment 1B. Hmmm... what did he know about them? Rob had a few interactions with them, but had learned a lot of face value information. Chris and Tara Jane ("TJ") Berger. They were young, having only met in college. This was their first apartment together. They hadn't been married long. In fact, their ceremony had been this past spring, less than half a year ago. They didn't have much money, so they held the ceremony in the backyard of the apartment. She'd done most of the decorating, and a photographer had been able to borrow the balcony in 2B from the previous tenant. Rob had caught some of the wedding in passing. They seemed to be slightly quirky. TJ's wedding dress had bright yellow ribbons, that had reminded Rob of a mixture of wedding dress and cute sundress, and she'd worn a sunflower in her hair. Chris had worn a vest and fedora with a matching flower and ribbon. Chris Berger did something with computers—IT or programming. Rob couldn't remember. And TJ was an elementary teacher. That made sense. She usually dressed for work in

bright colors, or cutesy sundresses. There was always some personal touches— a flower in her hair, a cartoon character on her socks, or sparkles on her leggings. For St. Patty's day, she wore a conservative black skirt and sweater, but had glittery shamrock stickers on her cheeks, green glitter on her stockings, and shamrock head boppers that made her look like a Martian. She wasn't a bad looking woman, but wasn't a knockout either. TJ was athletic and tan— having logged a lot of time outdoors. Rob would often see her watering plants and flowers in hanging baskets on her side of the front porch. She had wavy, dirty blonde hair that flowed where it wanted to, and relaxed eyes, full lips, and an easy smile. Her breasts were on the smaller side, but they were full pleasant curves instead of protruding. And her ass and legs shaped themselves naturally with how much time she spent outside and being active. There was a free spirit, almost hippy-like quality about her. Her voice was soft and soothing, like she was trying to calm a snarling dog, and her manner naturally relaxed, as though she had always just come from a massage. He initially thought she was faking it for her own sake— trying to put on a façade of being the dutiful wife. After observing the couple for a while, she really was a naturally mellow person. There was something about her face, hair, and voice that reminded him of porn star Julia Ann. Her husband Chris was definitely the luckier of the two. Chris was tall and skinny, maybe even more so than Rob. He had black curly hair, big glasses, and a nervous energy about him. Rob could relate to that, he guessed. Like Julia Ann, TJ Berger might be easy to overlook— especially when her apartment was filled with other attractive women, but Chris had landed a wife who was pretty, active, fun, and goofy, while Rob was alone. Thinking about her now, Rob began to feel a stirring in his loins. He would definitely be more than willing to fuck TJ. But what could possibly make bedding TJ more thrilling than cute Kelsey, or busty Lucy, or wild Tina...?"1B..." Rob said thoughtfully, heading for the coffee maker to refresh his cup. "1B, 1B, 1B," he muttered out loud. He returned to his desk and sat down with a sigh. The sun was beginning to rise, casting golden rays across the lawn, and lighting up the changing fall leaves. The building was also waking up. He stared out the window to watch the tenants wake up and leave for their various jobs. There was good mother Meggy leaving for work, in her professional attire, looking like a secretary or assistant, and walking like nothing had happened at all last night...A short time later, a rugged Jeep Wrangler parked out front and idled. Kate Galloway emerged in torn jeans and a SWAT vest. Her ponytail bobbed and her cap was pulled low— probably to hide the shame on her face after that dream she'd had. She tossed her gear into the Jeep and was gone. The college girls all left together— probably carpooling to class. No doubt, asking their third roommate more about herself (to report back to Rob later). His little spies. When Kelsey also left, he giggled like an evil genius. Not work related. She was going on a little shopping trip. Finally came TJ and Chris. The two newly weds walked arm in arm, paused on the street to give each other a parting kiss, and went their separate ways. Rob blinked at the gesture of love.

A smile began to spread across his face. He had an idea that made his cock spring to life.***1B (Approximately 5:00PM)Chris Berger had to circle the block. All of the on-street parking in front of the Connelly House was taken up- apparently he was the last tenant to get home tonight. That was fine. There was something welcoming and warm about sharing his home with five other apartments. Like a family living in a big house, there was always someone home. It was a creature comfort. It just meant that he didn't get a front and center spot every night. Official tenant parking was around the back. He smiled to himself as he hopped lightly from his car. The night was promising to be beautiful and warm. The setting sun turned the clouds orange. He slung his satchel over one shoulder, and leaned back into his car one last time. Sushi containers for dinner, and flowers for TJ - just because. None of the store bought clipped flowers. These were from the nursery, still in the dirt, ready to be potted or planted in one of TJ's window box gardens. He smiled to himself as he passed the large shady backyard plot of the apartment. Only five months ago, he and TJ had walked down the aisle on this very spot. It seemed like just yesterday. TJ had been completely natural, the flower in her hair, and her dress looking like it was made for her. God, if this was life, it wasn't so bad. Around the side of the building, he smiled to the trio of college girls as they sat on their side of the porch. They were chatting quietly. Only a slender brunette with a sparkling face was dressed modestly in a hoodie and jeans. The other two were somewhat scantily clad- a brunette with dark features in skin tight bicycle shorts and an expensive sports bra that hugged her full curves, and a busty red head in cut-off jean shorts that may as well have been a bikini bottom, for all it covered, and tank top that her enormous freckled tits were ready to spill out of. The latter girl was a tad on the chunky side (not in an unappealing way), but her outfit was really revealing for her fullness. Chris didn't give it much thought. Flaunt it if you got it. Good for them. He took one last deep breath of the late summer air before stepping inside. The apartment hallway always had a must- like dust, mildew, and oldness. There was always a touch of heaviness to the air, that TJ insisted was just energy of spirits who hadn't crossed over, due to unresolved business. Chris paused outside of the apartment door. Beyond, he could hear a sound... like man's voice moaning... at least he sounded like he was moaning. Maybe TJ was listening to another audio book while she relaxed after work. Then he opened the apartment door and time froze. The potted flowers slid from his hand and smashed on the floor, leaving a mound of dirt and mess. Sitting on the couch across from him was his wife and his... neighbor? It took Chris a moment to make sense of it. TJ was in her work clothing- a black and white print summer dress with a light teal cardigan. She was in black stockings and black heels. But she was on her knees on the couch, her dress hiked high up her thighs and her head in the lap of... Robert Bradford from 3A. Chris didn't know him well, but they'd passed a few times. Now the quiet author was lounging back on Chris and TJ's couch like he owned the place. His feet propped up on the coffee table, he was smiling like

the cat that caught the canary. His pants were open, and jutting upright was a thick swollen erection... his cock easily rivaling Chris's— a towering 10 inches, maybe. And his loving kind-hearted wife's head was hovering over it. Her cheeks were puckering inward as her lips eased wetly up and down his member, sucking in long dutiful strokes. Tara didn't even like sucking cock! She had only done it with Chris twice since they began to date, and both times were gifts for special occasions. Now, her eyes flicked in Chris's direction, but otherwise, she made no effort to stop sucking. She even reached a hand up and tucked her wild blonde curls behind her ear, making sure he could see it all. "Chris, welcome home," Rob said, smiling casually as TJ continued to slobber on his knob, sucking long and slow like she was savoring his taste. "How was work?" Chris felt his heart break in one horrible moment. His stomach knotted. He didn't understand what he was seeing, what any of this was. He thought he lived a happy marriage. They had never really fought, they took care of each other, they talked... Coming home to this was a complete gut-punch. He stepped forward on shaking legs. "W-what is going on here?" he said. His voice sounded very far away. "TJ? What are you doing?" Rob smiled. "I'm sorry you had to find out like this..." he reached his hand down TJ's back, and pulled her dress higher and higher. Her stockings stopped at mid-thigh. Her panties were satin black. He gave her firm ass a pet, then a squeeze. "But we decided it best if you found out sooner or later..." Chris's eyes went from Rob to TJ. They were beginning to water. "We've been having an affair for a long time now," Rob lied, but he was enjoying the role he'd slipped into. The home wrecking bull. As if on cue, TJ looked her husband squarely in the eyes. Rob's cock was still in her mouth. "I love him," she said, her speech slurred with her mouthful. "I love him!" She cried out and resumed her sucking. Her hand caressed and fondled Rob's heavy balls. Her mouth continued to roam every inch of his shaft. Chris was struck. He was speechless. None of this made any sense. But something snapped in his brain. He started forward. "What the hell Tara? After everything we've been through..." He wasn't sure what he was going to do. He'd never been in a fight before, but he balled up his fists. That was when he noticed the wireless computer keyboard on the couch beside Rob. "Uh uh. Stop right there," Rob smiled calmly. And to Chris's shock, he did stop. What the hell? "Sit down Chris," Rob ordered, and Chris felt his body drop into the nearest arm chair— the leather 'man chair' that TJ had ordered him for his birthday. Why was he following this creep's directions? Chris started to become aware that he wasn't in control of his body, and soon, his own anger at the situation began to fade. His emotions draining away with his thoughts. "Keep going," Rob instructed TJ. Not that it was necessary. She had never stopped. Her calm eyes stared up at him as her head bobbed faster. Her hungry lips swallowed up his cock. She was taking longer and deeper pulls. Rob's hand wandered down her butt and between her legs. When he felt her wetness on her panties she let out an involuntary gasp. "You're wet," he grinned. "I'll bet that's authentic." Rob glanced over at Chris, who watched them blankly. "Your wife is wet. And it ain't from you." Rob

felt a little drunk on his own power. He was aware of the cruel irony—he'd been bullied as a boy, but when given his chance, he was just as cruel as any of his childhood tormentors. He kind of liked it, especially when it was consequence-free. TJ's head full of blonde curls continued to bob up and down, doing everything possible with her mouth to bring Rob pleasure. "Hmm..." Rob said, thoughtfully eyeing Chris. "You need a personality. What do you think, TJ? Do you want him to be into this? Sitting in the corner jerking off and thanking me for what I'm doing to you? Should he join in? Should he cower like a dog..." For a while, TJ didn't respond. She just continued sucking. Her eyes going back and forth between Rob and Chris. Her hand massaging Rob's heavy balls, wandering up his shaft to give him periodic strokes, then back to his balls for more pleasant rubbing. He didn't think she would answer, although he'd sort of programmed her—giving her false memories of a long meaningful and lust-filled affair with Rob that had grown into an emotional attachment. He wanted her attitude toward Chris to be authentic. And TJ's response was about what he'd expect from a wife who believed herself to be in love with another man because she wasn't satisfied with her current one. "I want... him to be upset, but accept us for what we are." It was an honest answer. "You cruel little housewife," Rob grinned, but he reached for his keyboard. He tested it before Chris had come home, and the range went all the way up to his computer in his office. He didn't need to lug the heavy arrangement with him. Rob started to type away as TJ pleased him with her mouth. His cock gleamed with a wet pleasant coating of her saliva. When he was done, Rob was aware it worked. Because Chris started to snifle. "Tara... please... please stop..." he was crying. "Do you want to stop, Tara?" Rob grinned. She peered over at her husband as her mouth continued up and down his length. She shook her head slowly. "See that, Chris? She doesn't want to stop," he put his hand on top of her head and forced her mouth lower and lower until his cock hit the back of her throat. She gagged, but swallowed him. "Who are you to stop her now?" TJ came up gasping, her eyes watering, but even more turned on than before. Her hand started to stroke Rob vigorously as she caught her breath. She was glaring hard at Chris the entire time. "But we love each other," Chris wept. "Does she suck your cock like this?" Rob asked, his fingers slipping around her panties, pushing into TJ's wetness. He fingered her right there on the couch. Tara resumed sucking him. Chris's diaphragm was quivering too hard to form an answer. Instead, he merely shook his head. "That should have been your clue," Rob declared. "Why would I suck your cock?" TJ's calm husky voice asked, her lips moving against the tip of Rob's cock, like she was singing into a microphone. "It's so fuckin' small. That's why I cheated in the first place. I needed something better, and I found it." She reached up and lovingly caressed Rob's cheek. "And I'll do anything to keep it, even if I have to swallow him every night." TJ opened her mouth and dragged the flat of her tongue from Rob's balls up to the tip of his head, earning a long approving moan. Chris dropped his face into his palms to hide his shame. "He's a real man, Chris," TJ said. "And real men know how to fuck. None of this gentle

shit that you do in the bedroom."Chris looked up, stunned. Rob suspected that TJ wasn't one to use swear words often. She climbed off of the couch, standing before Rob. She wiggled her hips as she pulled her dress high, revealing her thigh highs and wet panties. "I don't want some wimp to worship and make love to me, like I'm some damn princess. I want a man to fuck me like my only role in life is to be his slut." She seemed to hiss the words out at her husband. She planted the toe of her shoe on the edge of the couch, between Rob's legs. She grabbed his hands and slid them up her thighs, to her underwear. The entire time, she was glaring at her husband. Rob hadn't scripted those words, so much as once again, described her aggression level in his 'story', and now she was acting it out, coming up with sentences and insults off the cuff. He wondered if any of them were her own guilty thoughts and desires that she'd hidden deep deep down. Rob grasped her silky black panties and was happy to oblige her, sliding them down her smooth legs until they reached her ankles. TJ turned to her husband and kicked them at him. They slapped off of his face, and landed on the floor between the pathetic sad-sack's feet. She turned back to Rob, trembling in excitement. "Touch me, Rob. Take me... take me right here in front of Chris." She sat back on the coffee table and spread her legs wide, presenting her trimmed wet pussy to her new lover. "Did you know in the animal kingdom, there's all sorts of animals that will take a new mate... right in front of the old mate?" She pulled at Rob's belt until his pants fell to his ankles. "They'll force their old lover watch... just to really drive the point home, that there's a new alpha in town." Rob smiled as he climbed onto the coffee table, over her. "I did not know that. You're a very good teacher." "I don't teach that," TJ leaned back on her elbows. Her wild hair hanging down across the table. She shot a look at her sobbing husband. Chris was watching between his fingers. "It just turns me on." "Uh huh," Rob said, laying on top of her, his mouth sucking hungrily at her neck. "That deep down, we're all just animals. And we do what comes naturally, and ignore everything else." Rob's hands reached behind her and started to unzip her dress. "No," she stopped him urgently. She nodded her head to her husband. "He has to do that. So he understands." Chris's eye's bugged out. "What?" He asked. "Unzip me," she ordered him. "Present me to my new mate." And despite Chris's humiliation and misery, his body moved with a mind of its own— a puppet on a string. He came to them, tears running freely down his face. A snot bubble popped. She shrugged out of her sweater, and Chris reached behind TJ's back. He worked her zipper down and helped her shrug out of it. Then she leaned back on the coffee table again. By this point, Rob was stroking his cock, smiling at the body that he was about to conquer. TJ's natural tan encompassed her completely. Even her perky tits were devoid of tan lines. And just a hint of muscle definition in her belly told the story of an active woman. TJ spread her legs and stared up at Rob. "I'm ready. Chris, guide him inside me." Even Rob was taken aback. He had written TJ to be cruel and humiliating, but he hadn't expected this. Chris looked miserable— a beaten dog— but he reached out and grasped Rob by the base of his

shaft. It was weird for Rob but once the head of his cock met TJ's wet lips, he realized that he didn't mind. He pushed his hips and his member began to penetrate TJ. She leaned her head back and moaned in delight. Chris was openly crying, his face flushed and red. His hand locked around Rob's base as he slid deeper and deeper inside of his wife. Chris didn't want to look but he had no say in it. He watched from the corner of his eye as Rob sank his long meaty pole into TJ's body. report

NEXT PAGE

When he was fully inside, Chris let go. "Stand right there and watch," TJ moaned in her calm husky voice. The cold detachment to her tone completely indifferent to her husband's misery. Tara lifted her legs high into the air and locked her high-heeled shoes together behind Rob's back. Rob was in heaven as his hips withdrew, then pushed himself back inside of her. Each thrust of his cock was like a stab into Chris's heart. He stood over them, watching Rob's cock disappearing in and out of TJ's body, and seeing the pleasure that crossed her face each time. She propped herself up on one elbow. Her legs helped drive Rob's thrusts deeper. "Harder," she panted. "Let him see how hard you can fuck." At her urging, Rob's thrusts grew much rougher. He stabbed into Tara's body. She started to cry out, loudly now. The animal within this calm, mild mannered housewife was revealing itself. As Rob's thrusts grew more eager, TJ's body responded. She leveraged her legs, pulling her ass completely off of the coffee table. She continued to pull Rob's cock into her body. Each time he stabbed deep, she threw her head back and screamed. "Harder, fuck me harder!" Her eyes were hard and her face determined. Her hair was flying in all directions as this little hippy-ish teacher threw her entire body into the act. Rob ground his teeth. He had unleashed the lioness in this little slut. He was all too happy to pound her. His hips became a blur. The coffee table beneath them shook and wobbled. The reclaimed wood would probably break, but neither of them cared. And judging from the horror and trauma on Chris's face, breaking some of their nice things was the least of his problems. In the throws of her pleasure, TJ turned to her husband. For a second, Rob thought she'd actually grab his cock and bring him into the fold, though he hadn't scripted that. Instead, TJ flicked his penis through his crotch. He yelped out in surprise and humiliation. She giggled cruelly before turning back to Rob. "Pull my hair!" She barked. Rob was all too happy to obey. He grabbed her by her curls and yanked her head back. "Ohhhhhh!" She cried out. Their bodies locked together tightly, Rob and TJ were aggressively pushing and pulling back and forth. TJ's eyes flicked to her husband. "You should take notes," she grunted at him. "This is how I want it. But not from you. You just stand there and know your place, you pathetic little bitch." Even Rob thought that was harsh, but there was no way he was going to let up. He was having far too much fun putting this fit little slut through her paces. Her harsh words sent Chris into another sobbing fit. His glasses were smudged with tears.

They magnified how puffy and red they'd grown."Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes..." TJ's wails went on and on. Her tits jiggled happy with the pounding that her body took. Her hair flying in all directions. Rob kept a tight grip on her. His stabs from his cock so hard and fast that their bodies were making a steady THUMPTHUMPTHUMP, that reminded Rob of the beat of a helicopter."OHHHHH!" TJ's back arched and her grip with her legs tightened. Rob knew what was happening. Her orgasm was explosive. Rob felt her whole body tighten, as though she was squeezing him to death, then release in a rush of wetness that poured from her pussy and splashed up his stomach and down his balls. He had brought her to orgasm with a wet squirt— something he'd never experienced before."Oh my god," Rob declared. When TJ's cries of pleasure settled and she sagged back onto the table, she glanced at her husband. "See what he just did to me? You've *never* done that." She stressed. "God, you're so pathetic." Chris couldn't meet her eyes. She shook her head and pointed to the chair again. "Sit down!" She ordered him. Chris dropped at once into his place in the chair. TJ pushed Rob off of her, then dropped to her knees on the floor. Rob startled as TJ didn't even hesitate. She fondled her tits and rubbed her excited pussy as she opened her mouth and began to lap hungrily at the mess she'd made of Rob's stomach and cock. She was licking her own juices from his body in long licks, making sure to pause periodically and plant little kisses on certain spots. She watched her husband from the corner of her eye. When she was positive that Chris was staring intently right back at her unspeakable actions, TJ wrapped her lips around the head of Rob's cock and plunged her face down around it. She practically threw her face down onto him, pivoting her head and throwing her hair around. She stroked and spun her hand along his shaft as she fed herself, her mouth bouncing up and down, her head turning from side to side. Her lips made noisy sucking sounds as she slurped him, working hard to taste herself up and down his length. Her fingers worked furiously between her legs as she fingered herself on the hardwood. She twisted her nipple until it hurt. When her mouth finally popped off his cock, she glanced at her husband. "That's what a real man's cock tastes like." "How does that taste?" Rob said, wanting to drive the cruelty home. "A real man tastes like my orgasm," she said, sliding to her feet, dragging her fingers up Rob's stomach as she went. She stood face to face with him, then pressed her mouth to his. Her kiss was deep and aggressive. Her tongue probing into his mouth. Rob could taste her on her lips, and it drove him wild. He grabbed her by the hair again, their tongues rolling in each other's mouths. TJ continued to throw her head around enthusiastically as she kissed her new lover right in front of the old one that she was discarding. Both looked at Chris from the corners of their eyes, making sure he was watching. The guy was completely defeated. Rob's hands roamed the back of TJ's head, the curve of her back, the firm round cheeks of her ass. Finally TJ broke the kiss. "I can't stand to see him looking like such a sad lump," she told Rob. "Take me to the bedroom. You and I need our privacy to finish." "I agree," Rob said. "*Our* bedroom," she emphasized, caressing Rob's cheek. She made

sure Chris had heard. Then she snapped her fingers at her husband. "You... just sit there and listen. Don't try to interrupt. Or I'll make you clean up the mess that Rob leaves behind..." she giggled at the last part. He just nodded, sad and complacent. TJ took Rob by the hand and led them away. The bedroom matched TJ's sense of modest style. A wicker chair, a rug with a modern geometric pattern, and a bedspread with bright yellow flowers. TJ kicked the door shut and locked it. "So my old mate won't disturb us," she grinned with a devilish smile. Then she practically threw Rob backward onto the bed and pounced on top of him. She buried her face back into his, kissing him aggressively as she straddled him. Out in the living room, Chris sat miserably as he was treated to the noises from the bedroom— the kind of sounds he'd never heard TJ make in her life. The kind of sounds that could only come from wild uninhibited passion. TJ positioned her body on top of Rob's, trapping him with her legs. She broke the kiss by flinging her head backward, tossing her hair from her face. Then she leaned into the upright position like she was getting ready to ride a horse. She bucked her hips a few times, rubbing her pussy along Rob's throbbing length, twerking her hips in fast little jerks. Rob moaned, feeling her wet lips kissing against his shaft. Then she reached behind her back, fished for his member, pressed it to her pussy and sat down on him in one fast eager motion. She sighed in mixed pleasure and relief, like his cock was the only thing in the world that could bring her comfort. As she started to ride, Rob vaguely wondered if he overdid it. TJ was fierce in her efforts. She may not have been the hottest in the building, but she was making up for it in roughness and aggression. The bed began to creak as she lifted herself up and dropped back down, again and again. Her movements were frenzied. She tossed her head from side to side, crying out each time she impaled herself on his dick. "Grab me, Rob," she snarled. She held her hands up to the ceiling as she rode him, letting Rob's hands slide up her body until he was fondling her tits. He squeezed them hard as she bounced. Rob couldn't resist throwing his hips up to meet her bounces. The result was an incredible amount of racket. Not just from her lustful howls, but from the bed shaking violently on the floor and against the walls. Rob was in ecstasy. He turned his head. On the nightstand beside him, wedding photos of TJ and Chris stared back at him. Their first dance. They were holding each other as TJ rested her head on Chris's shoulder and smiled at the camera— looking like a fairy with the flower in her hair. Then TJ bounced even rougher on the bed. "YESYESYES!" She snarled, and the bed slammed hard enough against the nightstand that the photo toppled the floor and cracked. In the living room, Chris heard it all, sitting like a stone, his stomach rolling over and over. His tears drying to his face. His cock embarrassingly hard in his pants as he stared at the bedroom door and listened to the defilement of his wife. With the door firmly shut and locked, he could only imagine what was happening in there, but his mind showed him images that were very close and just as wild as the nightmare beyond the walls. "Fuck me fuck me fuck me!" TJ was crying out, throwing her whole body into it. Rob pinched her nipples, twisting them. This only sent

TJ into a frenzy. She clenched his hands to her chest. "Ohhhh, never stop fucking me!" She screamed through clenched teeth. She began to sashay her hips from side to side, rotating them in fast little circles as she gripped and rode. "Oh... I... won't," Rob fought to even say. It was the roughest sex he'd ever had. He could hardly catch his breath to form the words. TJ reached down and grabbed Rob's hair, holding onto a handful like the reigns of a horse. She reached behind herself with her other hand and smacked her own ass. The clap going off like a gunshot in the room. The bed continued to thunder wildly against the wall. The lamp went next, falling from the end table. It looked hand-crafted—something her grandmother had made her, probably. Now it was nothing more than broken shards of garbage on the floor. TJ didn't relent, even for a moment. She spanked her own ass again. Rob's hips bucked up into her body. The crazy bouncing of the bed helping to leverage him up, catapulting him into her. It wouldn't be much longer, Rob knew. Sweat was pouring down both of their bodies. He had no idea that mild and chilled out Tara Jane Berger could be such a fuck machine. Things seemed to be falling and breaking left and right. Finally Tara's pace relented to a long steady grinding motion along Rob's length. His cock disappeared in and out of her body in short increments. She planted herself on his lap and bucked her hips forward and back, moving her body like a belly dancer. One hand still held him by the hair, and the other felt for his balls. When she found them, she started to rub. "Cum inside of me," she urged him. Rob hadn't been expecting that demand. It must have shown on his face, because she urged him more. "Please," she begged. "I need it bad. We've been trying for a baby. With you, I know it'll take." Rob was all too aware that in his impulsiveness, he'd once again forgotten a condom. That was a moot point now. There was no way TJ was going to let him up until he acquiesced to her demand. "Ohhh god, we shouldn't," he said, feeling his cock throbbing uncontrollably. The steady buildup was reaching its pinnacle. The tip of his cock tingling excitedly. It was only made worse by TJ's busy hands massaging his balls. "You have this energy about you..." she moaned, her eyes dreamy and half shut. "I know this is how it was supposed to happen. Put your seed in me," she moaned, loudly enough for her whimpering husband in the next room to hear and to process what was about to happen. Rob's toes curled. His hands grasped at the sheets, and his eyes rolled back. "Ohhhh shittttt," he swore. TJ continued to hump him, even as the first of his cum spilled into her fertile womb. "Yessssss!" She cheered in triumph as she felt him. The cum rocketed out of his cock in waves after that. Each one brought about a new squeal of delight from the wild wife. "Yesss! Oh! God yes!" She moaned. Rob's cock spasmed long after his balls had emptied into TJ. She bounced for several minutes more, enjoying the thrill of him being inside of her, making sure she milked every final drop from him. I guess this is what I get for implanting the idea that our affair turned into something more, Rob thought to himself. He'd only done it to make Chris's humiliation that much more intense and realistic. It wasn't the end of the world. With his magic computer that could make any fantasy come true, Rob really

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NEXT PAGE

When he was fully inside, Chris let go. "Stand right there and watch," TJ moaned in her calm husky voice. The cold detachment to her tone completely indifferent to her husband's misery. Tara lifted her legs high into the air and locked her high-heeled shoes together behind Rob's back. Rob was in heaven as his hips withdrew, then pushed himself back inside of her. Each thrust of his cock was like a stab into Chris's heart. He stood over them, watching Rob's cock disappearing in and out of TJ's body, and seeing the pleasure that crossed her face

each time. She propped herself up on one elbow. Her legs helped drive Rob's thrusts deeper. "Harder," she panted. "Let him see how hard you can fuck." At her urging, Rob's thrusts grew much rougher. He stabbed into Tara's body. She started to cry out, loudly now. The animal within this calm, mild mannered housewife was revealing itself. As Rob's thrusts grew more eager, TJ's body responded. She leveraged her legs, pulling her ass completely off of the coffee table. She continued to pull Rob's cock into her body. Each time he stabbed deep, she threw her head back and screamed. "Harder, fuck me harder!" Her eyes were hard and her face determined. Her hair was flying in all directions as this little hippy-ish teacher threw her entire body into the act. Rob ground his teeth. He had unleashed the lioness in this little slut. He was all too happy to pound her. His hips became a blur. The coffee table beneath them shook and wobbled. The reclaimed wood would probably break, but neither of them cared. And judging from the horror and trauma on Chris's face, breaking some of their nice things was the least of his problems. In the throws of her pleasure, TJ turned to her husband. For a second, Rob thought she'd actually grab his cock and bring him into the fold, though he hadn't scripted that. Instead, TJ flicked his penis through his crotch. He yelped out in surprise and humiliation. She giggled cruelly before turning back to Rob. "Pull my hair!" She barked. Rob was all too happy to obey. He grabbed her by her curls and yanked her head back. "Ohhhhhh!" She cried out. Their bodies locked together tightly, Rob and TJ were aggressively pushing and pulling back and forth. TJ's eyes flicked to her husband. "You should take notes," she grunted at him. "This is how I want it. But not from you. You just stand there and know your place, you pathetic little bitch." Even Rob thought that was harsh, but there was no way he was going to let up. He was having far too much fun putting this fit little slut through her paces. Her harsh words sent Chris into another sobbing fit. His glasses were smudged with tears. They magnified how puffy and red they'd grown. "Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes..." TJ's wails went on and on. Her tits jiggled happy with the pounding that her body took. Her hair flying in all directions. Rob kept a tight grip on her. His stabs from his cock so hard and fast that their bodies were making a steady THUMPTHUMPTHUMP, that reminded Rob of the beat of a helicopter. "OHHHHH!" TJ's back arched and her grip with her legs tightened. Rob knew what was happening. Her orgasm was explosive. Rob felt her whole body tighten, as though she was squeezing him to death, then release in a rush of wetness that poured from her pussy and splashed up his stomach and down his balls. He had brought her to orgasm with a wet squirt— something he'd never experienced before. "Oh my god," Rob declared. When TJ's cries of pleasure settled and she sagged back onto the table, she glanced at her husband. "See what he just did to me? You've *never* done that." She stressed. "God, you're so pathetic." Chris couldn't meet her eyes. She shook her head and pointed to the chair again. "Sit down!" She ordered him. Chris dropped at once into his place in the chair. TJ pushed Rob off of her, then dropped to her knees on the floor. Rob startled as TJ didn't even hesitate. She fondled her tits and rubbed

her excited pussy as she opened her mouth and began to lap hungrily at the mess she'd made of Rob's stomach and cock. She was licking her own juices from his body in long licks, making sure to pause periodically and plant little kisses on certain spots. She watched her husband from the corner of her eye. When she was positive that Chris was staring intently right back at her unspeakable actions, TJ wrapped her lips around the head of Rob's cock and plunged her face down around it. She practically threw her face down onto him, pivoting her head and throwing her hair around. She stroked and spun her hand along his shaft as she fed herself, her mouth bouncing up and down, her head turning from side to side. Her lips made noisy sucking sounds as she slurped him, working hard to taste herself up and down his length. Her fingers worked furiously between her legs as she fingered herself on the hardwood. She twisted her nipple until it hurt. When her mouth finally popped off his cock, she glanced at her husband. "That's what a real man's cock tastes like." "How does that taste?" Rob said, wanting to drive the cruelty home. "A real man tastes like my orgasm," she said, sliding to her feet, dragging her fingers up Rob's stomach as she went. She stood face to face with him, then pressed her mouth to his. Her kiss was deep and aggressive. Her tongue probing into his mouth. Rob could taste her on her lips, and it drove him wild. He grabbed her by the hair again, their tongues rolling in each other's mouths. TJ continued to throw her head around enthusiastically as she kissed her new lover right in front of the old one that she was discarding. Both looked at Chris from the corners of their eyes, making sure he was watching. The guy was completely defeated. Rob's hands roamed the back of TJ's head, the curve of her back, the firm round cheeks of her ass. Finally TJ broke the kiss. "I can't stand to see him looking like such a sad lump," she told Rob. "Take me to the bedroom. You and I need our privacy to finish." "I agree," Rob said. "*Our* bedroom," she emphasized, caressing Rob's cheek. She made sure Chris had heard. Then she snapped her fingers at her husband. "You... just sit there and listen. Don't try to interrupt. Or I'll make you clean up the mess that Rob leaves behind..." she giggled at the last part. He just nodded, sad and complacent. TJ took Rob by the hand and led them away. The bedroom matched TJ's sense of modest style. A wicker chair, a rug with a modern geometric pattern, and a bedspread with bright yellow flowers. TJ kicked the door shut and locked it. "So my old mate won't disturb us," she grinned with a devilish smile. Then she practically threw Rob backward onto the bed and pounced on top of him. She buried her face back into his, kissing him aggressively as she straddled him. Out in the living room, Chris sat miserably as he was treated to the noises from the bedroom— the kind of sounds he'd never heard TJ make in her life. The kind of sounds that could only come from wild uninhibited passion. TJ positioned her body on top of Rob's, trapping him with her legs. She broke the kiss by flinging her head backward, tossing her hair from her face. Then she leaned into the upright position like she was getting ready to ride a horse. She bucked her hips a few times, rubbing her pussy along Rob's throbbing length, twerking her hips in fast little jerks. Rob moaned, feeling

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END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment contains themes of hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, exhibitionism, cheating, and elements of incest, BDSM, and gang rape. You've been warned. This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. ***Hollow Pleasure chapter 05***1st Floor Hallway Robert Bradford was feeling particularly satisfied as he emerged from apartment 1B. The thrill of wild sex still so fresh in his mind, that he almost ran headlong into a young man in the entryway. A stranger in his mid twenties, well dressed, and painfully good looking with tall, dark, and handsome traits. "I'm Paul," he said. His face, apologetic and sincere. There was an earnestness about him. "I'm just looking for my girlfriend. She usually calls me every night, but it's been almost a week." "Who's your girlfriend?" Rob asked. "Kelsey Parker." Suddenly all of the pleasant post-sex euphoria disappeared. Rob hadn't had the first clue that Kelsey was in a relationship. Even though, as of late, Kelsey had become his personal plaything, he couldn't help feeling discouraged and saddened by this news. Of course Kelsey had a boyfriend. She was too cute, sexy, and sweet not to. Even though Kelsey was now fucking Rob regularly, it felt all the more empty and hollow when confronted with this stranger in the hallway. Kelsey wasn't doing it of her free will. She was only fucking Rob because (for reasons that Rob couldn't comprehend), every fantasy, idea, or notion that he put to paper just happened. No matter how vague, any story that he wrote lately would take place the moment

he finished typing it out. Naturally, he'd used this new gift to control his tenants for sexual favors, and it had been amazing. Especially with Kelsey, who was everything a lonely hermit like Rob wanted in a woman. But she was never really his. Her affections and sexual acts were all part of some supernatural mind control. Her mind, her soul, and her desires belonged to this man here. This man was a symbol of Kelsey's free will, and it broke Rob's heart, in a way. "Maybe you know her? She lives in 3B," Paul said. His brow pinched together. He was worried. "Umm... I know her. I mean, I've seen her in passing," Rob stammered. "She lives across the hall from me." He blurted it out and immediately regretted it. Too much information. He'd given out too much information. He figured it would only be a matter of time before outsiders began to investigate the odd new behavior of his neighbors, but he scolded himself for not being better prepared. He was folding already. "Have you seen her recently?" Paul asked. "I tried knocking on door, but she wasn't answering. It didn't seem like anyone is home." Of course Kelsey wouldn't answer. Right now she was across the hall in Rob's apartment, waiting for him to come home like a good pet. "Umm, maybe a couple of days ago," Rob was rubbing the back of his head feigning trying to remember. "I was hoping to catch her before work." "You know, she said something to me about changing up her work schedule," Rob lied, trying to keep things vague. "She seemed a bit out of it. Maybe she's just having trouble adjusting. You know it is when you go from a night shift to a day shift?" Paul thought for a second. "That's odd, that she wouldn't tell me something like that." Rob just shrugged. "Maybe she wanted it to be a surprise?" Paul didn't look convinced. But if he was suspicious or not, Rob couldn't tell. "I'll just hang around and wait for her. Do you have the landlord's number? Maybe I can have him unlock her apartment." Rob thought quickly. "Umm... actually I may have a spare key that she gave me... you know... in case she ever locked herself out." Once again, as he said it, he berated himself for blurting. "That would be great, thanks," Paul said. Rob resisted the impulse to scream obscenities out loud, and smack himself on the head. What the hell was he thinking? He needed a plan, and quickly...***2B Kate Galloway was exhausted. She was horribly fatigued from all of the physical rigors of training. Every muscle ached. Her lower back was sore to the point where she could barely stand up straight, and her shins were hurting something fierce— she obviously hadn't stretched well enough after the last four mile run. Not only that, but after her poor night's sleep, whenever she sat too long, her vision began to space out, her eyelids began to drop and she could think about nothing other than closing her eyes. But there were too many things to do at home. That was the worst— mentally exhausted by the problems that were piling up, she began to feel more from being home than at work. At work there was only the task at hand to focus on— living in the moment. But as soon as she got home, there were a hundred things she wanted to do, and a dozen that she had to do. She literally felt like the moment she walked in the front door, she was hitting the ground running. The rifle needed cleaning and she continued to push it off for another day (knowing

full well that she shouldn't). She needed to pick up her mail from the post office. She needed to contact her cell phone company because they were giving her shit about the change of billing address. Not to mention the dishes were stacking up in the sink and she was out of clean socks (among other articles of clothing). She concluded that laundry was the priority. She wasn't willing to put her feet back into yet another pair of crusty used socks. She gathered up everything that was dirty, intending to just do it all in one massive load. The hell with separating the whites or the dainties. "The word of the day, kiddies, is 'Laundry'," she muttered out loud to herself in a silly voice that was dry and tired. "Can you say 'laundry'? Laundry!" She repeated it in a high pitched voice meant to imitate a child. "Very good, boys and girls. And can you tell us why laundry is so important?" The plastic basket was overflowing with dirty clothes. She grunted with the effort to heft it. "Laundry is important because Officer Galloway smells like a foot." Despite her exhaustion, she giggled to herself as she balanced the basket on her knee while she freed up her hand to pull open the front door. By the time she got the door open, she was nearly in hysterics and the basket was threatening to spill all over the place. By some stroke of luck she managed to not tip it over as she stepped out into the hallway. She almost tripped over Ethan, and went toppling down the stairs. He was sitting on the landing going up to the third floor, his nose in his book. "Hello there, Ethan. We really have to stop meeting like this." She smiled at him. "Don't tell me you locked yourself out again, just to score another free dinner." His eyes grew big, his cheeks reddened, and his gaze darted away from hers after only a moment. He was an interesting one, that was for sure. "Oh... hi Kate... I mean Galloway... or I mean is it okay if I call you Gall—" "Ohhhh Ethan, we've already established our dynamic. I'll be 'Machine Gun' Galloway and you'll be 'The Kid'." Ethan looked at her as if she'd gone crazy. "I'm sorry... I'm too tired to pretend to be normal tonight," she admitted. Then she added as an afterthought, "You got a problem with that, kid?" He laughed and shook his head quickly. "You get weird when you're tired?" "I'm weird all the time. I just run out of the energy to hide it. What are you up to?" she asked. "Enjoying the creepy ambience of the hallway sconces?" "Oh, umm... something like that," he avoided the question. His mom had taken the day off, and she was acting... weird. "What about you?" He eyed the pile of clothing overflowing her basket. "Me? I'm just on my way to tossing everything I own on the front lawn and setting it on fire." He looked unsure of what to say. "I'm kidding. Need to catch up on my laundry... rather desperately." Ethan suddenly looked alarmed. "Downstairs?" "Unless you know a secret washing machine closer to my door?" Ethan quickly put his book down. "I'll come with you," he said immediately and collected his crutches. "Oh no, is there some secret I'm not supposed to see? Is that where you're hiding the bodies of your victims?" Ethan reddened. "No. It's just... it's kind of creepy down there and I don't want you to go alone, that's all." He blushed as he said it. It sounded stupid and cheesy—like he was trying too hard to be some chivalrous knight. Wobbling in his crutches, he

certainly didn't feel brave or strong. He was hoping she didn't take it that way. Kate Galloway was probably the coolest person he'd ever met, and the first person who treated him like an equal— and not like he was just a pair of crutches. But there was another reason. Ethan kind of wanted to avoid his apartment today. His mom seemed... different. He couldn't quite place it, but it was making him a little uncomfortable. His mom had called off today, insisting she needed to take a "mental health" day. That was fine, but she had come up with the idea of having a "pajama day". Ethan had startled when he saw his mother's pajamas. She was wearing a long sweater, a pair of gray and black wool socks that came up to mid thigh, and literally nothing else. The socks, she'd purchased last Halloween were very Tim Burton-ish. But the few times she wore them was with leggings. Today there was nothing but smooth bare thigh peeking above her socks. And with her small size, her sweater was basically a short dress that barely covered her curvy ass. Furthermore, it was obvious she wasn't wearing a bra. Her breasts jiggled free and full beneath her sweater. Her nipples pressed through the fabric. Ethan felt weird seeing her like that. And even weirder when she kept standing on her tip toes to reach the bowls in the top shelf, when there were ones within much more easy reach on the lower ones. Ethan had always thought his mother was an exceptionally pretty woman. She had a youthful energy about her that made her perky and full of life. Her hair was bouncy and fun. Her eyes squinted when she smiled. Once for Christmas when he was little, she had donned a pair of pointy ears and a Santa hat with jingle bells on it, and looked *exactly* like a cute little elf. Ethan had never really noticed her body (or had given it much thought) before now. But today, her "pajama outfit" displayed her in ways that he hadn't noticed before. He was aware of her breasts, and how perky they were, how round, and how much bounce there was. Her nipples seemed to point right at him. But as she reached very high into the cabinets, grunting softly with the effort, her sweater had ridden up. His mother's ass was plump and perky. She was slightly bigger around the hips, and the tops of her thighs (what those long socks revealed) were smooth and creamy, coming together tightly. Her panties were bright blue, and didn't cover her ass cheeks fully. He could see the perfect curve of her butt as it met her thighs... When Ethan had caught himself looking at her in that moment, he felt a weird inappropriate stirring... That was when he decided it best to take his reading to the hallway. He'd been avoiding the situation ever since. Galloway's voice stole him back to reality. "I appreciate it, but I'm a big girl. I think I can manage." "Well at least let me hold the door for you and get the lights," Ethan insisted. "Don't want to see my clumsy ass face-plant at the bottom of the stairs?" Galloway asked. For once, Ethan returned her smirk. "The opposite. I don't want to miss that." "You're a dick," she laughed, and smacked him lightly with the back of her hand. As they started down the stairs, Robert Bradford came barreling up, looking even more pale and nervous than usual. He paused long enough to give both Galloway and Ethan a glance, almost like he was digesting what they were up to. Then he brushed past them, with barely a grunt.

Trailing behind him was a well groomed worried looking man with a handsome face— all the trappings of an Ivy League graduate written on him. "Speaking of face-plant," Galloway said quietly with a shrug. "He's weird," Ethan let his voice drop to a whisper. "You don't know the half of it, junior," Galloway drawled out. "Oh, by the way, thank you for the note you left on my door. That really made my day!" Ethan blushed again. "Really? Oh, it was nothing." "Well that was a really sweet thing to do. Not many people are that thoughtful." He shrugged, and she kind of enjoyed the way his face reddened. The kid needed to work on his confidence. Ethan took the basement stairs carefully on his crutches. Galloway shook her head, looking around the dungeon-like rooms. "Nice to see the landlord really busting his ass to make this place welcoming." She dropped her basket off. Although Galloway had seen the cellar before, the two of them couldn't resist having a look around. The room with the washing machines was brightly lit, with a table in the center. There were droplets and smudges on the surface, and Galloway tentatively touched some of the dried white splotches, immediately dismissing it as the remnants of spilled detergent. A maze of rooms were situated around the laundry area— boilers and furnaces. A jungle of vents and ductwork ran in all directions. A room filled with nothing but water heaters. There was the room full of tenant storage cages. Galloway glanced into the one for Ethan's apartment. "Does mom still keep your baby clothes?" "Shut up," Ethan smiled and blushed. "She does, doesn't she!" Galloway teased. "More like my first wheel chair and crutches. Maybe she'll have them bronzed," he rolled his eyes. "Aww, how cute! Like Tiny Tim." "You are the worst," Ethan remarked, but he wasn't offended. His comment only made Galloway roar with laughter. He rather liked it when she laughed. "What's in your locker? Old Barbie dolls and stuffed animals, I'll bet." "Try broken hearts, and empty whiskey bottles, smart ass," she fired back. Past the cages, they spotted a small door in a dark corner of the basement. A set of stairs had been carved into the floor, leading down to a door that was low and wood, plain. Not exactly ominous or medieval looking, but in a basement like this, it was downright creepy. Galloway eased the door open and stooped to peer inside. The stairs led further down into darkness, finally dead ending in a tiny square room with dirt walls and floor. The air inside was chilly and damp. "It's a root cellar," Galloway explained. Ethan shrugged. He'd heard the term but didn't know what it meant. "Old houses sometimes have them. Before the days of refrigerators, they had to get creative with how to preserve food. And because it's cold underground, it was a pretty clever way of doing it." "It's creepy. It looks like a prison cell." "I'll give you ten bucks if you spend the night down here." "No way! Keep your money!" Ethan replied. They started back to the washing machine area. It was definitely the least threatening of the different basement areas. But that didn't mean much. "See what I mean?" Ethan asked. "Creepy, right?" Galloway shrugged. "Interesting is more like it. They don't make them like this anymore." A voice suddenly echoed through the basement. Something deep and guttural. It was a man, but barely a man. It resonated and echoed, rattling their teeth. "Gaaaallowayyyyyy." They

froze in their tracks. Ethan glanced at Galloway and was even more alarmed by how big her eyes had grown. "Galloway?" Ethan asked her. His voice made her jump. "Jones?" she muttered. Her gaze was distant, haunted. She looked mortified. "Galloway?" he asked again, and suddenly she snapped out of it. "Nobody came down here?" Galloway asked. Ethan shook his head. Suddenly there was a new sound. A kind of raspy feminine laughter like a witch's cackle. Then the sound of something falling over and crashing, though whatever it had been was beyond their comprehension. Ethan looked at Galloway and before he could react, she was reaching to her ankle and fishing a snub nosed Smith and Wesson from an ankle holster under the leg of her jeans. She seemed to have pulled the weapon out of nowhere. "Stay behind me," she urged him as she pointed her gun around the room. He kept close, so that she could feel him behind her as they shuffled through the basement. Room by room. The little enclosed spaces all blended together, disorienting them. They circled the basement, but each space was empty and devoid of life. They found nothing. They returned to the laundry area, no less confused. Galloway tucked her gun back into the leg of her jeans. "That was weird," she commented. "What was that? Why did it know your name?" Galloway shook her head. "Officer Jones. It's a long story. But he was a bad man and he's dead now. I'm not sure why we just heard his voice." Her mind wandered to that weird dream from the other night... the memories from the casino, the sexual attack, and the way that she had been turned on. It was too coincidental. She shrugged it off and started her laundry. "How the hell are you so calm about this?" Ethan cocked his head, shocked by her indifference. "It's an old building. There's a cemetery nearby. I figured this place might have a few ghosts in it. Let's stop thinking about it. There's enough things to stress us out without adding a creepy old attention-whore like a ghost to our list." She tossed as many of her clothes as she could stuff into the washing machine. It was tight but she made it work. Ethan hung around. "Need any help with that?" Galloway paused and cocked her eyebrow. "You want to help with my dirty underwear? Do you feel good about that, you perv?" Ethan blushed. "No, I—I didn't mean like that. I was only just offering to be helpful." "Uh huh, I'll bet you were." She smirked. After a pause, they both burst out laughing. ***1ADanni Esposito was feeling oddly alone in her apartment lately. She wasn't sure how that was possible, considering she lived in close proximity to two other girls— one of whom was her best friend. Yet both of her roommates seemed to be emotionally withdrawn and their behavior was only growing more... unusual. Lucy had seemed like a bashful, meek, timid girl. Yet almost overnight, Lucy had transformed. She was dressing... well... like a slut. Her clothing barely contained her massive breasts, and her pants were either skin tight, or dangerously short. Lucy wasn't exactly a heavy girl, but she was full, and the way her body spilled from her outfits was somewhat... obscene. The clothes that she owned that weren't outright revealing, she had altered to be that way— cutting the legs off her pants until they were short shorts, or hemming her shirts so high that they showed her belly... and sometimes the bottoms of her breasts.

There was a lot of cleavage and a lot of skin. Danni wouldn't expect a shy nerd to suddenly begin dressing like a dancer in a rap video or something. Even more shocking was Tina's behavior. Tina had always been aware of her body, but she carried herself with high degree of esteem and self respect. The way she was suddenly dressing lately, even Tina herself would describe as trashy. Skin tight spandex, sports bras only, or tank tops that were far too tight and skimpy. It was all too much. And her grades were beginning to slip. Something that Tina would have been mortified by! She hadn't studied for her last two exams, and hadn't bothered at all with homework. She seemed to have lost a lot of purpose— spending her time slutting up her outfits, and otherwise waiting... like she expecting someone to stop by at any time. report

NEXT PAGE

Between the two of them, Danni felt like they were in on some secret that she was not. She felt left out, a stranger in her own home. That was part of the reason why she clung to her Ipad. The other reason was—"Earth to Danielle!" The tiny voice through the device snapped her back to reality. "Huh?" She blinked. On the other side of the screen, Bill Esposito smiled at her with amusement. Other side of the screen? Who was she fooling? It was the other side of the world! That was the real reason she clung to her device. Probably even the real reason she was avoiding her roommates. Her big brother was on deployment to the Middle East. Though he was a Marine, he was still her brother, and she was scared. "You know I hate when you call me that," she said. "Would you prefer I call you Squeaky?" He grinned. Her eyes widened. "Don't you fuckin' dare!" He snickered, and his eyes crinkled pleasantly at the corners. Even on the screen, her brother was a dashing man. He had a wide mouth and a bright smile that mirrored Danni's. He had a strong jaw that always reminded Danni of a superhero. He'd shed his slender physique after bootcamp and had packed on the muscles. Like her, his eyes were dark and lively. Both Esposito siblings had inherited those traits from their parents. Thank god looks was all they inherited. Literally, all they had were each other. Danni's parents hadn't been much of a picnic. They were drunks. They liked to party. And as she grew older, she suspected they dabbled in pills. Very often, they would disappear for weeks on end. During those times, Bill had stepped up and taken care of Danni, though he had been a kid, himself. For that reason, they weren't just brother and sister, they were best friends. Bill being on the other side of the world, in some foreign and dangerous land, without her there to watch over him frightened her. If something happened to Bill, she wasn't sure what she would do. "Well I will if you don't snap out of it," Bill replied. He was seated inside an olive canvas tent with sparse furniture around him— a metal cot, a utilitarian desk, with a reading light. His rifle and rucksack were propped up behind him. There were a few pinups on the walls that Danni often teased him about. Just another reminder of the lonely alien-like world that Bill was living in. It broke her heart. Bill must have sensed this because he prodded. "Danni, what's going on with you?" She

took a deep breath. "I'm just homesick," she folded her legs beneath her and nibbled the tip of her finger. His brow furrowed in genuine confusion. "Really? I don't believe that." "Not homesick in the normal sense," she said. "I just miss you. A lot. And Tina's acting sort of weird—" "Tina *is* weird," Bill corrected her. This earned a high pitched giggle from Danni. "Okay, but she's acting weirder than normal. I just feel like... really alone." Bill considered this. "Maybe it's just a phase she's going through. But Danni, the only person that you need to count on for feeling content is you. Nobody else can do that for you." He was right. But still— "I'd feel better if I didn't have to worry about you getting hurt." Bill smiled. "I won't. I've got the might of the US Marine Corps watching my back." As if on cue, a group of soldiers pulled back the divider curtain that separated Bill's bunk from the rest of the tent. They were loud and jovial in their camo fatigues— in the midst of bantering during their R and R down-time. "Espositooooo!" one of them barked. "Holy shit, devil dog, is that your little sister?!" They glanced over his shoulder at the screen. "Dude, she's smoking hot!" Danni couldn't resist giggling as half a dozen faces filled the screen around an annoyed looking Bill. They were all shouting at once. "Hey baby!" "Show us your boobs!" "Send nudes!" "Marryyyyy me!" "Grease my gun!" Bill had to raise his voice. "Will you all get the fuck out of here?!" He barked. There were a few grumbles, but eventually his fellow Marines cleared out. When he was alone again, Bill shook his head and sighed, laughing lightly. "Sorry about that." "You really didn't instill me with any confidence, Bill," Danni giggled. "They're smarter than they look." "They better be. You tell them, if they don't bring your butt back home in one piece, there will be hell to pay." After the laughter, Danni found herself feeling better. She always did after talking to Bill. ***3A "Oh crap," Rob grumbled as he reached the top of the stairs. Waiting on the top floor landing, Tina was in a very tight gray sweater that exposed the flawless olive skin of her midriff, and perfectly highlighted her curvaceous breasts. Her skirt was even more revealing. Plaid and pleated, with white knee-highs. He'd given her a 'homework assignment' and she'd dressed for the part. "I have that information you wanted," she offered him a coy smile. Those piercing, almost yellow eyes of hers made him shiver... like she was staring right through him. Her black curls hung around her face like a school principal's worst nightmare. A moment later and Paul arrived on the landing beside Rob. He looked thrown off by the college girl who greeted them. "Who's your friend?" Tina asked, still in horny girl mode. "Nobody, nobody," Rob said hurriedly. "Why don't you wait inside," he quickly unlocked his door, praying to god Kelsey wouldn't be just inside, or try to step out. God, this was like wrangling rambunctious dogs, he thought. He ushered Tina inside, glancing back out at Paul. "The college girls on the first floor needed some tutoring," Rob explained, his face turning red. "It's nothing weird, I promise," he laughed nervously. "I'm not judging," Paul merely shrugged, but by his expression, he was honestly surprised... and impressed that a girl like that was hanging around Rob. Not all of us can be as naturally good looking as you, fuck face,

Rob thought bitterly. "Wait here, I'll find her key." Rob shut the door. When he turned to the living room, he startled. "Ahoy," Kelsey grinned from the turret. She spun around playfully in Rob's desk chair. Rob's cock was instantly springing to life at the sight of her. Under Rob's spell, she'd gone out and purchased some new attire for him. At the moment, Kelsey was lounging on his desk chair in a sailor's suit. Or what resembled a sailor suit, anyway. A navy blue mini skirt that showed far too much leg, high heels, and a tiny blouse jacket tied shut with a red bow that only covered her breasts... barely. Her tummy was exposed, and her massive DD cups were ready to come bursting out if she so much as breathed too hard. A sailor cap sat on her perky brown hair, tilted cutely to one side. Her bangs hung half over her eyes, the little blonde highlights bringing her whole expression to life, along with those big eyes. God... the smile in her eyes drove him crazy with lust. She'd painted her cheeks rosy and pink, and applied a heavy coating of bright red lipstick. Rob even spotted fake make-up freckles on her cheeks and cute up-turned nose. "Are you ready to get wet, Captain?" she giggled, her voice halfway between slutty and her usual perky tone of voice. She glanced at Tina. "Are you bringing aboard one more?" "Oh shit, this is bad," Rob cringed. His heart was pounding. The kingdom that he'd been working to build was on the verge of collapsing. What would happen if he got caught? At best, Paul might just find out his girlfriend was cheating on him, and he'd storm off in a huff, ending the relationship. Rob might even get punched, but that wouldn't be so bad. That might be the most favorable outcome. But for sure this guy was going to ask Kelsey questions. And in the state of mind she was in, it would be glaringly obvious that she was under some sort of spell. Rob could never in a million years, plausibly explain why she was acting so utterly off the wall. At least not without ending up in the looney bin. More plausibly, Paul would assume that his lovely and kindhearted girlfriend had been drugged or hypnotized. Rob would be arrested, charged with all sorts of seedy things that would destroy him. His over-thinking brain was already composing the headlines: "Innocent Well Loved Nurse Drugged and Kept As a Sex Slave By a Local Author". "Oh god, oh god, oh god." Rob's heart was pounding so hard, that his breath was quivering. "Kelsey, go put your normal clothes on, right now," he urged her. He took his spot by the computer, and his fingers typed feverishly. Even his hands were shaking so badly that the screen was full of typos— something that almost never happened to him. Rob was as skilled at typing as Beethoven was at playing the piano. He never missed a key. But now he was backspacing like crazy. Without a word, Kelsey went to the bedroom. Rob watched after her. Her cute little butt showing out of the bottom of her skirt. He needed to undo this. That was the first thing that came to mind— return Kelsey to her normal self— snap her out of the control of his narration that he'd written for her. But he stopped himself. That wouldn't do either. She's lost time. If he sent her back to her boyfriend, she'd be confused as to her whereabouts for the last few days. That would look even more like she'd been drugged and kept somewhere against her will. Rob needed to come up with a convincing

back-story and fast- one that was believable. But his hands were shaking like crazy, and no matter how much he wracked his brain, his creative juices weren't flowing under this kind of pressure. It was like his mind was freezing up. For a brief moment, he thought about typing a short few sentences in which Paul had a heart attack, or fell down the stairs. But that would bring more people into this building. More heat would come down on him. Maybe he could just make Paul go away... but there was no way of knowing how permanent that'd be. "Fuck fuck fuck..." he had already wasted more than enough time. He scooped up Kelsey's spare key and ran it to the door. He only opened it partially. "Here you go," he passed it to Paul, and shut the door quickly. "Okay," he said to himself. "That buys me a little more time." He took a deep breath and tried to calm his beating heart. But he was nervous. This guy was over in Kelsey's apartment right now, waiting for her to come back. How long would he wait before getting impatient and leaving? If he left, he'd certainly come back with the police. Rob wasn't sure how powerful his computer was. How many people could he mind control at once? Could he put an entire police force under his spell? He dismissed that idea almost at once. He wasn't ready for that. Not yet, anyway. Juggling half a dozen of these sluts was proving to be difficult enough. If he could find a way to sneak Kelsey out of his apartment, snap her out of her spell, return her to normal, he might be able to fabricate a good back story for why she was out of touch, and why she didn't remember the past few days. But he needed to make sure it was damn good..."Professor?" Tina stepped forward, looking like a bad girl who just couldn't wait any longer for her discipline. He sighed. "What is it, Tina?" "Do you want my report about my roommate, Danni?" She asked, biting her bottom lip, looking desperate and slutty. Now wasn't really the right time, but Rob was out of ideas. "Sure, lay it on me..." He said, disinterested. Tina told Rob all about her best friend- growing up together, Danni's personality, her past boyfriends, and insecurities- being teased about her squeaky voice, contending with absentee and neglectful parents. And her fears about her brother in the military, fighting overseas. Rob made a few notations, but nothing that really jumped out at him. "So her brother isn't in the US and won't be for a while?" Rob asked. "No. He just shipped out. She face-times with him at the same time every night, but that's it." Rob frowned. That was good news and bad news. It meant Danni was all alone and nobody would notice her behavior changing, or if she was absent for periods of time (provided she didn't miss her conversations with her brother). She was cute, so Rob could see himself enjoying her. And... Rob thought of Meggy and her son. The thought of a brother and sister was sort of tantalizing. Unfortunately, the guy wouldn't be coming around any time soon. Rob would have to think of something else for Danni. Unless... No, he didn't have time to chase that thought. How to get Paul to stop asking questions and to just fuckin' leave. He needed a solution. One that didn't involve Rob giving up his most precious toy. As much as Rob didn't want to get caught, even more, he didn't want to send Kelsey back to that ass-hat. It wasn't fair. Paul was so good looking, he

could have any girl that he wanted, and Rob was a loser with no—Wait. He stopped. Tina waited patiently, looking sexy and ravenous in her uniform, with her wild eyes and juicy curves. Rob suddenly had a plan. A clever plan. He'd break up the happy couple for good, in a way that wouldn't provoke a single question leading back to him. "Tina, I may have one more task for you." Rob smiled. He was suddenly sure this would work. He started to type.***Basement

"So what's work like?" Ethan asked. He'd planted himself in a cheap plastic lawn chair beside the folding table. Galloway was sitting on top of one of the washers, kicking her legs slowly back and forth. "Exhausting," Galloway responded. "Is it like the movies?" he asked. "Like one of those training montages?" Galloway laughed. "Kind of, but the novelty wears off after two seconds. It's a lot of running and pushups and sit-ups. I honestly never knew I could do so many pushups." "I was never good at those in gym class. But I always crushed it on the run." Galloway looked at him sideways. He'd said it so matter of fact that for a moment, she thought he was being serious. Then he started to sputter laughter and she joined in. "Oh trust me. You get good real fast when you've got a big scary State Police trooper as your instructor." Galloway explained. "Is he your boss?" "No. My bosses work for a private firm, not the State Police. They're cool people. You'd like them. The woman who owns the firm is a lot like me, only way more sarcastic. And my Captain is an old friend of mine from years ago. They work a lot with the State Police and their training officers are putting me through the wringer as a favor. It's not like the police academy or anything. They want me going through specialized training while my Captain and my boss oversee. It's just me and a few rookie troopers. It's kind of scary and kind of lonely. The rookies are alright, but at the end of the day, they won't be my coworkers, so we aren't really friends. We just keep to ourselves." "Oh. That must be hard." She shrugged. "It's okay. I've got friends outside of work to pal around with... or do laundry with. But sometimes I wonder if I made the right career choice." Ethan smiled and glanced at the floor. "I think you did. You seem pretty natural for a job like that." "Thanks. Sometimes I think you're right. But other times... like tomorrow, I don't. Tomorrow is mace training and I'm dreading it." "Mace training?" he asked. "Chemical mace. Like pepper spray. To certify us, they have to spray us in the face with it." "Why?" Ethan was alarmed. "Something like one out of every one hundred people are immune to it. My Captain said years ago a police woman was in a struggle with a suspect, and the suspect managed to get her mace away from her. So she shot him. She argued that if he had used the mace on her, she would have been blind and he would have gotten her gun and done whatever he wanted to her." For some reason, as she imagined it, she felt a little tingle of excitement between her legs. The bad guy could have done *anything* to her. Galloway had the sudden mental image of handcuffs and grunting and moaning in the back seat of a squad car. "Anyway, the suspect's lawyer cited that a percentage of people are immune to it. They asked her if she had ever been sprayed before, and when she said 'no' they said 'Then how do you know it would have incapacitated you?' A stupid

argument on their part, but ever since then, if we carry mace, we have to know how our bodies react to it. Typical case of one asshole ruins it for everyone." "I'll bet you're immune," Ethan said. "You think so?" "You're tough. It's hard to imagine anything phasing you." "Well we'll find out tomorrow, won't we? I'm still kind of nervous though." "Are you going to be around tomorrow?" he asked. "I want to hear how it goes." "My boyfriend is stopping over after work, but maybe you can catch me when I first get home. Assuming I'm not crying hysterically and pawing at my face." Ethan barely heard her attempt at humor. She had a boyfriend? Not that he assumed there would ever be more to his interactions with Galloway than what they were doing right now; she was older than him by at least ten years, and much too gorgeous for him. He glanced at his crutches resentfully. And he was so far from her level of perfect that it was ridiculous. He wasn't belittling himself. His practical side knew this all too well. But he couldn't help feeling oddly disheartened by this new information—she'd been so nice to him, that it was easy to get lost in his wishful thinking. Galloway noticed the way he seemed to deflated by this information. She felt bad. Technically Quinn wasn't her boyfriend. But how could she possibly explain to Ethan that her oldest friend and partner, who she *did* love, and who loved her back, who she'd always chum around with, and get drunk with, and have wild sex with... that they weren't an exclusive couple? Shit, she barely understood it. She and Quinn had a long history. They were more than just simple fuck-buddies. But they had never been exclusive, even though there was mutual respect and love. They had their fun, sometimes with each other, sometimes with other people... sometimes all at the same time... It was just easier to say 'boyfriend', and that revelation was showing now on Ethan's face. "Something on your mind?" She asked. Ethan replied all too quickly. "N-no. I guess that makes sense," he said. Galloway was about to say more, but a voice suddenly called to them. They both startled, thinking of the ghostly voice. But then they realized it was calling down the basement stairs to them— and it was one that they both recognized. "Ethan, are you down there?" It was his mother, Meg. "Yeah, mom. I'm hanging out with Galloway." "Who?" "Kate," he blushed. Galloway smirked back at him. "You're not bothering her, are you?" Meg's voice was amused, trying not to sound overly curious. Galloway was dismissive. "If anything, I'm bothering him." "Well, dinner is almost ready, and if you have a minute, I'd really like your help with something." There was a slight husky undertone to her voice. Both Galloway and Ethan heard it. It was strange. The look they traded said it all. "Well I guess I'd better go," Ethan told her. He paused, and glanced around the basement, looking hesitant to leave her down here alone. "Will you be okay if—" "It'll take more than a ghost to take me out, Ethan," Galloway grinned proudly. "Go eat something. And thank you for keeping me company." Ethan smiled sheepishly. "Good luck tomorrow with your mace training. What gets me through physical therapy is when I go in there thinking 'Bring it on!'" Then Ethan was heading up the stairs. Alone now, Galloway smiled to herself. She was genuinely touched. It was

nice to have a friend.***3BPaul was uneasy.Kelsey's apartment was completely undisturbed. He wasn't sure if that was a good thing or a bad thing.report

NEXT PAGE

Her place was a small and cozy one. Her living room and kitchenette shared the same space, with sloping ceilings and decorative windows. Her couch had a warm blanket that her grandmother had made her, and she'd set up a little nook in the window for reading—shelves with candles, a collection of fluffy pillows and blankets, and a stack of romance novels. Down the hall was her bedroom and bathroom, also equally cozy and inviting. Her fuzzy bunny slippers were at the foot of the bed where she always left them. There was no sign of any struggle. Her cat was still fed and well cared for, but her bed looked like it hadn't been slept in for a while. Even more worry-some— he was finding clothing that looked... altered. Shorts that had been shortened, tops where the neckline had been cut lower to accentuate what Paul already knew Kelsey had— huge boobs. Worse, he was finding shopping bags and receipts in her garbage for clothing that had recently been bought, as well as... cameras and assorted electronics? Okay, she had time to go shopping, but not to call him? His first concern was that something happened to her, but now there was also a needling fear that she had met someone new and was cheating on him. He found her phone on her charger. She wasn't home and hadn't taken her phone with her? Paul wanted to resist the impulse to go through it. But after some consideration, he decided that he needed answers. She had missed calls and text messages from all sorts of people in her life, over the past few days. Strangely, her last actual outgoing phone call was from a few days ago. He never saw conversations that implied she was seeing a new guy... but she could have deleted those —"Knock knock," a voice called, leaning into the apartment doorway. Paul glanced up. It was the girl from the hallway— the one with the untamable yellowish eyes, dressed in the school girl uniform. When she spotted Paul, she smiled smoothly at him. "Waiting for your girlfriend to come back?" Tina asked. "Yeah," he smiled politely. There was something about her manner that seemed unnatural. Like she was too calm, too... sexual. Everything about the way she looked, spoke, and stared at him was oozing with sexuality. Part of him wished she would go away. "Have you seen her recently?" "Cute bunny—rabbit face? Smile in her eyes? Bouncy hair? Big tasty knockers?" Tina strode into the apartment, folded her arms, and leaned against the wall with a satisfied smile lingering. She looked like she was in a joke that she wasn't going to share. "Something like that. Please. I love her deeply, and I'm really worried something happened to her." Paul didn't have time for games. He was desperate. He was pleading. Tina's expression softened slightly. "Wow, you're really worried about your girl, aren't you?" "Very," he admitted. "But she doesn't seem very worried about you, if she didn't call you. How long have you two been together?" Tina asked with mild curiosity. "We just had our second year anniversary. I

bought her a ring," Paul dug into his pocket and produced a tiny jewelry box. He passed it to Tina. She opened it and gasped at the size of the diamond."Wow. You have fantastic taste," Tina said. She looked at Paul thoughtfully, then back at the ring. She hesitated like something was on her mind."What?" Paul asked nervously."She doesn't deserve a guy like you. You're thoughtful, you legitimately care, you're handsome, you're well off... and let's face it... you're hot as hell..." Tina let her eyes wander curiously over Paul's body. She made no effort to hide the fact that she was checking him out. Her head tilted as her gaze traveled to Paul's pants. She seemed to stare straight through his pants, zeroing in on his penis. Paul had never been confronted with a woman's demeanor that was so forward like that. He felt a guilty stiffening of his member. "Umm... what's that supposed to mean?" He asked, trying to focus the discussion on Kelsey."Okay, I shouldn't say anything," Tina said. "But you seem like a nice enough guy. And a guy like you deserves to know, before you waste any more time on a girl like that, instead of going out there and meeting someone who deserves you more."Paul blinked."I've seen Kelsey around. She's sort of coming and going lately with some guy. I don't know who he is, and I don't care to ask. But it ain't you, cutie."Paul was absolutely bowled over by this news. It didn't make sense. Tina just shrugged. "They literally bumped into me, the one night. They just staggered in, both of them were drunk as hell. She'd have to be to pick him over you. The dude looked like a convict or something. Older, rough face, tattoos, shaved head." "No, no, that's not Kelsey," Paul said. Tina shrugged indifferently. "Suit yourself. But then where is she?"Paul's throat bobbed up and down for a moment. His face registered a storm of turmoil and insecurities. He was wearing his every emotion on his face. Tina stepped closer, reaching out a consoling hand. "Hey... it's okay. A gorgeous guy like you— you'll land on your feet in no time. You're one of those sexy men that women are just drawn to." She ran her hand over his cheek. He wanted to push her away, but there were too many thoughts running through his brain now. She wouldn't tear her piercing exotic face away from his. Her eyes were daggers, looking right through him. When he looked away, his eyes came to rest on her full chest and the tight sweater that clung to the curves of her tits. Her nipples pressed tantalizingly through the fabric. She wasn't wearing a bra."I'm sure it won't be long before someone literally throws themselves at you." Tina persisted. Paul was about to open his mouth to say something, but Tina suddenly grabbed him by the back of the head and pulled his face into hers. Her mouth was hungry and forceful, pushing his lips apart with expert ease. Her tongue was just as wild as her expression, and it flew into his mouth, tickling his tongue aggressively— urging his to come out and play. His heart thundered. Paul was so caught off guard, that for a second he didn't react at all, just letting it happen. The kiss was wild, and he was instantly aroused. Then he suddenly came to his senses, and pulled his face away from hers. "Wait... wait," he said. But to his surprise, his cock had become hard as a rock in that moment. His heart was pounding, and his legs were shaking. This

strange, but very sexy girl, was making a pass at him, in his girlfriend's home! It was so terrible, but at the same time, so bad that it was kind of... thrilling. No, Paul needed to put a stop to this and get this girl to leave. "Stop," he started to say. "You need to leave—" But this only made Tina more aggressive. She pushed Paul back against the wall. A painting fell and crashed to the floor. Kelsey had painted it with Paul last Valentine's Day at one of those paint and sip classes. Tina lunged at Paul again, more aggressively this time. Her mouth met his and her tongue slid right into his mouth. She moaned — a long sexual purr, as her hand dropped to his crotch. Paul nearly jumped out of his skin as this scantily clad coed began to squeeze and fondle his bulging member. "It feels like somebody doesn't want me to go," Tina moaned as she licked at Paul's tongue. She sucked his bottom lip into her mouth and playfully nibbled, all the while, her hand worked up and down Paul's length as it grew and stiffened and throbbed beside his thigh. Paul moaned softly, hating himself for the excited thrill that he got. This was so bad. His own girlfriend's house, while he should be worried about her. And here was this complete slut, offering him effortless debaucherous sex. Who is this girl? He didn't know anything about her, other than physically. But maybe that was all he needed to know. He thought she was hot... very hot. After a few seconds of her rubbing his throbbing cock over his pants, his rational and moral side began to retreat. Her mouth was hungry, trying to taste every part of his mouth, chasing his tongue around in his own mouth like a hunting predator. She was moaning lustily. "Nobody has to know about this..." she was muttering. Paul made one last desperate play for his soul. "Stop. We can't do this... I love Kelsey..." "You can still love her after we're done," Tina said, kissing him hard for a few seconds more. To Paul's own surprise, he was kissing her back, tentatively playing with her searching tongue. Then Tina dropped to her knees, right there in the hallway, right there in front of him. Paul found himself staring into his own eyes— a photograph of he and Kelsey taken on her birthday stared right back at him. His heart thundered so loudly, he barely heard the sound of his zipper being yanked down. Kelsey's smile remained frozen in time, in the photo. Her eyes danced with delight while Paul held a lone cupcake with a single candle— cutely recreating an idea from one of Kelsey's favorite movies. He stared reproachfully into those big cheerful eyes as this other woman wrapped her lips around his cock and sucked him into her warm mouth. Then Paul had to look away from the photo of his girlfriend. Tina's mouth started to suck him so hard that Paul thought she'd rip his cock right off. She was aggressive, like a wild animal. "Ohhhh god," he moaned. Her mouth was amazing, working wonders. Her tongue restless, tickled the head of his cock, and flicked along the underside of his shaft as she trailed her mouth up and down. His legs were shaking. She was utterly devouring him. Her head plunged up and down his length mindlessly. Even if he wanted to stop it now, he was positive that she would just keep right on going.... Not that Paul really wanted it to stop. It felt too good. I'm a cheater, he admitted reproachfully to himself. Then his cock hit the back of her throat and

stars of pleasure swam across his vision. Tina forced his cock into the back of her throat with each rough bob of her head. "Holy fuck," Paul cried in pleasure. Tina stared up at him, her eyes watering, her mouth making "GLUG GLUG GLUG" noises. He shivered beneath the unwavering stare of her wild eyes. Then she held him by the hips and forced herself to take all of him. She shoved his cock into her mouth until her nose pressed to his stomach. She held there, her hands quivering for long seconds as her tongue flicked out to taste his balls. "Godddd!!" Paul moaned. "That feels... that feels so good." He was panting. Tina came up for air a few seconds later, coughing and drooling sloppily. Streams of spit had run down and wet her sweater. "You think that feels good..." She grabbed Paul's hands and planted them on her head. "Punish me, daddy. Punish this bad girl." She dove back down onto Paul's member, plunging it to the back of her throat. Paul took her meaning. He held her by the hair with trembling fingers and began to pump her face up and down on his cock, impaling her head— something he'd never dream of doing with Kelsey. He loved her and respected her too much. Now when faced with someone who simply wanted to be treated like an object, the temptation was too hard to resist, and the rewards were... incredible. Paul could barely believe this was happening. But he was so wrapped up in the surrealistic pleasure that he was receiving at the hands and mouth of this complete hottie, that he couldn't bring himself to question it. These things happened all the time in porno movies. Was it so implausible that they happen in real life on occasion too? Paul's hips began to buck with a mind of their own— finding the rhythm. He held tightly onto Tina, fucking her face until his balls were slapping her chin. Her mouth made gulping sounds the entire time, but she didn't let up, and neither did he. God, this girl must be an absolute fuck machine. Paul didn't bring a condom, but he was eager to find out what this lioness was like in bed. He just needed a moment to catch his breath. He pulled Tina's head off of his cock, leaning on the wall and trying to slow the pounding in his heart. Tina didn't give him that opportunity. The moment she came off his cock, she grabbed him by the collar of his jacket and forced him backward into the bedroom. The girl nearly threw him onto the bed. "Oh my god," Paul gasped as he splayed out on his back. But he was already kicking off his shoes and fumbling his belt and pants. Tina nearly jumped on top of him. She straddled him and as his erection slid up her soft bare inner thighs, beneath her skirt, he felt nothing but warm wet flesh. She wasn't wearing panties beneath that school girl skirt! The realization both shocked and aroused him. She walked around all day dressed like that, with no underwear? Not only was she a complete fuck machine, but she was also a complete slut. The excitement of going to bed with someone as wild and filthy as her was overwhelming... especially considering it wasn't even *his* bed. It was his girlfriend's. "This is bad," he managed to squeak out. "But you want it," Tina replied. She reached her arms across herself, grabbed the bottom of her skin-tight sweater and pulled it off. Her dark curls fell across her face as her shirt was flung across the room. Paul stared into the face of her full tan breasts and hard

dark nipples. Her tits were big- not as big as Kelsey's- but they were full and perfectly round. He wouldn't be surprised if they were implants, but very well done implants. Then she was grinding herself up and down along his throbbing cock. She moaned, trailing her wetness against Paul's skin. She bucked her hips forward, and suddenly Paul's cock popped into her body. "Mmmmmm, is this what you want?" She said, gently twerking her hips against the head of his bloated member. Paul quickly nodded his head. She reached forward and pinched his chin with her hand aggressively. "Say it," she snarled. "I want this so badly," he moaned, staring up at Kelsey's ceiling, splayed out among her overly cute bed sheets and pillows, with this wild, sexually liberated vixen on his lap. Kelsey's childhood teddy bear that she always kept on her bed stared back at Paul with judging button-eyes. The terrible betrayal at the forefront of Paul's brain, but somehow it was only made the act that much more intense. "I want to fuck you," he blurted. "I want to fuck you so hard on my girlfriend's bed." This earned a naughty smile from Tina. "Good boy. And for being such a good boy, I'll give you want you want," she said, and abruptly sat down on Paul's staff. He sank deeply into her body, hard and unprotected. They both moaned in pleasure at the same time. But there was no build up. No slow start that eventually began to quicken. From the moment he entered her body, Tina grabbed Paul, pinned him to the bed, and began to ride him with thunderously rough bounces. The bed squealed on its frame. The headboard began to beat against the wall like a steady drum beat. "Ohhhh god..." Paul cried out. "Ohhhh fuck... oh fuck this is crazy..." Before he could say more, she grabbed him by the back of the head and thrust his face up into her tits. Paul opened his mouth and hungrily lapped at them. But Tina's riding was so rough that her giant bouncing tits smacked him from all directions. He latched onto one of her nipples and pulled hard, sucking deliciously. This seemed to send Tina into the throws of even more aggression. She rode him with renewed vigor. The bed bounced on its springs, the mattress coming askew. Paul had never fucked Kelsey this wildly on this bed. "Yes! Yes bad boy! Suck these big titties!" Tina force fed him one, then the other, alternating them on his face as she bucked like a wild animal. Paul came up gasping for air, and Tina threw her mouth back against his. He moaned as she sucked on his tongue, pulling it into her mouth with her aggressive lips. It drove Paul crazy. He was at the cusp of pleasure. His cock alerting him with tingles and throbs that it was going to happen... this strange girl was going to bring him to orgasm. "Mmm... mmmmm... mmmm!" he cried urgently against her mouth. Tina came off his mouth and threw her head back, tossing her hair from her face. "Cum in me!" She screamed, shrieking like a banshee. "Cum in me on your girlfriend's bed..." "Oh god... here it cums!" Paul cried in pleasure, his eyes rolling back in his head. Tina fucked in him long steady strokes, making sure to push him over the edge. There was no stopping it now... "What are you doing!?" A new voice from the doorway shattered the veil of pleasure and security that and enveloped them. Paul had just enough time to turn his head and recognize Kelsey, standing in the doorway of her own bedroom. Her eyes

were wide as she saw her boyfriend with this random skank riding his lap. Her expression was unmistakable— there was no hiding the horror, shock, and genuine hurt. Tina took one final long thrust and Paul's cock slid out of her body and erupted. As much as he tried to hold it in, he couldn't. A hot gush of cum rocketed from his throbbing member onto Tina's perky round ass. Paul couldn't stop it now. He could only stare into the pained eyes of his girlfriend as she watched her man betraying her on her own bed in her own apartment, while his cock spewed geyser after geyser. Cum landed on Tina's ass, on her skirt, on her legs, on Kelsey's skewed sheets, on her pillows. Tina's discarded clothing were tossed around the room, telling the story of two people who'd fucked like animals. By the time Paul's orgasm had ended, it finally dawned on him that she'd come home and caught him in the act. "Kelsey. It— it's not what it looks like. I hadn't heard from you, and I was trying to find you..." he spoke rapidly, even as Tina was bent over him, like a half-crouched sex panther, her big tits hovering over Paul's face. It was no avail. Before Paul was even done with his first sentence, the tears in Kelsey's eyes were unmistakable. The girl was experiencing pain beyond all measure. Paul knew... because before this happened with Tina, he'd been experiencing that same pain, wondering where she was. "Get out, Paul. Just get out." And she started to cry. Paul may have been worried before... but now it was really over. And he hadn't been manipulated. He had nobody to blame but himself for his lack of will power.***3AThe moment that it was all set in motion, Robert Bradford grinned to himself. He sat in the turret, spinning playfully around and around in his desk chair. He felt powerful. But more than powerful, he felt sly. He had been presented with a problem, and his solution had been a clever one. Paul would no longer be coming around and interfering with Rob and Kelsey's fun time. Rob wouldn't have to tiptoe his magical powers around Paul. He'd used them wisely, having Tina seduce a sound-minded Paul, only to be caught by a now sound-minded Kelsey. He hadn't programmed Paul, and he definitely hadn't programmed Kelsey to play the shocked and betrayed girlfriend. He had merely snapped her back to reality. Her broken heart was genuine. They had broken up as naturally and authentically as possible (with Rob's slight nudging, of course). And now Rob was free to enjoy the spoils. "Speaking of enjoying the spoils," Rob remarked to himself. He cracked his knuckles and returned to his computer array. The drama on the third floor wasn't the only thing of interest. He had passed Officer Wild Cherry (his nickname for Galloway, thanks to her dyed hair) earlier in the hallway, on her way to the basement for a little laundry time. The boy with the crutches had been with her. Of course he was. She was gorgeous, and the kid was following her around like a puppy. He was probably hoping Galloway would fuck his brains out. report

NEXT PAGE

Rob thought for a minute. Maybe he ought to throw the kid a bone and make that happen. "Eventually..." he promised. For now, though, he had

more... interesting plans for them. Rob flicked on one of his monitors, and the camera views appeared, one after another. His little helper monkey had done his bidding, and come home from the store with bags of cameras. Rob didn't yet have a chance to install them everywhere, but Meggy Richards downstairs had been more than willing to let him hook up a few discreet ones in her apartment (with some gentle nudging from his spell, that is). And downstairs, in the basement, Rob had placed a few others. Rob ventured that a few days and a few keystrokes from now, he'd have the whole building on his screen. A live action porn studio, with him as the director. He smiled at the thought of that. On the camera, he watched for a while as Galloway and Ethan sat in the laundry room and chatted. Ethan's mother was alone in her apartment... Let's change that. Rob smiled to himself. It was time to start the show. He had some seeds that needed watering. He began to type... ***

Basement

Galloway sat alone for a little while longer after Ethan had been called away by his mother, listening to the hum of the drier. Normally she'd just go back to her apartment and do something else in the meantime. But there wasn't much time left on the machine, and she figured she may as well hang out and muse over her new found friendship with Ethan. She liked hanging out with him. Maybe it would boost his self-esteem. That was something that he desperately needed. The fact was, he was a cute kid—thoughtful and sweet, for sure. He was also definitely attractive (even if he didn't know it), and probably would be even more as he aged. If he was able to shake that nervous smile of his, girls would gravitate to him, with or without the crutches. She sighed. "You gotta work on yourself, girl, before you can take on any other fixer-upper projects." This was true. She had to wrap her head around her new job—figure out if it was something she really wanted or not. She needed to find a way to be okay with her life changes. And... she needed to find a way to be okay with her past. She rubbed the ache in her shoulder, and found herself massaging the gunshot scar. Galloway still had a lot of memories to sort through. And that dream... What the hell had that been about? Why in the hell would that turn her on? Her reoccurring nightmare of being chased through the gaming floor by a group of violent robbers had suddenly transformed into a sex dream. And not just any sex dream. A sex dream about being taken by force, in front of hundreds of judging on-lookers, by the worst types of men—violent murderous criminals. Yet it had turned her on—more than most things had in a long time. She'd been moaning like a slut as they took her from all sides, disgracing her job, her coworkers, her moral fortitude, her ideals, and herself... in the most despicable ways... Galloway was touching herself. She snapped her head down and saw that her hand was down the front of her jeans. The top button undone, and her fingers sliding along her panties. "What the fuck? How did that happen?" Her heart was pounding at the shock of what she'd just caught herself doing, alone in this filthy basement. Maybe exhaustion was finally catching up with her, and she'd nodded off, forgetting where she was, only to come—to touching herself. Galloway dismissed it as that, and nothing more. And there was no denying that she was sexually frustrated lately. Her

fuck-buddy, Quinn, hadn't been available for a while to give her a much needed release, and Galloway desperately needed a good time to take her mind off of things. That must be what's triggering all of it. At some point, her sexual frustration was be crossing wires with her reoccurring nightmares, and turning sexual. That's the only reason she'd get turned on by the thought of fucking a group of bad man. She knew there were women who were fascinated by dangerous men- serial killers had groupies, and convicts often had complete strangers write to them... swooning over them. But Galloway was never one of them. She had always thought those women were psychos. She had to forgive herself for her dream. But she needed to get laid. If she was at the point where she was rubbing herself in the basement laundry room (a room that all of the tenants shared), then there was definitely a problem. Anyone could have come down and caught her. Oh god, what would she have done? She would have been mortified if Ethan had returned and saw her touching her pussy, like some demented slut. Or Ethan's sweet little mother. Or that creep up on 3. Hell, she didn't know everyone in the building. What if someone more sinister caught her? She could be sharing her apartment with some rough ex-convict. It wasn't that far-fetched- it was a cheap apartment. He might see her in the act, and assume she was some desperate slut. He'd interpret her desire to get off as an open invitation. She'd say no, but he'd grab her, toss her on the folding table, hit her, call her a slut, tear her from her clothes and just take her. Galloway let out a soft gasp. She was rubbing herself again. Her fingers slid down the front of her jeans. She spread her legs. Her panties had grown damp and warm. She was breathing hard, her skin prickling with excitement as her heart thundered away in her chest. She knew it was wrong- touching herself in public. Anyone could come down those stairs and see what a fucked up, twisted sex fiend she was. Yet, for some reason, Galloway couldn't bring herself to stop. Her fingers found her wetness, and she plunged one inside of herself. She let out a soft squeak of satisfaction. God it felt good. She hadn't realized how badly she needed this. What was coming over her? She felt filthy- like a pervert. Like... a... "look at that filthy pig." She could almost hear one of the gruff voices of the men who'd invaded her dreams and assaulted her body... Her fingers worked faster. "Fuck," she gasped out. It must have been a long time since she'd gotten off. It felt amazing. Each movement of her hand was like a little spark of electricity. Even the thrill of being caught down here in this compromising position was only inspiring her to touch more. Before she could stop herself, Galloway was sliding her jeans off and discarding them on the dirty floor. She propped her boots up on the folding table and spread her legs wide. That'd be the first thing that anyone would see if they came down here- this fit aspiring officer, turned slut, her bare legs spread wide, her panties soaked, and her fingers working feverishly. Her other hand slid up to her breasts. Her nipples had grown hard. They were pressing through her shirt. She pulled it up until it came to rest beneath her chin. Her breasts cupped pleasantly by her black bra, that suddenly felt much too tight. She tugged it down until it came to rest beneath her

full C-cups. She started to twist and pinch at her fast-hardening nipples. She sucked her lips into her mouth, biting them softly and moaning meekly. What the fuck was coming over her? Galloway found that she could neither stop, nor did she want to. Her hips started to buck. Her restless fingers plunged in and out of her soaked lips in deep strokes. Her moans were growing bolder, louder. They were intermixed with her gasping vulgar things beneath her breath. She was only half aware of the things she said. "I'm such a fuckin' whore... I should be punished. Fuck me... spank me... hit me... do it hard... hurt me..." Her words went on and on, as if daring someone to come down here and catch her. She knew if they did, she would not stop. She'd look them in the eyes and keep fingering herself... until they came over to her... and did something about it. As much as she tried to imagine it happening any other way, her thoughts kept circling her back to that fantasy—men who would take her by force. She couldn't imagine anything else. Some sexy hottie—guy or girl—just wasn't doing it for her. Each time she closed her eyes, she imagined a group of bad men—ugly muscular men with scars and prison tattoos. Her mind was welcoming the fantasy. "What do we have here?" they'd say when they came down the stairs and caught her in the act of finger fucking herself. Galloway would try to leave, but they'd throw her on the table, pinning her arms above her head. Galloway squealed softly at the image. Her fingers worked even faster. She could almost feel the brutal way they'd hold her down. Her breath was coming in rapid gasps. She pinched and twisted her own nipple until she whimpered. "Shut the fuck up, piggy," they'd slap her across the face as they held her legs apart. They were going to teach her a lesson for being on the right side of the law. Galloway moaned, and slapped herself across the chest, making her tits jiggle. "Look at this prime law enforcement slut," they would declare. They'd slap her across the chest over and over again until tears came to her eyes. They'd thrust her legs apart, and they'd force themselves into her body. But the worst thing of all... she'd like it. She'd moan, and grunt, and beg them for more. "Fuck me," she'd plead with the men. "I'm your whore. I'll do whatever you want, whenever you want." She moaned the words out loud to an empty basement. Two fingers were no longer enough. She slid a third into her pussy, and the sensation made her eyes flutter. Her attackers would be huge... they'd be rough, and they'd be mean. They'd stretch her to new limits, permanently ruining her body. She would take them all at once, letting them fill all of her holes. She would let them line up and run a train on her. She would go to bed with each of them alone. She would devote hours of her life to pleasuring men who hurt others for their own amusement... and she'd squeal with delight each time they did, and give her body over to them... Galloway couldn't stand it any longer. She needed something more than fingers inside of her body. She jumped to her feet and hurried from the room, half naked. How crazy she must look in her boots, and ankle holster, her strong bare legs exposed. Just black panties and matching bra askew from her frenzied masturbating. Her shirt lifting up just below her neck, resting on the tops of her exposed boobs. Her hair wild and messy from her day. She

stopped in the storage room, looking thoughtfully at the cages, at first thinking that if someone had a baseball bat or a broom, she would use that to fuck herself. But then the cages themselves had her attention. She imagined people in those cages. But not bad men, but her fellow officers. She pictured some sort of take over, the bad men had escaped from their cells, rounded up her and her officers, and forced them to be the prisoners. Galloway saw her Captain, her boss, her friends, all locked inside. They were staring back at her as the murderers and rapists surrounded her... Galloway began to rub, her fingers spinning relentlessly in little circles over her clit. They would be shocked, horrified... betrayed. Because Galloway wouldn't be forced at all. She'd stare back at them, shrug, and drop to her knees on the floor. She'd pull out their cocks, one by one, and she'd suck and suck. She'd coo, and moan, and giggle like a raucous slut. She'd gobble up the cocks of evil men, swallowing them, wanting to please them. Their misdeeds would be rewarded with the wildest sex that she could possibly bring them. All while her coworkers stared on, defeated and betrayed by her actions. People who trusted her would see the real Galloway— the murderer groupie. She would ride them like a cowgirl, accepting their seed one by one into her body. And when it was all over, and each man was thoroughly pleased, they would throw her into one of these cages too, musing over locking up the officer. She would go willingly, where she'd wait the chance to pleasure them again and again. She'd be their pet... their slut... their caged animal... Galloway couldn't take it any longer. The fantasy was too much. Her legs trembled as her whole body tensed up. Then it all seemed to release. Her eyes fluttered as the orgasm wracked her body. "Ohhhhhh fuckkkkkkkk!!" She nearly screamed. The intensity of it threatened to buckle her already shaking legs. She had to lean against the filthy old wall of the room, or else she'd drop to the floor. Her body went into convulsions, her pussy showing her fireworks behind her eyelids. Kate Galloway had never experienced an orgasm so intense in her whole life, and when it was done, she saw stars. She stood, alone in the darkness, panting, trying to catch her breath, and wondering what the hell had just happened. Suddenly reality came crashing back. She was naked, in a filthy basement that the entire apartment shared. And she had completely lost all self control, having gone deep down a rabbit hole of the most perverted and fucked up fantasy of her life. She stared at the cages down here and felt horror and shame. What the ever-loving fuck? Had she really gotten off to such terrible things? She withdrew her fingers from her underwear. They were positively soaked. No, it hadn't been some hallucination. She really had fingered herself to the most intense orgasm ever... and the fantasy that she had to thank for that would disturb her for months to come. "I need to get the hell out of here," Galloway said, still panting. She hurried from the room, filled with absolute horror and shame... but she paused one last time and glanced at the storage cages. She bit her lip... ***2A Ethan hated to leave Galloway alone in the basement— especially after that creepy incident with the voice. That wasn't the only reason though. He was reluctant to leave because... he liked

being around Galloway. She made him feel special. She was cool, and she was hot as hell. As he climbed the basement stairs, part of him wondered why he was torturing himself with thoughts of her. She had a boyfriend, and she was out of his league. When he arrived back on the second floor, he found his apartment door open. "You needed my help with something, mom?" Ethan asked, shutting the door behind him with a nudge from his crutch. He found his mom by the kitchen, putting the finishing touches on dinner. She was wearing a robe. When she spotted him, she gave him a playful smile. It was an expression that Ethan had never seen her wear before. "Actually, it was more of an opinion that I needed, really." She suddenly opened her robe and let it drop from her shoulders. It landed on the floor by her feet. Ethan's jaw nearly dropped. He didn't understand what he was seeing. His mother was dressed like a cheerleader. Colors of yellow and bright blue boldly contrasted. Her skirt was pleated, and dangerously short, showing her smooth legs, almost all the way up. Her thick thighs rubbed together as Meg playfully crossed her feet. Her crop top was long-sleeve and skin tight on her. It showed off her smooth tummy and curve of her hips. Her breasts were packed tightly into it, the skin-tight fabric leaving nothing to the imagination. "Mom!" He gasped. Ethan immediately felt the heat creeping to his face. Meg giggled, and gave a twirl. The pleats her skirt rose up as she spun, and Ethan caught the briefest flash of a thong. There was nothing covering her plump juicy ass cheeks. Meg flicked her hair, then playfully twirled some around one finger. "What do you think?" She said, trying to sound like a dopy blonde air-head. "I was thinking about costumes for Halloween this year, and thought I'd see if I still fit into my old high school cheerleader outfit. What do you think?" Meggy giggled again and did a few energetic hops and bounces, kicking her sneakers out behind her. Each time that she did, Ethan caught flashes of her legs and butt. Her breasts jiggled freely, and Ethan found himself wondering if she was even wearing a bra. His face felt like fire. There was an unsettling stirring in his loins. "It's not too tight is it?" Meg asked. Her eyes were pleading, almost desperate for her son's approval. Ethan had no idea what to say. Even her desperate face was bringing unnatural invasive thoughts. "I was worried I'd put on too much weight to ever squeeze into this again. The last time I wore this, I was younger than you." Ethan believed that— everything about the outfit was skin tight, and small on her. Surely she had to be aware of that. But the pounds that she had put on were neither drastic, nor were they unpleasant. In fact... Ethan thought she looked very good. If she wasn't his mother, he would have found her extremely... sexy. He reddened and began to feel weird. An erection was forming against his leg, and he desperately wished it wouldn't. He decided that his mother really needed the compliment. "It looks... wow mom. You look fantastic." Meg's face lit up. She nearly squealed with delight in a way that Ethan had never heard before. He wondered what was happening with her lately. Midlife crisis, maybe? Loneliness? Was being single finally taking its toll? She really didn't have the time for dating. Maybe she needed to know that she still had it. Regardless,

Meg dashed up to him and threw her arms around Ethan. "You are so sweet!" She said. She hugged him hard... and long...Ethan stiffened. He could feel her soft warm body against his. She even started to slide subtly against him. He felt like she was gently humping him. Her perky breasts pressing to his chest. Her breath in his ear was tickling him. "I needed that..." her voice softened, "...really badly..." her words were barely a whisper.He groaned slightly when he felt his cock jump. And still, his mother wasn't letting go. She almost seemed to pull him in closer. He felt his cock touch his mother's thigh. She gasped slightly, but instead of pulling away, she moved her leg against it. Was she actually feeling him with her leg???"Umm... yeah, any time mom," Ethan nervously shifted, and this time Meg let go."C'mon," Meg grinned playfully. "It's time for dinner." She spun and bounded her way to the kitchen with all the energy and pep of a high school cheerleader. That evening, Meg had left the uniform on, even over dinner.Ethan had shamefully seen more of his mother's body in one evening than in most of his life. She bent over often, and each time she did, he was treated to a view of her ass and full cheeks as her tiny skirt rose up. At the table, she kept crossing and uncrossing her legs. One time she even accidentally nudged his penis with the tip of her sneaker. It was tentative, like she'd sought it out, and after finding it, she was not quick to pull her foot away. Ethan had no clue what to make of any of her odd behavior. It wasn't until he caught himself staring at her hardened nipples as they pressed through the material of her crop top, that Ethan excused himself.He hurried to his bedroom with a face that felt flushed and feverish. He was positive that his mother had seen him look. There was no way she hadn't.That night, Ethan had trouble sleeping. His cock was erect and it was refusing to go down. For once, Ethan was afraid to touch himself, because then he would have to face the question of what had inspired it to grow hard in the first place. And he was desperately afraid it might have been his own mother...But he needed to sleep and the only way to achieve that was to pleasure himself.With feelings of unnatural guilt and shame lingering in his periphery, he shut his eyes, and began to stroke his manhood. He filled his mind with thoughts of Kate Galloway, and forced himself to think of nothing else.report

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END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment contains themes of hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, exhibitionism, cheating, and

elements of incest, BDSM, and gang rape. You've been warned. This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.***Hollow Pleasure chapter 06***2B

Her instructor drove the trainees home today, serving as their chauffeur. And it was with good reason. Kate Galloway's eyes were still burning like fire from the chemical mace. Her sinuses were closed, and a nasty tickle lingered at the back of her throat, threatening to send her into another coughing spell until the bile rose from her stomach. She tried her best to ignore it. She had already vomited once today. "Shower carefully, Galloway," her instructor advised, dropping her off in front of her building. "Otherwise the water will wash the chemicals from your hair right back into your eyes." She could barely bring herself to talk, still sniffing like she'd had a good crying fit. But she managed to flash him a thumbs-up and a toothy half smile that looked more like she was doing a poor impression of a cartoon pirate. She carried her gear inside, pausing several times to hold back a cough. He was waiting for her in the front hallway. "Hi Galloway, I saw you get dropped off." Ethan held the door for her. "How was mace training?" he asked, with a mixture of excitement, relief that she was still alive, and concern for her sickly appearance. She managed a mucus-filled gasp from the back of her nose. "So does that mean you aren't immune?" Despite his crutches, he took her gear from her and helped her carry it. She didn't protest today. Today she needed all the help that she could get. Ethan guided her up the stairs. He could tell by the way she staggered and blinked that she was still fighting the burn in her face. When they reached her door she noticed he was carrying a grocery bag in addition to her gear. "What's in the bag?" she asked. Her runny nose made her voice sound funny. "I heard that milk is supposed to help stop the burning," he produced a fresh gallon. "You're my hero," she smiled through the pain. She would hug him if she wasn't so sure that the mace would end up on him too. They went inside. Galloway dumped her gear at the door and hurriedly rummaged through the cabinets of her cluttered kitchen. Finally she came out with a large mixing bowl. She poured the entire jug into it, and half a second later she plunged her face into the cold milk. She opened her eyes under the white murk and blinked for a while, moving her eyes up, down, left, and right. Ethan stood, watching her quirky display with uncomfortable interest. After a full two minutes he became nervous. But finally Galloway pulled her head out of the bowl and let out a pleasurable sigh. "Ahhhh," the milk ran down her face and hair. Ethan found himself chasing the long white trails with his eyes. They ran past her neckline. Her tank top was already showing much of her body, but the way the drops collected and ran between her lovely C-cups was slightly mesmerizing. Galloway seemed not to care that it was running down her top and wetting it to her skin. Maybe she wanted Ethan to see the way it clung to her figure... her nipples getting hard from the cold liquid. Her tits seemed to be standing out extra

prominent today in her tank top."Feel better?" he asked, snapping himself out of it. He didn't want to get caught looking and risk their friendship over something so stupid."Very much so. Thanks. I owe you one." She pulled out the roll of paper towels and began to dab her face."So what all did you do?" He asked pulling up a stool at her kitchen table island. When she talked her nose still sounded stuffy, like she was getting over a cold, but she was less strained. Ethan thought that she must have really been in pain earlier. But she didn't let on. That's just the kind of person Kate Galloway was."The instructor met with us," she explained. "He was this huge meaty guy with a shaved head and muscles the size of basketballs. He had scars all over his scalp, and broken teeth- could have been a boxer. He told us his name was John, but everyone calls him 'Pee Wee'."Ethan giggled. "I can't imagine calling someone like that Pee Wee.""Yeah, we felt silly too, so we just called him 'sir,'" Galloway admitted. "So anyway, the big guy hands us the mace, shows us how to work it, and makes us each spray him full blast in his face.""Oh my god.""The dude didn't even flinch. It was crazy.""Wow... maybe I'm immune too. You never know."Galloway smirked, pulling out two bottles of water from the fridge and handing one to Ethan. She cracked her own and chugged it. Afterward she let out a belch. "Okay, Mr. Tough Guy. I can tell you, I am definitely not immune. So after we each blast him, it's our turn. He goes right down the line, one rookie after another. Shoots each of us in the face. And one by one, me and the other rookies collapse, crying and screaming and rolling on the ground. I was one of them.""I can't imagine you crying. You're like... you're like a super hero or something."She cocked her eyebrow. "You think way too highly of me. It hurt. It hurt bad. My eyes, my lips, my mouth, my nose. As if that couldn't be bad enough, one by one, he leads each of us to a storage shed. He gives us a handful of cards- ace of clubs, or two of diamonds, etc. He's got matching cards hidden all over the inside of this shed. He had filled the entire shed with mace spray... a cloud of it. We had to go in and search around and try to find as many matching cards as we could. And breathing that crap in isn't any better than having it sprayed in your face. The second it goes up your nose or down your throat, it makes you gag. And it makes you cough involuntarily- you know those long coughing fits where you hack so hard you almost puke?"Ethan scrunched his nose but nodded his head."Yeah... we did puke. At least I did," she swigged more of her water. Her throat was raspy."That sounds rough."Galloway nodded slowly and stuck out her lower lip to look pouty. "I've had better days.""Sorry," Ethan said."No worries, I'm better now. Are you sticking around for dinner?"Ethan made an indecisive sound. "You said your boyfriend is coming over. Maybe I should hang out at my place tonight."Galloway stared at him. "Don't get weird on me." He glanced up, his eyes widened. Clearly he was surprised to have been called out like that. She made her declaration before he could reflect on it more. "You're staying."Despite his concerns, he found himself unable to argue with her. He only nodded and the matter was settled. Ethan eyed the refrigerator door. He recognized his note hanging on the

front. "You kept that?" He was surprised. Galloway paused, then glanced at the door until she got his meaning. "Oh, of course I would. It makes me smile every time I read it." "Really?" "Duh, I wouldn't hang it up if it didn't." Galloway started dinner prep, making small talk with the neighbor boy, describing a lot of the training regiments and some of the cool stuff she got to do, leaving out many of her insecurities about the career change this time (although they would always be there). Eventually they were joined by Galloway's boyfriend who let himself into the apartment. Ethan wasn't sure what he expected in a guy who was able to date Kate Galloway, but Scott Quinn was definitely not it. Perhaps Ethan was imagining someone tall and muscular, so good looking that it was unfair. Someone who was so perfect that it was irritating. This wasn't the case. He showed up in gym clothes— loose baggy shorts, and a gray t-shirt that was so faded that Ethan couldn't tell what the logo had once been. The boy wasn't trying to look too closely, but he found himself scrutinizing what (in his eyes) was an interloper. Galloway's boyfriend wasn't muscular but he wasn't fat either. He was somewhere in between— solidly built with a broad chest— probably a hairy one. He wasn't a bad looking guy, he guessed. But there was something kind of plain about Quinn, as though he'd just stopped trying. He had dirty blonde hair, and matching scruff, like he hadn't shaved in a week. He had a strong jaw that reminded Ethan of actor David Keith, and naturally it made his mouth his dominant feature. When he grinned, boyish dimples appeared. To Ethan, Quinn felt a little too on-the-surface... like he wore an emotional mask. He wasn't sure why, but there was something... darker beneath that surface. But what stood out the most about Quinn was his walk. He moved with an unusual stride— rigid and upright, his arms stuck out like he thought he was in better shape than he really was, his chest was puffed out like he was flexing, and his back was oddly straight. Ethan had seen a few guys like this at his physical therapy appointments. Was something wrong with Quinn's back? "Ethan, this is Scott," Galloway introduced them. "You can just call me Quinn," he stuck out his hand. Ethan shook it, feeling small and frail by comparison. Apparently Galloway was comfortable addressing him by his last name as well. "Quinn, this is my friend, Ethan, from across the hall." "Ah, you're the one who's been hooking up with Galloway when I'm not around?" he teased slightly. Ethan was suddenly nervous. "What? No I'm not," he insisted. Big guy, confident way of talking, overly proud walk, and a short brainless name like 'Quinn'. Ethan was already deciding that he didn't much like him. "Hey, Galloway is hot. You've got good taste," Quinn said with a shrug. Galloway smacked him with the back of her hand. "It's not like that," she told him, in a voice that sounded serious and warning. It made Ethan feel stupid, like they were sharing a secret and he was left out of. "Okay, okay," Quinn said. To Ethan, she said, "If you think my training is cool, you'd really be interested in talking to Quinn. He was a State Trooper, after we worked together at the casino." Ethan was a bit surprised. Quinn didn't seem the type. "That's cool," he said, but it sounded like his enthusiasm was forced, even though he didn't mean it to come out that way. "Well... used to

be," Quinn said. His gaze turned away from both of them. He didn't seem like he wanted to talk much about it. "How'd the training go?" he asked. She told him. Ethan found himself zoning out, having heard it before. Quinn listened as he carried a gym bag into the bedroom. A change of clothing to apparently spend the night. He laughed when she mentioned that she puked. "I've been there," he pretend shivered, remembering when he had to do it with the State Police. "It was awful, wasn't it?" "Oh god yeah." "Wait till they certify you with the tasers." Galloway looked alarmed. "Are you being serious?" He nodded somberly. "My advice: bring a change of pants." Galloway glanced at Ethan and couldn't resist the spreading smile. "Quinn, you pee yourself a lot. How do I know it was really from the taser or not?" Quinn sighed. "Ethan, never tell Galloway a secret. She'll spill it at the worst possible times." Galloway snickered. "All this talk of making a mess is reminding me that I'm still a mess. Do you boys mind being my heroes and watching the stove so I can grab a quick shower?" "Why don't you leave the door unlocked and maybe we'll join you," Quinn smirked. Galloway giggled, and reddened slightly. "Shut up, Quinn." Ethan wasn't sure what to make of that comment. He was sort of jealous that another guy could make her giggle. But why was she turning red? Surely it was just a joke. "Okay, okay... how about just leave the door open and treat us to a show?" "Fuck off," she gave him the finger and headed for the bathroom. The truth was that both of them sort of minded being alone with each other. When Galloway left them, they sat in tense silence for what felt like hours. Ethan was uncomfortable in general with most people. And so far, at face value, Quinn didn't have many qualities that Ethan found redeeming. He was lacking in things to say. Quinn was also struggling. The kid looked nervous and bashful, and Quinn didn't want to make him feel more awkward than the situation called for. Plus Galloway really liked Ethan, so he didn't want to mess anything up by saying something dumb—of which he did often. He remained cautiously silent, almost business-like. "So..." Quinn said at one point. "What grade are you in?" "I graduated," Ethan said. "Congrats. Any plans?" Ethan shrugged. Quinn paused, trying to think of what to say next. "Do you like sports?" "Not really." Quinn instantly chided himself as he glanced at Ethan's crutches. What a dumb question that was. Another silence. Quinn was starting to feel like the asshole new stepdad in a Disney movie. He pretended to busy himself with the food on the stove, though there was really nothing to do with it. They both wished Galloway would hurry up. ***The steam billowed around Galloway's nude figure. Fuck, it felt amazing on her sore muscles. She let the hot water patter on her face, and run pleasantly down between her breasts, over the flat of her tummy, and down between her strong thighs. She found her hand traveling along the same path as the water, feeling her smooth wet skin. Quinn was finally here! Galloway always had a very active libido, but lately she'd been crazy horny. More so than normal. Quinn spending the night meant she'd finally get the fucking that she so desperately needed. And after the week she had, she was positive it would be rough, wild, and last a long time... But now, alone in the shower with

the looming thoughts of what was to come tonight, Galloway was finding it harder and harder to wait. Her hand roamed her body. It came to rest between her thighs, and she couldn't resist touching herself a little. She shut her eyes, enjoying the sensation of the warm water on her naked skin. Her finger glided along her pussy. She was tingling, everything extra sensitive from neglect, and she resisted the urge to moan. Quinn had suggested leaving the bathroom door open. Her hitting him wasn't entirely to scold him for the obscene joke in front of Ethan. The fact was, there was a lot of truth to Quinn's teasing. Though they loved each other, and had a bond that far surpassed simple love, he and Galloway had always been very open about sex... especially with their partners. They might be exclusive emotionally, but definitely not sexually. The two of them often involved others in their sexual activities, especially when they were younger. It was part of what brought them together. Their first time having sex had been at the urging of a swinger couple that got drunk with them. Ever since then, she and Quinn didn't shy away from group sex from time to time. They were sexually adventurous, and neither was especially jealous when it came to sharing the fun with others. So her smacking Quinn wasn't just about the lewd joke... it was also out of fear that he might be serious... Ethan seemed like a wholesome kid. He wouldn't understand the sorts of devious things that Galloway enjoyed doing with her former partner. Quinn's suggestion sort of scared her, because he might really mean it. It was hard to tell, and it gave her a small trembling thrill. Quinn always gave her a sense of anxiety that he might orchestrate some sort of hot sexual adventure that would catch her off guard and surprise her. Any time they drank together, or met up with friends, or hung out with old work buddies, Galloway was on edge that they'd somehow parlay it into an inappropriate hookup with those around them. Even simple get-togethers became pulse poundingly exciting, wondering if they'd do something naughty, but it also came with a lot of stress. What if he'd been serious about Ethan? It wouldn't be the first time Quinn suggested that he share Galloway with a friend. And Ethan was such a nice guy, stuck in an unfortunate situation. He was charming and definitely cute, in that shy-boy way that Galloway found endearing. Honestly, if Ethan came in here and joined her in the shower, she wouldn't mind it. Her only cause to hesitate was the fear of ruining her friendship with him.... Although the thought of her two men coming in here right now, sandwiching her body with theirs, not a word spoken, just rushing her, picking her up, and taking her, stuffing her with their cocks, using her body for their pleasure... Galloway gasped as she pushed her fingers deeper into her body. Her other hand slid up to her chest, cupping one of her heavy breasts. She pinched her nipples between her fingers as the warm water cascaded over her. Her lips parted and she let some of the shower water run into her mouth. Fuck, how was she so horny all the time lately? She spread her legs as her hand caught the rhythm. Her pussy was soaked, and she knew it wasn't from the shower water. She ought to be exhausted after her training, yet somehow she had crazy amounts of energy to pleasure herself. Her hips began to work on their

own, humping back against her hand. As her fingers drove in and out of herself faster, she thought about opening the bathroom door, calling them in there. Quinn would be willing. Ethan... maybe she could throw him against the wall, shove her lips to his, kiss him hard and deep. She knew he would like that. It would be the thrill of his life. She was sure that once she started kissing him, he'd discover what his body was capable of... and it would surprise him. Her heart sped up. It wasn't just an inkling of an idea anymore. She was seriously considering it. How easy it would be to make this happen, she realized. Why even do this in the shower? She could easily shut off the water, and go strutting out there into the living room, fully nude, wet and glistening. Her new muscles and strong fit body on full display for them. Ethan's shocked face, drinking her in. She'd lay across her kitchen counter/table and she would be the main course. The hell with dinner. They could fuck her any way they wanted for as long as they wanted and she would beg them for more. She would be their willing slut. Galloway's hands fucked herself furiously. She couldn't bring herself to stop. She knew she should. Finish your damn shower, and go have dinner with them, her mind screamed at her. But that voice sounded very far away, and her hands and body were telling her otherwise. She couldn't stop touching herself. She was too worked up. She needed a sexual release, and her fingers alone just couldn't cut it. Her heart thundered in her chest. Her breathing was coming fast now, and she knew why— Galloway's mind was made up. She was going to do this... now. "I'm going to," she said softly to the hiss of running water. She needed it too badly. It was worth the risk. Ethan might flee her apartment, forever thinking of her as a detestable slut. But she doubted that— he liked her. He would stay. He wouldn't resist much, especially when she started to touch him, to kiss him, to beg him for it. Galloway opened her eyes and went to turn off the water. But the shower water ran from her hair down into her eyes. The pain was sudden and blinding. The mace that was still in her hair was burning her all over again. She dropped to her knees and fought to not scream. All plans of being a diabolical slut were washed away with her burning face. ***1ADanni Esposito was nervous. She usually was whenever she called to video chat with her brother Bill. There was always a tremendous amount of fear that someone else would answer— some commander or buddy of his, and they'd have terrible news that something awful happened to him. Or worse— that he wouldn't answer at all, she'd hear nothing more, and there'd be nothing she could do. report

NEXT PAGE

But tonight, she had a new fear. She wasn't sure why... because ever since this morning, she had never been more sure of anything. She had arrived at an epiphany that made so much sense, it was a wonder that she hadn't thought of it sooner. But there was still the fear that he wouldn't be okay with it... that he'd reject her. Her stomach was filled with butterflies as she lay on her bed beneath the cozy covers,

watching the face time connection icon. Her heart was pounding. The screen changed. The familiar olive tent, the familiar foot locker, the familiar pinups on the walls, and the familiar man lounging on his cot. "Hey Danni," Bill smiled easily through the image. His eyes were half shut, fully relaxed, not a care in the world. That was a good sign. That meant there was no immanent danger, and nothing coming up any time soon. But still, that didn't alleviate Danni's nerves. If anything, it only made her more afraid. But laying there, in his drab t-shirt that hugged his muscular chest, Danni couldn't help but admire him. Bill was attractive. Tina was right about that. Like a superhero. Her superhero. She was more sure now than ever. "H-hey Bill. What are you doing?" She asked, nervously chewing the tip of her finger. "Just enjoying some R and R time. Probably going to take a little nap after our brother sister catch-up time," he smiled, resting his head on his pillow. "How's it going over there? The girls treating you any better?" Danni shrugged subtly. Her eyes felt restless. They went from Bill's eyes, down his neck, and moved lower— to his powerful arms and pecks. She wanted to rest her head on those heavy muscles. Her eyes weren't the only thing restless. She couldn't stop herself. Her hand wandered beneath the blankets on her bed. "They're still being weird," Danni admitted. Despite her efforts to sound normal and composed, her cheeks flushed red. Her voice let out a soft squeak. "Give them time," Bill said. "Maybe they're still settling in to the new place." Again, she shrugged. But her lips parted, a sigh escaped her mouth and caught in her throat. She tried to cover it with a cough. Bill squinted at her through the screen. "Danni, you're extra squeaky tonight. Everything okay?" "Just... worried about you, that's all," she said, dismissively. Her heart was beating a mile a minute. Her hands were shaking. Her face felt like it was on fire. But still, she couldn't bring herself to stop. Bill smiled a warm genuine smile. "I'm still alive..." he said, humming a few notes of a song that Danni had forced him to listen to recently. "You know, if you're this worried while I'm overseas literally surrounded by armor and soldiers, how are you going to be when I get home and have access to alcohol, cars, and your boy-crazy friends?" He laughed. "You'll have to put me in a plastic bubble." Danni didn't seem to be listening. Her eyes fluttered for a second, she tilted her face up to the ceiling, and another squeaky gasp escaped her mouth. When she noticed Bill eyeballing her, she returned her focus. "That's not what I'm worried about. I'm worried about other things." "Okay, now you're being overly vague. What are you worried about?" He cocked his head. Danni glanced at the pinups on the walls in Bill's tent. "Aren't you lonely over there?" "Have you met my fellow Marines? I can't get away from them," Bill smirked. "That's not what I meant," Danni replied. She nodded toward the pinup behind Bill's head. He followed her gaze, then turned back with an even bigger smirk. "Really? I'm in a war zone, and you're worried about my dating life?" "Bill, be honest with me for one minute," Danni said. Her hands were trembling. She was slow walking herself to this moment out of sheer hesitation— like she was about to jump into a pool of freezing cold water. "Okay, there's not really any women over here. But

that's fine, I'm not staying here forever.""What about hookups?"Bill's brow furrowed, but he looked no less worried. "What about them? Again, there's no opportunities. What's up with you? Why are you so worried about getting me laid? You never were before.""Well I heard that soldiers have a stronger will to live when they're in a relationship. I know if you had a girlfriend back home, you'd have someone who could send you real pinups, or you could video chat with for more... devious things." Danni commented. One hand was very busy, the other went to her mouth. She nervously chewed her nail.Bill held up his hand. "Trust me, it's better to be single over here. I saw the movie 'Jarhead'. I'd rather be alone and... bored with myself... than worrying that my girl is hooking up with someone else. Did Tina put you up to this? Are you trying to set us up on some weird long distance friends with benefits sort of thing?"That's not it. You're a guy. You have needs. And you don't have someone back home," Danni insisted. "Someone to make you feel special."Bill's brow lifted and he smiled again, his eyes crinkling at the corners. "I have you. That's all I need."Danni's cheeks reddened. She smiled nervously. "You're right, Bill. You do have me." She bit her lip and slowly started to peel back the covers."Danni, you're trembling, are you alright?"But Danni was already zooming out with the screen. Bill was able to see her laying on her side, looking into the camera on her nightstand. The slender shape of her figure began to appear. The blanket slid down her shoulders first, then lower."I-," she squeaked softly. "I want you to have me," she managed to say.Bill didn't seem to understand. The confusion apparent on his face."I want to be that person for you," she said, her face nervous and flushed. Then the blankets slid past her small perky breasts. She was wearing nothing beneath the covers. The moment it dawned on Bill that he was seeing his sister's bare chest, his expression turned even more confused, with an incredible amount of shock."Danni... what is this-?" He started."I want to be that person to satisfy your needs," Danni said softly. The blanket slid down to reveal her flat tummy. Her belly button stud shined brightly against the glare of the screen. "Your emotional needs..." she said softly, "and... your sexual needs.""Danni! You're my sister!" Bill's face had gone ashen, then bright red. His eyes were huge."Exactly. You'll never have to worry that I'll meet someone else while you're gone. Because I'll always be there to love you. I want to be that thought that keeps you company in the dark," she continued. "And when you have needs... I want you to close your eyes and think about me..."The blanket slid past the curve of her hips. Her hand was over her crotch but she slowly spread her legs and moved her hand away. She'd been playing with herself in excited anticipation for this moment. Her pussy was bare and shaved. Her pink lips were moist from where she'd already gotten herself started. She kicked the blankets away, and lay there, completely naked, fully exposed. Her long dark hair hung over one shoulder like a supermodel. Tina had always said that Danni was built like one. It was time to let her brother see her as one too.Bill's face was a mask of shock. He was flustered as he struggled to process all of this."I love you Bill," her young mousy voice said. "I always

have... as more than just a sister. It's okay... you can look at me. You can look at me all you want. Just lay back and watch and let me take care of you..."Danni, I-" Bill started to stammer out some inevitable protest."Shhh... I know. Just look at me," she murmured. She tilted her head back and moaned softly at the ceiling. Between her legs, her trembling fingers returned to pussy. She found her clit and began to rub in fast little circles. The feeling, the thrill... it coursed up and down her body. Danni shivered. Her flesh broke out in goosebumps as the realization sank in. Her brother was seeing her masturbate! Danni moaned again, a soft sensual high pitched moan. "Uhhnn," She gasped, biting her lip and shutting her eyes for a moment. Then she turned her head back to the screen. "I'm thinking about you right now, Bill. Your eyes... your mouth... your body... those strong arms... your cock..."Bill looked pale, his eyes a storm of conflicting thoughts. He was trying to piece together just what the hell was going on."You can touch yourself, Bill. I won't freak out. Your hand is my hand. I just want to make you feel so good... I- I want you. I've never wanted anyone the way that I want you," her voice was begging. Pleading. Her hand spun in quick little circles on her pussy. She flipped her hair back, reached her other hand up and began to roll her nipple between her fingers. "Ohhh... ohhhh... yessss..." She whispered. Bill seemed to overcome his initial shock. "Danni..." He urged her. When she looked back at the screen, she saw that he wasn't looking at her. He was looking away, his eyes slightly averted. His face was bright red. He didn't know what to do. The mixture of emotions was obvious on his face. And none of them were the reaction she was hoping for. He looked surprised, worried, afraid, confused, embarrassed, and slightly sad. His mouth struggled to form the words. "Danni... I... I have to go," he said. And then he disconnected and the screen went blank. Danni's disappointment combined with the pang of hurt she felt in her heart. He'd rejected her. She had bared it all to her brother, and he'd rejected her. She could have cried in that moment. All she wanted was for him to feel the same way... to reciprocate in the same way... to share his body with her over chat. And he didn't. But there was no ignoring the thrill... she had gone for it. She'd shown her naked body to her brother. And there was no denying how wet it made her. In fact, she couldn't recall a single moment in her life that she had been more turned on. Despite her pounding heart, shaking hands, and the sinking feeling of having horrified her brother, Danni Esposito lay back on her bed and masturbated over and over again to what she had just done. But she doubted that the fingers she plunged in and out of her wetness could ever be the proper substitute for what she really wanted...***2BGalloway came back from the shower after what felt like an eternity. She had changed into gym shorts and a t-shirt. The shorts were very short, and proudly displayed her strong smooth thighs. Her hair was soaked and draped over one shoulder, and her eyes were red rimmed, like she'd been crying. She looked somewhat guilty, averting her eyes when she saw Ethan and Quinn. "Welcome back," Ethan said, somewhat relieved. She pinched his shoulder. "The mace burned your eyes

again in the shower, didn't it?" Quinn said knowingly. "No," she said defensively. Then after a guilty pause admitted, "Yes." They ate in a silence that was much more awkward than Galloway would expect from Ethan and Quinn— the two most authentic men in her life. She had a feeling she knew what was going on. Ethan was jealous and being passive aggressive. Quinn was looking down at his plate, but she knew that expression— a look of defeat. Ethan didn't care much for him, and Quinn knew it. "You guys are a real barrel of laughs tonight," Galloway remarked. Both men looked up. Their expressions were feigned innocence, pretending they didn't know what she was talking about. "Uh huh. That's what I thought," she smirked. But she didn't push the matter. After the day that she'd had, she wanted to live in the moment. She was in her comfort zone— Quinn by her side; and the neighbor kid who was rapidly becoming a trusted friend joining them. Not only that, but despite the scare in the basement, there was a warmth about the apartment. They could hear the other tenants walking in the apartments above and below them, which provided a sense of community. They weren't alone in the world. There were people close by, going about their own business on the other side of thin walls. They were probably doing similar things— drinking and eating and watching TV and talking. It just felt right. When they were done eating, Quinn offered to clean up. "Do you want to hang around and watch TV with us?" Galloway asked Ethan. "Thanks, but I better head home. I wanted to do some reading tonight," he blushed, retrieving his crutches and making for the door. "Give me a hug," she said and threw her arms around him. Ethan wasn't used to physical contact, but he obliged. She gave him a squeeze, thanking him for his thoughtfulness in bringing her the jug of milk for her eyes. Then he was gone. No sooner had he shut the door than Quinn put his arm around Galloway and pulled her close. He kissed the top of her head softly. "I don't think he likes me much," Quinn said, a little down trodden. "He's eighteen and has a crush on me," Galloway told him. "He wouldn't like any man that I hang out with. Don't take it personally." Quinn nodded. "Seems like a nice kid though. I'm glad you have a friend," he squeezed her hand. Galloway grinned. "That's just because he's not a threat to you." "Isn't he?" Now it was Quinn's turn to grin. "He's cute. Big ol' Bambi eyes when he looks at you. And if he's eighteen, maybe a little fun time with you would boost his confidence." "Really? You're pimping me out to my neighbors now? First it was our old coworkers, now this? You know, most guys would want a normal exclusive sex life with me," Galloway smacked him. "Our sex life has never been normal. As far as exclusive, if you wanted that, I wouldn't say no... but I'm worried it'd get weird. You're not that type of girl. And I don't think I'm that type of guy." Galloway thought for a second and frowned. "You're probably right. But by the same token, Ethan isn't that type of guy. I couldn't just give him a casual fuck to boost his morale. He wouldn't want that. He'd want it to mean something." Galloway's voice sounded distant... sad. Quinn shrugged. "But it would, and you know it." She shook her head. "Not the way he'd want. I think it would hurt him." A cheeky smile spread across Quinn's features. "Well, that I know for

sure. But like a good hurt.""Emotionally, you asshole." She tossed a pillow at him."But speaking of that..." Quinn let his eyes wander over Galloway's body in her little gym shorts. Galloway was up before Quinn could finish that thought. She was nearly dragging him to the bedroom. Finally! They hadn't seen each other in a while, and they needed to make up for lost time.***2A

Ethan returned to his apartment with the lingering smell of Galloway's shampoo in his nostrils and the warm hug she'd given him fresh in his mind. But despite the warm feeling that it had spurred in his pants, he found himself with a small knot of dread in his belly...His mother had gone to work today, but Ethan had spent most of the day (before Galloway came home) processing her unusual behavior from last night. Something was definitely up with his mom. He remembered the weird cheerleader skirt she'd worn last night. The unabashed way she displayed herself to her son. He'd been so caught off guard, that he'd barely had time to process what was happening or why. And once his shock had worn off... other feelings had clouded his thoughts... unnatural lustful feelings for a boy to have about his mother. Now, in the light of day, with that whole incident in the distance, Ethan had a better chance to process it with a rational mind. Her whole attire had been wildly inappropriate. His mother hadn't been wearing a bra- he was sure of that. He still remembered the way her nipples pressed through her skin tight crop top. And her skirt had been so short, he'd been able to see the thong underwear she'd worn beneath. That wasn't an accident. There was no way. She'd made a conscious decision to wear those with a tiny skirt. And she'd shown it all to him, going so far as to jump, twirl, and bend over. The real question was... why? Ethan was unsettled for a couple of reasons- his mother seemed to be making a deliberate attempt to appeal to his sexuality. He didn't know why, and he didn't like to think it, but he could arrive at no other way to describe it. And the other reason it unsettled him was because... well... it was having an effect on him. Each thing she did- every flash of skin, every ambiguous comment, every hug that lasted just a little too long, he could feel himself growing aroused. She was his mother, and his whole life had only been spent seeing her as a nurturer. But now there were little needling jolts to his brain where he didn't see her that way- where he instead saw her as a sexual object, something to lust after. He was thinking of her in ways that he knew was absolutely wrong. But it was hard to deny how attractive she was... and it was hard to deny that Ethan didn't have a whole lot of options. He was interested in sex, for sure, and had been for years. He desperately wanted a girlfriend, someone to be intimate with. But now, the only source that was making itself willing and available was..."Hi Ethan," his mother was on the couch when he came in the front door. She was swaddled up in a blanket, watching TV. Ethan was grateful for that- not slutty outfit this time. "You weren't home for dinner.""I was hanging out with Galloway, across the hall," he said. "Oh, that's nice. How was that?" She asked. Ethan relaxed a bit. She sounded normal. No advances, no innuendos. Maybe he'd imagined the whole thing, or was making a bigger deal about it in his head than it really was. After

all, he'd known this woman his whole life. He planted himself on the edge of the couch, resting slightly on his crutches. "I don't know," he confided, his voice dropping slightly. "I met her boyfriend." Meg was silent for a minute. Her eyes were big with sympathy. "Oh," she said at last. She understood. Her son liked the woman across the hall. His disappointment was natural and obvious. "How was he?" Her question was carefully weighed. Ethan shrugged. "He's okay, I guess. I don't really know him." "I'm sorry, sweetie," Meg gently patted Ethan's leg. "No, it's my fault. I guess it was just wishful thinking on my part that Galloway would... well it was just wishful thinking." He put on a smile, although he didn't feel like it. "That's a very mature way to approach this. You should give this guy a chance," Meg said. "Galloway clearly values you as a friend and wants you around. Even if she doesn't like you that way, she still likes you. You got a damn good friend and that won't change. Maybe this guy will be a good one too, just not as pretty." Ethan smiled. "Thanks mom. That does help." "Just don't be a pouty pants. Women don't like that. She'll avoid you if you just mope around all day about it." He nodded. Eventually he laughed. "Look at us having a conversation about me meeting women." Meg shook her head and sighed. "I knew this day would come sooner or later." Ethan made to get up from the couch. "Do you want to stay and watch TV with me for a while?" "Thanks mom, but I just want to relax and clear my head a little," Ethan said. "Good night." "Wait wait," Meg said. "Give your mom a good night kiss," she climbed to her feet. Her blanket fell away and Ethan's eyes widened. His body tensed up. Meg was wearing just a pair of panties and a tiny t-shirt. 'T-shirt' was an overstatement. Her shirt looked like it was meant for a toddler. It was tight and short— ending just a few inches beneath the swell of her breasts. It strained against her chest— her tits standing proud and perky. Like last night, she wasn't wearing a bra. Her nipples were hard and prominent, and Ethan suddenly realized that he could see them! Her shirt was solid white, and the fabric was some sort of thin stretchy material. He could see everything— the pink circles of her areolas, and the way her nipples pressed against their fabric prison. His eyes traveled down the pleasant curve of her tummy, and he realized, even her panties weren't panties. She was wearing a lacy pink thong, and nothing else. report

NEXT PAGE

Ethan blinked, and before he could comprehend why his mother was dressed like this, she wrapped her arms around him, leaned in and planted a warm soft kiss right on his lips. She seemed to melt into him. "Mmm, my baby boy," she purred softly, holding him tight. It wasn't a simple peck. Her mouth stayed pressed to him. Her hands wandered down his shoulders to his arms. "Becoming quite the man..." Ethan could feel her nipples stiffen— pressing through her thin shirt and against his chest pleasantly. He felt the familiar stiffening of his cock coming to life. And then his mother was pushing her thigh against it. Oh no... "You're going to drive the women crazy..." she

seemed to whisper the words. Her thigh was moving gently against his crotch, nuzzling his cock. In fact, her whole body was moving slowly as she kept her lips on his. Her nipples gently pressing from side to side against his chest. Ethan stood frozen for a moment. His mother was oblivious to his discomfort, behaving as if this was the most natural thing in the world. Then his mother's lips slowly parted and he felt her warm nimble tongue slide along his lip and start to wiggle into his mouth. It was intoxicating. The smell of her hair, her hands rubbing his arms, exploring his body. The way her smooth thigh rubbed against his penis, even as he stiffened and she rolled it pleasantly around in his pants. Her tongues slipped past his teeth and flicked for a second against his. What's happening??? Your mother is kissing you!! And with that realization, Ethan snapped back to reality. He quickly pulled away. "I- uhh... I better go to bed," he said. His face was completely flushed. His cheeks were red and hot. And worst of all, his penis was hard! The tent in his pants was rapidly becoming visible. "Good night mom," he said without looking back. He was terrified he'd find her looking at it. "If you change your mind," Meg called after him, "I'll be out here all by myself." There was something seductive and pouty in her voice. Ethan had the unmistakable feeling that if he stayed with her, she would try to... No no, stop thinking that! Ethan hurried to his bedroom. By the time he shut the door, his cock was fully erect and ready to burst from his pants. "Oh god, what is happening to her," he muttered, then glanced reproachfully down at his erection, "Or me, for that matter?"

***2B

Quinn grunted. Galloway was especially frisky tonight and it showed. She straddled his lap, her hands on his chest, pinning him down as she rode him in long eager strokes. The bedroom echoed with the sounds of Galloway's desperate need for sexual satisfaction. "Ahh, yes... ahhh yes... ahh yes," her moans were coming faster. The bed was pleasantly thumping against the wall. After Ethan had left, Galloway had practically dragged Quinn to the bedroom. "Get your clothes off!" she had barked at him. "Get them off right now!" Her manner had been much more abrupt and commanding than she usually was, but Quinn didn't argue. "Yes ma'am," he'd struggled clumsily to shed his clothes, and Galloway had nearly pushed him onto the bed before mounting him. "No foreplay tonight?" he asked. "Shut the fuck up, Quinn," she barked at him as she wiggled out of her clothes. God, Quinn missed her body. And though Galloway had always been in good shape, her training was really beginning to make itself known. Her arms had developed definition. Her tummy was always flat, but now the subtle lines of her abs had appeared. And her strong thick thighs were boasting the hints of upside-down V's. "Don't get any more muscular," Quinn remarked. "I'd like to feel like the man in this relationship." "You were never the man in this relationship," she leaned her chest over his face and grabbed him by the back of the head, forcing him into her perky C-cup tits. Her nipples were pink and puffy. "Now be a good bitch and suck!" she urged him. His next rebuff was muffled by her breasts as she shoved them into his face, sliding them teasingly around his mouth in cruel little circles. His stubble tickled her skin and made her gasp. Her

body was extra sensitive today. She could feel his mouth planting hot kisses on her tits. His slid his tongue in sloppy strides around her nipples, and eventually pulled them into his lips, giving a firm suck that hurt. It drove her wild. She liked it rough, and Quinn always knew how to get to her. She gasped, feeding him her breasts, one after another, until he was pinching her nipples between his teeth, earning excited whimpers and squeals from her lips. She reached behind and felt for his cock. He was solid and hard. She guided him right toward her pussy, and when he was inside of her body, that was when she began to bounce. "Ahhh yesssss! Oh fuck, yes!" She couldn't stop herself. She placed her hands on his chest, pinning him back to the bed, readjusted so her feet were planted flat on either side of him, and squatted on his lap. And that was how she rode him, using her strong legs to muscle herself up and down along his length, all the while giving Quinn a view of her shaved pink pussy swallowing him up with each bounce. Quinn was startled. He found himself barely able to keep up with her tonight. Galloway's legs pistoned up and down with no signs of fatigue or stopping. She bit her lip, her eyes shut, breathing easily, like this was the most casual thing in the world. Her hands slid up to her chest and she squeezed and fondled her own breasts. She pinched her nipples, and winced as she pulled hard on them. "Holy shit, Galloway," Quinn moaned beneath her, watching his rod disappearing into her athletic body each time she came down on him. Her ass making wet smacking sounds against his crotch with every bounce. The bed was shaking, beating softly and steadily against the wall. Galloway's eyes fluttered. She really had forgotten how badly she needed this. It showed in her aggression. Tonight she was especially rough. She came into this with the energy of a cheerleader, throwing her head back, her eyes shut and her bottom lip clenched between her teeth. Her eager fucking of Quinn was shaking the bed harder and harder. No wonder she'd caught herself masturbating in the basement last night! She had to be crazy horny to do something like that... to imagine what she had... Galloway's mind flashed to those cages in the basement. Her team... her loved ones... all of them tied up down there, dirty and miserable, watching her whore herself out to the men responsible for it. Not because they were forcing her, but because she wanted to. It turned her on in a deep and perverse way. "Fuck, what's gotten into you?" Quinn moaned. His hands roamed her body. Her bounces were growing fierce. Her ponytail bobbed and bounced. Galloway readjusted herself again, on her knees, straddling Quinn's cock, she resumed impaling herself on it. She reached behind her head and undid her ponytail. She leaned forward and slid her tongue up Quinn's chest in a long sensual lick. She dragged her big round tits up his chest as she went, letting him feel their soft smooth weight. Her eyes were so focused and hard, that for a moment, Quinn didn't recognize her. When her tongue reached his jaw, Galloway tossed her head back, throwing her wild hair back from her face. Her hard nipples slid across Quinn's chest, making his cock throb and twitch inside of her body. Then she sat up and resumed her tireless bouncing. Her hips worked with a mind of their own. Her pussy hungrily swallowed up Quinn's manhood. She

leaned one arm back and braced herself as she bucked her hips. Her movements were so steady and rhythmic, her tits began to slap together. Quinn couldn't resist running his hands up her hips to cup those big luscious melons. But when he did, she caught his wrists in death grips, and pinned them to her head board. Her training showing in her sudden assured movements. Quinn looked stunned for a second by her eager roughness. She held his hands pinned for a moment, then leaned forward and planted a long passionate kiss on his mouth, sucking his lower lip playfully. With her fiery raspberry maroon hair in his face, Quinn couldn't see. Only breathing the scent of her shampoo. Then he felt the cold metal and heard the click of steal. When she sat back, she was wearing a naughty little smile, and Quinn was wearing handcuffs. She'd cuffed him to the headboard. "Nicely done," He admitted. She'd had handcuff training a while back and was apparently rather skilled at putting them on. "Just don't fall and die, leaving me cuffed here. I read Stephen King." "Shut up," she barked at him again, riding him harder. Her hips finding their natural rhythm. The bed shook. Her hips and ass moved easily on his body, as though this was her natural state. Galloway leaned forward, bracing on the headboard and hovered her tits over his face. "Kiss them!" She barked ferociously. Her swaying breasts inches above his mouth. Quinn strained and was able to barely plant his warm mouth on her puffy pink nipples. "This is torture," he quipped, flicking his tongue out for barely a taste. The word seemed to trigger something in her brain. She looked at those dangling cuffs... restraints that were meant for bad men... and now Quinn was in them. A captive... She found herself riding harder. A familiar tingle of excitement was finding its way back into her body. Like her, Quinn was an authority figure... his own handcuffs were now used against him like... Galloway moaned, her nipples stiffening. Her pussy in tingles. She shut her eyes, and the image just appeared in her mind. The fantasy effortlessly unfolded, forming itself- vivid and complete: The door of her apartment suddenly broke open and in stormed half a dozen towering men. They wore ski masks and carried guns. Their arms were packed with the kind of muscle that only a federal prison could mold, and they were covered in scars and tattoos. Galloway could hear their heavy footsteps thundering down the hallway, and before she could even scream, they were yanking her off of Quinn's lap. "Well well... look what we have here," their leader said. His eyes gleamed from behind his mask. There was no humanity in them. He was a cruel and sick man. The only thing that brought him pleasure was hurting others- leaving a trail of pain and sorrow in his path. Now those eyes were assessing Kate Galloway's naked sweating body. Her sex drunk eyes glazed over with lust from the orgasm that she had yet to have. And when those eyes looked to Scott Quinn, cuffed, naked, and helpless on the bed, there was recognition in them. These were the men that Scott Quinn had put in prison in his short time as a State Police Trooper. And now they were thirsty for revenge. "We came here for you," the leader remarked to a horrified and fearful Quinn. "This..." he gestured to Galloway. She struggled. Her hands held by five huge muscular beasts of men, weren't going

anywhere. They were already starting to touch her. She felt one convict grope one of her bare smooth breasts. When he squeezed, he squeezed hard, and when he pinched her nipple, it responded by stiffening. "This is quite the present you left for us. Officer Quinn and Officer... Wild Cherry," the leader smirked as he traced his rough calloused fingers over her cheek and down around her full pouty lower lip. Despite the situation, Galloway let her lips part and she gently wrapped them around this man's thumb. She started to softly suck, peering into his cruel evil eyes like a star struck Disney character meeting her prince. The men around her continued to sneer, and touch, and grope. She felt one squeeze her firm bare ass. Quinn was pleading incoherently, struggling against the cuffs that Galloway had placed on him. The men laughed at his discomfort. Galloway glanced at him reproachfully, and resumed her sucking of the convict's finger. "We're not going to kill you yet," the leader promised. "Not until you watch what we do to your little pig girlfriend... or rather, what she does to us." Then they let go of Kate Galloway. All together, the six men began to disrobe, pulling off their shirts, or unzipping their jackets. One psycho in particular even began to slash away his own wife-beater shirt with a razor. They tossed their weapons onto the bed. Galloway eyed them. The men seemed to not care, too focused on her hot body and on undressing. In the blink of an eye, Galloway snatched up one of the shotguns and leveled it at the men. They regarded her without a word. She could do it- she could kill them all. But instead, she did the unthinkable. She smiled, turned the gun to the ceiling and ran her tongue seductively up the long steel barrel, her eyes lusty and staring, penetrating the men- especially the leader. Just begging to be fucked. She grinded her snatch against the stock and she humped the weapon. Even Quinn made a sound of surprise and despair. She could stop these men... she could save herself and Quinn. And instead she dropped the gun, grabbed the leader and pressed her lips hard against his mouth. She practically leapt into his huge strong arms like the groupie slut that she was. "Fuck me," he pleaded as she passionately kissed him, sucking at his lower lip with her desperate mouth. Then she was moving onto the next man, kissing him, making the same plea, and the next, and so on. "See that, pig?" The leader snarled at Quinn as Galloway obediently dropped to her knees in the center of them. They beat their throbbing cocks against her upturned face, and as the first one plunged his member roughly into her mouth and down her throat, the leader continued his taunt. "This little hottie is our slut now. And we're going to utterly ruin her." Galloway had never felt a thrill like this. Her mouth went from one cock to another. Her arms outstretched, grasping at their throbbing dicks like tree branches. Galloway cooed and moaned, putting every effort in, using her hands and mouth to their fullest potential. She wanted to please these men. Not just let them fuck her, but give herself over to them. They formed an eager circle, and Galloway went around to each man, not stopping until she was rewarded with a moan, and acknowledgement that she was making them happy. And all the while, they continued to threaten her and the man she loved the most. They

belittled her, insulted her, smacked her around. They pulled her hair, fucked her throat until she was positive she'd pass out from lack of oxygen. They slapped her tits, slapped her ass. They called her names like "pig" and "hog". One of them even spit on her. But each time they did, her pussy only responded with more excitement, more tingles, wetness running down her legs. She was aware that she was trying to hump the floor of her bedroom. And when she gazed up at them with her head swimming and her eyes clouded with lust, the words just fell from her mouth. "Fuck me... all of you. Please! I'm your whore. Show this pig her place." And that was enough for all of them. They tossed her on the bed, right beside Quinn, and they gang raped her. Galloway supposed 'rape' wasn't the proper word, since she wasn't just willing, but she needed it. For hours, they fucked her. Galloway rode them. She rolled her hips on whichever man was lucky enough to be beneath her. She held her ass open and invited man after man to penetrate her anus. She sashayed her body and twerked her hips, even as they pinned her between their hard muscled bodies. They stuffed her from both ends, double penetrating her. She smiled and moaned and screamed. "More! More!" She was crying out, glancing up at the men waiting behind her. Quinn could barely see her eyes— only the whites showing, like she was possessed. And the men stuffed her body, gaped her pussy, and her ass. They fucked her mouth. "Am I doing good, daddies?" She asked, seeing their adulation. All of them soaked in sweat. Strands of Galloway's maroon hair was plastered to her face. "Shut the fuck up, and know your place, pig," they snarled, slapping her in the face. "My place is on your cocks!" Galloway screamed as the bed bounced so hard it nearly broke. Quinn could only stare at her with horror as she willingly gave herself to them like a gift. The betrayal went far deeper than infidelity. How could you cheat on someone you weren't exclusive with? No. This was a betrayal of a symbol— of justice. Galloway was willing to throw away the foundation of everything she believed... she was willing to spit on all concepts of right and wrong, of good and evil, in shallow pursuit of fleeting pleasure, of a fetish and nothing more. Quinn lay there, watching for hours as she swooned and cooed and delighted and... loved men who wanted to misuse her, to violate her, to insult and humiliate her, to pleasure themselves with her, and toss her away until they felt the urge again. Men who would not only treat her the worst, but would treat society the worst— who'd take the pleasure that Galloway gave them, and use it to harm the innocent.... And Galloway was okay with that. "Cum inside of me!" Galloway shrieked, throwing her head back as the men impaled her ass and pussy at once with cocks that rivaled baseball bats. "Cum in my pussy! One by one, all of you. Cum in my pussy. Breed this pig! And after you're finished, bring over more of your friends! And if they get tired, fuck me with other objects— things around my apartment, tools, your guns! Lock me here, make me your prisoner, I'm yours!!" Their raw cocks pistoned in and out of her body, tearing her apart as she happily brought them to orgasm. Her mind totally gone, her tongue lolling out of her mouth like a happy puppy... She had never fucked so hard in her life, and still she wanted more. She mindlessly

threw herself into their thrusts."Ohhh god... oh godddd... ohhhh FUCK!" Galloway was aware that she was screaming. The bed thundered violently on the old floor boards."Galloway..." Quinn was panting. "Galloway," he was trying to catch his breath."Yes baby! Fuck yes... fuck yes!" She didn't relent. She threw her head back and screamed in pleasure."Kate!" Quinn finally screamed urgently. The shout bolted through Galloway's sexual frenzy like lightning. Quinn never used her first name unless something was very wrong. She looked down with wide eyes. There were no men in the room with her. No vengeful convicts, no gang rape. It had all been a vivid, almost surreal fantasy that had completely taken over. It seemed so real that she'd lost all sense of time or where she even was. There was no dangerous gang, there never had been. It was just Quinn, laying between her legs, and she was still fucking him. Quinn's expression was one of pain. His eyes were clenched shut. His jaw set. "My back... my back!" He was nearly whimpering as tears streamed down his face. She was suddenly aware of how rough she'd been fucking him. She had been hurting him!"Oh my god, oh my god, I'm so sorry!" She jumped off of him, and scrambled for the handcuff keys."It's okay... it's okay..." he panted, struggling to catch his breath. But he looked pale. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. Quinn had a back injury. She should have known better."That was stupid, that was so stupid... I'm so sorry," she said, unlocking him. Quinn lay, panting at the ceiling, slowing his breathing. "What can I do?" "Just some pain pills," he managed to choke out. Galloway ran to the medicine cabinet and retrieved them, then helped Quinn sit up and swallow them. She crawled into bed, and before she knew what she was doing, she was hugging him tightly, feeling terrible. She'd been so caught up in one of the most despicable fantasies her brain had ever formed, and she'd hurt the person she loved the most. report

NEXT PAGE

Eventually the pain subsided, and Quinn was able to move again. "Hey, it's okay," Quinn said after a few minutes. When he tilted up her head, Galloway became aware that she was crying. She'd had her face buried in his chest and was sobbing, wonder what the hell was happening to her. "No, it's not okay! What I was doing... what I was thinking..." she sniffled, something that was so uncharacteristic of her, that even Quinn was unsure. He shushed her with a kiss on the top of her head. This seemed to calm her. "I love you, even if you're batshit crazy." Despite the tears, this earned a snicker from Galloway. When she saw the usual expression on Quinn's face— the insufferable smirk, the forgiveness, and the 'everything's fine' look in his eye, she settled back down. They laid in silence for a while, both of them naked. Galloway draped her smooth leg over Quinn, resting her head on his chest. Eventually Quinn began to laugh. It started softly but it grew until he was doubled over, gasping for breath. "What?" Galloway sat up. Quinn didn't relent, he only laughed harder. She rolled her eyes. "You got something to say?" "You literally fucked me so hard, you re-broke my back. You forced me to tap out. That is fuckin'

talent!""It's not my fault you have bird-bones," a ghost of a smile crept across her lips. "And you were literally broken when I got started.""Weren't we all?" Quinn asked quietly. Then they slept.***3ARob watched the camera feeds on his desk with a degree of amusement. "Dance my slut puppets, dance," he giggled. Things were looking much more interesting behind closed doors in his apartment building as of late. He was in absolute control, and at the same time, he was completely entertained. He felt like a modern day Jimmy Stewart spying on his neighbors— if his neighbors were all complete perverts. Each self-contained little apartment unit had something perverse that was happening— some sort of deviant drama playing out for his entertainment. One floor down, mother and son had shared a kiss, for his viewing pleasure. Once again, Rob had scripted another slutty event for Meg Richards to perform for her unsuspecting son Ethan. And she'd carried it out beautifully. She'd been innocent at first, then the big reveal— her slutty outfit. And that kiss and her way of pressing her body against Ethan. The poor boy still had no clue what was happening. That was partially Rob's doing. He deliberately made sure Ethan wasn't under his spell, whatsoever. He wanted Ethan's responses to be 100% authentic. And they were for a boy his age. Ethan was nervous, uneasy, confused... and also aroused. Assuming he was alone in his bedroom now, Ethan turned away from the door, and the bulge in his pants was as authentic as the conflict and shame on his face. Rob watched the monitors. For a kid who hadn't received many gifts in life, his bulge was rather impressive. Good for him. "It's okay kid. Your mom is hot. You can fantasize a little bit. I won't judge." Ethan sat down on his bed, glancing down at himself. He hesitated, but then he decided to reach for a book instead, and his tent gradually subsided. Rob sighed. "All that pent up frustration is going to have to come out sooner or later." That was fine. The kid would fight his impulses. Well Rob would just have to step up Meggy's slutty behavior. No man could resist an attractive slut... mother or not. 1A was coming along nicely. Even though Danni's brother Bill wasn't in the United States, he received more entertainment than he thought from the siblings' video chat. Danni and played her part very well, sending a vulgar video chat to her shocked brother. Bill's reaction was genuine— shock and horror. But Bill was also alone in a foreign land with few opportunities to get laid. Would big brother eventually give in to Danni's offer? Would he go to bed with her body on his mind? Would he start to think of her as more than just his sister, and allow himself to cross the line into something sinful? Time would tell, but Rob was dying to find out. Then there was Officer Wild Cherry down in 2B. Rob still had no way of getting into the apartment to set up cameras, but he was also afraid to. Toying with Kate Galloway was like playing with fire. Instead, he decided to stay the course— invasive thoughts and fantasies, altering her psyche and twisting her conscience. Right now, she was probably having the time of her life, fucking her visiting boyfriend while getting off to the most vile fantasy ideas she could think of. Even now, through these thin ancient walls, he swore he could hear her screaming in

pleasure. The rest of the apartment was silent. Rob didn't want to juggle too many playthings at once. "So who's next?" Kelsey's voice. She was kneeling beneath his desk, her head between Rob's legs. His erect cock was inches from her nose. She had been sucking him the whole time he watched and worked— toying with his neighbor subjects. Rob smiled down at her. Her face looked so wonderfully cute and cheerful. Her upturned nose nuzzled the swollen head of his member. Her big brown eyes were starry, like she was staring up at her prince for the first time. "You are, my dear," Rob replied. "Me?" She lit up, like she didn't believe it. "Of course, you've been working hard. Now it's time for your reward." Rob slid his seat back from the desk. Kelsey crawled out. The normally perky cheerful girl from across the hall was dressed in slutty lingerie. A black and red cupless corset displayed her large plump tits. Her lace panties were virtually non-existent. And a series of garters and straps hooked to a pair of thigh-high stockings. She'd been wearing that for the better part of the evening as she crouched beneath the desk, slow teasing Rob's cock with her mouth while he worked hard to slow walk his neighbors into the most devious acts possible. All the while, Kelsey had been happily knelt between his legs, planting soft warm kisses up and down the length of his pole, and sucking softly at the head, savoring the taste of his manhood. Now she stood, full and proud before him in his turret office— his little sex servant awaiting his next order. She looked amazing in her skimpy lace— like a porn star. The outfit had been his idea— a little reward for himself for getting rid of Kelsey's moron boyfriend Paul. And indeed, Paul was a moron. Even with Tina's seduction, who would possibly want anyone else if they had this girl? Rob hadn't done anything to manipulate Paul— he'd merely tempted him by placing a small treat in his path, and Paul had gone astray. Now Kelsey was all his. "I'm all yours," she said, smiling her adorable little smile and giggling nervously, seeking his approval. "Please take me. I've been waiting for this all day..." There was a bashfulness about the way she presented her body to him. A nervous hesitation, just slightly apparent at the way she let her hand rest in front of her crotch, and used her arm to try to cover her breasts. The latter wasn't working. They were far too large to ever cover, and the result was them being pressed teasingly together. "D—do you like what you see?" She asked, her voice soft, trying to please him. He'd outdone himself tonight. He had wanted her to be more... sweet... more herself, as though she was afraid he might reject her, and in his written articulation of her behavior on his magic computer, it had all translated flawlessly into her real life behavior. He was getting better at programming her. "I do," he replied. She lit up slightly, grateful, but the way she kept casting nervous glances to the windows around her. Rob hadn't bothered to close the blinds in the turret— he'd been too busy. And now that the night had come, and the lights were on in his office, any passerby on the street might glance up... and see this semi-nude slut. Considering his office location, late night walkers would be treated to an almost 360 degree view. "But why so nervous?" She bit her lip and looked back and forth from him to the

windows. "It's just... people can see." Now it was Rob's turn to stand. And when he did, he grabbed her roughly, spun her around and shoved her up against the nearest window, the one that overlooked the street. Kelsey let out an adorable little yelp. She grasped her hands to either side of the window frame to brace herself. Her tits pressed against the glass. The window was chilly on her bare skin. Her sharp exhale sent a cloud fogging its way across the surface. "So what if they can see?" He slapped her ass hard, making her wince again. Her cheek jiggled pleasantly and a red handprint began to appear. "Are you afraid they'll gather around and watch the show? Judge you? Talk about what a filthy little slut you are." Kelsey moaned as Rob spanked her in front of the window. "I- I-" she stammered cutely. "What if we get in trouble?" Rob grabbed her by the hair. His cock was throbbing, eager for a release. She'd been teasing it for the better part of the evening and he couldn't bear to wait any longer. He nudged her legs apart. "You should be so lucky," he snarled in her ear. "Maybe I'll invite half the town up here so you can apologize to each of them face to face for your public lewdness" he reached between her thighs and his hand sought out her wetness. It wasn't hard to find. She was soaked. He grasped her thong and gave it a rough tug, and in one easy motion, it snapped right off. She whimpered again. "Maybe I'll ask them up here to run a train on you," he smiled. "Oh please..." she gasped. "That would be so embarrassing. I only want you." She looked back at him over her shoulder. Her big starry eyes were pleading. "You'll want whatever I tell you to want," he snarled back. "Stay right there and don't you dare cover yourself." Then he spread her perky cheeks and guided his cock between her legs. When he slid himself into her warmth, he couldn't help but moan in triumph. Kelsey was right. This was a new thrill. He was fucking his neighbor in front of a large window that overlooked the entire street! She was his trophy, and a sick part of him wanted to show her off- to let the world know 'Look at what's mine!' His hips started to eagerly thrust. Each stab of his cock into her body made Kelsey jump. And each time she jumped, her big heavy boobs slid across the glass. He held her tightly by the hair. Her mousy little face was fogging up the glass as she softly gasped. He peered over her shoulder at the street below; his hips started to move eagerly, gliding his girth in and out of her. Her hips found the rhythm and she was responding in kind, pushing back against him in no time. "Think they're out there watching right now?" Rob moaned in her ear, the two of them staring down at the darkness. "Ohhh ohhh," she gasped like a mewling kitten, her moans hushed and nervous. "A dozen random citizens. No. A hundred. All down there right now, staring at your body. At these big juicy melons," he reached around her and grasped them roughly. "Ohhh!" She yelped. Her voice high and squealing. Their bodies pushing back and forth in fast little movements. Rob was humping her faster, excited to finally have some time with her after all the teasing and 'creative writing' of the day. He cupped her boobs, dragging them in teasing little circles across the glass, a show for anyone lucky enough to be passing on the sidewalk below and just happened to glance up. Then he stuffed her deeper with his meaty cock,

and gave one of her tits a hard slap, making it bounce and jiggle. He left her skin stinging. "They're all out there, staring at your tits as I fuck you... they're probably jerking off too." Rob fucked her harder, and Kelsey responded. She was thrusting her ass harder against him. A steady ripple rolled its way up her body. She was arching her back, her cheek pressed cutely to the glass. Her eyes shut, her breathing coming in short gasps. "They all want to fuck you, don't they?" Rob asked. "Every single one of them leering at your body. Every man in town stroking to you at once, thinking about all the things they want to do with your body. All the vile poses they want you to strike as they violate every hole..." "Oh god," she moaned, growing excited. Her arms were trembling as she braced. She dropped her arms from the sides of the frame to rest on the sill. And still, neither relented. Rob's excited hips were turning to a blur. "They don't see you as Kelsey, the chipper night nurse. Now they just see you as Kelsey, the shameful neighborhood slut. And that's all they'll ever see you as anymore. A pair of huge jugs attached to the body of a porn star." "Faster Rob," Kelsey was moaning out. Her sweet nervous voice drove him on. "They'll gather out in the street every night to watch you take a pounding. Police will block off the street. Ambulances will stop in their tracks. Men old and young will stare up at you as they dump their loads in the street by the hundreds, wishing they could cover you with it." "Harder..." she panted. "Harder." "Look at them out there," Rob grasped her hair and turned her head so she was facing the glass. "Do you see them, all staring up at you?" "I do," she whimpered. "Oh god, I do. There's so many. I'm just a slut to them." "But there's one man down there who's not happy to see this, isn't there?" Rob said with an evil smile. He reached around and slapped her tits roughly, making them bounce more. They knocked easily against the window with their steady back and forth fucking. "Yessss." She said, shutting her eyes and biting her lip. Her voice coming out as panting little pleads. "Who is it?" "My ex boyfriend." "Yes," Rob grunted. His cock pulsed happily inside of her as she called Paul her 'ex'. "What's he doing out there?" "He's watching," Kelsey moaned. "He's stroking, but he's crying... he's crying a lot as he jerks off." "That turns you on, doesn't it? Him looking so pathetic." "Mmmm... it does!" She ran her tongue along her upper lip. Rob could tell she was excited by how wet she'd grown. Her juices running freely down his shaft, to his big heavy balls. "Let's give him a wave then," Rob smiled. And as they aggressively fucked like animals in front of the window, both he and Kelsey waved cruelly at the darkness of the empty street. "I bet he comes every night... and stands in the crowd to watch," Kelsey added. "Maybe I'll send you down there to them. There'll be riots and fights just to get a turn at this body..." Kelsey's tits bounced and swayed. Her face threatened to hit the glass in front of her. Her eyes were wide, searching. She forced herself to look, despite her shame. This was incredible. Rob never felt so liberated in his life. He hoped there really were people looking, watching him. Envyng him. He was fucking the hottest woman he ever met, and he was just plain old pale skinny Robert. Let them see the type of women he

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NEXT PAGE

Eventually the pain subsided, and Quinn was able to move again. "Hey, it's okay," Quinn said after a few minutes. When he tilted up her head, Galloway became aware that she was crying. She'd had her face buried in his chest and was sobbing, wonder what the hell was happening to her. "No, it's not okay! What I was doing... what I was thinking..." she sniffled, something that was so uncharacteristic of her, that even Quinn was unsure. He shushed her with a kiss on the top of her head. This seemed to calm her. "I love you, even if you're batshit crazy." Despite the tears, this earned a snicker from Galloway. When she saw the usual expression on Quinn's face– the insufferable smirk, the forgiveness, and the 'everything's fine' look in his eye, she settled back down. They laid in silence for a while, both of them naked. Galloway draped her smooth leg over Quinn, resting her head on his chest. Eventually Quinn began to laugh. It started softly but it grew until he was doubled over, gasping for breath. "What?" Galloway sat up. Quinn didn't relent, he only laughed harder. She rolled her eyes. "You got something to say?" "You literally fucked me so hard, you re-broke my back. You forced me to tap out. That is fuckin' talent!" "It's not my fault you have bird-bones," a ghost of a smile crept across her lips. "And you were literally broken when I got started." "Weren't we all?" Quinn asked quietly. Then they slept.***3ARob watched the camera feeds on his desk with a degree of amusement. "Dance my slut puppets, dance," he giggled. Things were looking much more interesting behind closed doors in his apartment building as of late. He was in absolute control, and at the same time, he was completely entertained. He felt like a modern day Jimmy Stewart spying on his neighbors– if his neighbors were all complete perverts. Each self-contained little apartment unit had something perverse that was happening– some sort of deviant drama playing out for his entertainment. One floor down, mother and son had shared a kiss, for his viewing pleasure. Once again, Rob had scripted another slutty event for Meg Richards to perform for her unsuspecting son Ethan. And she'd carried it out beautifully. She'd been innocent at first, then the big reveal– her slutty outfit. And that kiss and her way of pressing her body against Ethan. The poor boy still had no clue what was happening. That was partially Rob's doing. He deliberately made sure Ethan wasn't under his spell, whatsoever. He wanted Ethan's responses to be 100% authentic. And they were for a boy his age. Ethan was nervous, uneasy, confused... and also aroused. Assuming he was

alone in his bedroom now, Ethan turned away from the door, and the bulge in his pants was as authentic as the conflict and shame on his face. Rob watched the monitors. For a kid who hadn't received many gifts in life, his bulge was rather impressive. Good for him. "It's okay kid. Your mom is hot. You can fantasize a little bit. I won't judge." Ethan sat down on his bed, glancing down at himself. He hesitated, but then he decided to reach for a book instead, and his tent gradually subsided. Rob sighed. "All that pent up frustration is going to have to come out sooner or later." That was fine. The kid would fight his impulses. Well Rob would just have to step up Meggy's slutty behavior. No man could resist an attractive slut... mother or not. 1A was coming along nicely. Even though Danni's brother Bill wasn't in the United States, he received more entertainment than he thought from the siblings' video chat. Danni and played her part very well, sending a vulgar video chat to her shocked brother. Bill's reaction was genuine— shock and horror. But Bill was also alone in a foreign land with few opportunities to get laid. Would big brother eventually give in to Danni's offer? Would he go to bed with her body on his mind? Would he start to think of her as more than just his sister, and allow himself to cross the line into something sinful? Time would tell, but Rob was dying to find out. Then there was Officer Wild Cherry down in 2B. Rob still had no way of getting into the apartment to set up cameras, but he was also afraid to. Toying with Kate Galloway was like playing with fire. Instead, he decided to stay the course— invasive thoughts and fantasies, altering her psyche and twisting her conscience. Right now, she was probably having the time of her life, fucking her visiting boyfriend while getting off to the most vile fantasy ideas she could think of. Even now, through these thin ancient walls, he swore he could hear her screaming in pleasure. The rest of the apartment was silent. Rob didn't want to juggle too many playthings at once. "So who's next?" Kelsey's voice. She was kneeling beneath his desk, her head between Rob's legs. His erect cock was inches from her nose. She had been sucking him the whole time he watched and worked— toying with his neighbor subjects. Rob smiled down at her. Her face looked so wonderfully cute and cheerful. Her upturned nose nuzzled the swollen head of his member. Her big brown eyes were starry, like she was staring up at her prince for the first time. "You are, my dear," Rob replied. "Me?" She lit up, like she didn't believe it. "Of course, you've been working hard. Now it's time for your reward." Rob slid his seat back from the desk. Kelsey crawled out. The normally perky cheerful girl from across the hall was dressed in slutty lingerie. A black and red cupless corset displayed her large plump tits. Her lace panties were virtually non-existent. And a series of garters and straps hooked to a pair of thigh-high stockings. She'd been wearing that for the better part of the evening as she crouched beneath the desk, slow teasing Rob's cock with her mouth while he worked hard to slow walk his neighbors into the most devious acts possible. All the while, Kelsey had been happily knelt between his legs, planting soft warm kisses up and down the length of his pole, and sucking softly at the head, savoring the taste

of his manhood. Now she stood, full and proud before him in his turret office— his little sex servant awaiting his next order. She looked amazing in her skimpy lace— like a porn star. The outfit had been his idea— a little reward for himself for getting rid of Kelsey's moron boyfriend Paul. And indeed, Paul was a moron. Even with Tina's seduction, who would possibly want anyone else if they had this girl? Rob hadn't done anything to manipulate Paul— he'd merely tempted him by placing a small treat in his path, and Paul had gone astray. Now Kelsey was all his. "I'm all yours," she said, smiling her adorable little smile and giggling nervously, seeking his approval. "Please take me. I've been waiting for this all day..." There was a bashfulness about the way she presented her body to him. A nervous hesitation, just slightly apparent at the way she let her hand rest in front of her crotch, and used her arm to try to cover her breasts. The latter wasn't working. They were far too large to ever cover, and the result was them being pressed teasingly together. "D—do you like what you see?" She asked, her voice soft, trying to please him. He'd outdone himself tonight. He had wanted her to be more... sweet... more herself, as though she was afraid he might reject her, and in his written articulation of her behavior on his magic computer, it had all translated flawlessly into her real life behavior. He was getting better at programming her. "I do," he replied. She lit up slightly, grateful, but the way she kept casting nervous glances to the windows around her. Rob hadn't bothered to close the blinds in the turret— he'd been too busy. And now that the night had come, and the lights were on in his office, any passerby on the street might glance up... and see this semi-nude slut. Considering his office location, late night walkers would be treated to an almost 360 degree view. "But why so nervous?" She bit her lip and looked back and forth from him to the windows. "It's just... people can see." Now it was Rob's turn to stand. And when he did, he grabbed her roughly, spun her around and shoved her up against the nearest window, the one that overlooked the street. Kelsey let out an adorable little yelp. She grasped her hands to either side of the window frame to brace herself. Her tits pressed against the glass. The window was chilly on her bare skin. Her sharp exhale sent a cloud fogging its way across the surface. "So what if they can see?" He slapped her ass hard, making her wince again. Her cheek jiggled pleasantly and a red handprint began to appear. "Are you afraid they'll gather around and watch the show? Judge you? Talk about what a filthy little slut you are." Kelsey moaned as Rob spanked her in front of the window. "I— I—" she stammered cutely. "What if we get in trouble?" Rob grabbed her by the hair. His cock was throbbing, eager for a release. She'd been teasing it for the better part of the evening and he couldn't bear to wait any longer. He nudged her legs apart. "You should be so lucky," he snarled in her ear. "Maybe I'll invite half the town up here so you can apologize to each of them face to face for your public lewdness" he reached between her thighs and his hand sought out her wetness. It wasn't hard to find. She was soaked. He grasped her thong and gave it a rough tug, and in one easy motion, it snapped right off. She whimpered again. "Maybe I'll ask them

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END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment contains themes of hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, exhibitionism, voyeurism, cheating, incest, BDSM, gang rape, cuckoldry, double penetration, impregnation, paranormal, and even an innocent old man. This might not be for the faint of heart. You've been warned. This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. ***Hollow Pleasure chapter 07***2BThe truth was

that Galloway and Ethan weren't the only ones contending with issues. The alarm went off and Quinn muttered "Nooooo," weakly to himself, as though he'd just watched a friend die from the deep recesses of a dream. A flash of rage and misery entered his mind. He felt as though he'd only slept for about two minutes. He could have cried. It was Quinn's first night sleeping over at Galloway's new place. He was glad to finally be here. He missed Galloway a lot. More than he'd ever realized. He had wanted to spend more time together after her job change and her move. But Galloway was particular and wanted time to be alone in her new place to settle in, unpack, and acclimate. Plus, both of their schedules weren't ideal just yet for regular visits. Galloway's training was unpredictable and left her exhausted, anxious, and lacking confidence. Not to mention, by the time she got home, she was sore and covered in sweat, just aching for a shower, a quiet meal, and a good night's sleep. He needed to respect that. Plus, Quinn's schedule was... well... it was a personal hell to which he had volunteered himself, and from which there was no escaping... Reluctantly he got up. Kate Galloway didn't even stir from her side of the bed. She was zonked out, enjoying what looked like the best sleep ever. The sheet was askew, showing her smooth bare thigh. Quinn admired her for several long seconds. He showered and dressed and packed himself a lunch. He was too tired to make himself anything appealing. He slapped some peanut butter on a stale hamburger bun, and grabbed a banana and a box of crackers. From the hall, he gazed into the bedroom, watching Kate sleep. He sighed to himself. He absolutely despised leaving her. Finally, at the last possible second that he could spare, he tiptoed into the bedroom, kissed her forehead and whispered goodbye. It was something he did every morning they woke up together. She weakly muttered a tired response, then drifted right back to sleep. Not for the first time on his drive to work, Quinn promised himself that he and Galloway would spend more time together. But it would be a long time before they could do that. Scott Quinn worked two jobs. During the weekdays, he worked at a bottling plant. It was extremely basic. He sat at a station and poured liquids into bottles day in and day out. It was mind-numbingly boring—like slow counting to a thousand. But the pay was okay, his coworkers all seemed rather positive and upbeat, and the work environment was friendly. On Saturdays and Sundays, he was a security guard at an industrial plant—one of only two guards for a sprawling campus of half a dozen buildings. The campus was closed during the weekends and was a ghost town of wide open parking lots, darkened office cubicle mazes, and sealed off labs. The job was easy and very peaceful. But both jobs were a step backward in his life. He'd been a security guard years ago. And industrial labor was something he'd done before finishing high school. There was neither glamour, nor a sense of pride or identity to either one. And to top it all off (as if his regiment wasn't exhausting enough), on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, Quinn attended physical therapy for his back immediately after his shift at the plant. Galloway wasn't blowing smoke to impress Ethan. Scott Quinn was a former State Trooper. It was a job that he had aspired for ever since college, and

he had worked very hard to get there. It had been difficult enough to meet the physical requirements, let alone pass the rigorous boot camp and academy training. When he had gotten to that point, he was nothing but proud. He was thrilled when people asked what he did for a living. Quinn had a dream, and he had worked and worked and worked until finally it had come true! He had never believed in that expression 'You can be whatever you want' until he had done it. But then that had all come crashing down around him... both figuratively and literally. Within his first year, he had been deployed on a manhunt into the mountains, and his helicopter crashed. Quinn's spine had been seriously injured in the process and he had spent several days stranded. Probably the only reason that he'd survived was one of his crew mates had gone above and beyond to protect him. But the result of the whole ordeal was a fused spine and a discharge from the police force for no longer being of use to them. He supposed he should count his blessings. Most of his fellow troopers on that operation had died. It still haunted him in many different ways. And each day that he woke up and went to a low-paying menial job, he felt more and more useless. He'd fallen from grace- his dream job ripped away because of a freak accident. Absolute random chance had rendered his hard work to be a complete waste of time. He began to lose more respect for himself by the day, and feared that those around him were losing their respect for him as well. Especially Galloway. Quinn wasn't very social, but now he avoided his coworkers like the plague. He smiled and said hello to them, but that was it. He did it again this morning as he walked in and headed for the punch clock. The production floor was loud and open. The beeps and hums of fork-lifts filled the air. The hissing of vents and drone of machines was overwhelming. Music was piped in, though much of it was barely audible over the machinery. At the start of his shift, he did what he always did. He arranged his work area, wheeled a beat-up old office chair into position at the table, and jotted a few notes. Last, he removed a photograph from his pocket. The edges were already starting to crinkle and fray from how often he carried it with him. He taped it to the drum in front of him where he could see it. Galloway had given it to him the day Quinn had left for the academy. It had been taken on Galloway's birthday- after their shift had ended at the casino, they'd gone out for drinks together at one of their usual shitty dive bars. Quinn and Galloway sat side by side on bar stools, looking tired and weary from their shift. Their boots were loosened, their uniform shirts were unbuttoned. Galloway's tank top clung to her round C-cups. They were both nursing their beers, shoulders pressed together as they regarded the camera with slightly annoyed lopsided smirks. There was something very honest about the photo... something very Norman Rockwell. On the back, Galloway had written, "Best of luck with the State Police. You'll do great! Just make sure you don't forget about the best partner you'll ever have, because she'll certainly be missing you." Any time Quinn began to feel hopeless at work, like his life had ventured down the wrong path and he didn't know how to fix it (which was quite often), he would look up at the photo and remember why he was still bothering. It really wasn't

a bad job. It just wasn't the job for him, and he knew it. During his lunch breaks, while everyone else went to the cafeteria, Quinn went out to his car. He didn't want his coworkers to see him cry. Today he got into his truck and checked his phone. He had a missed call. He pulled himself together a bit and called back. The familiar voice picked up. "Hello?" "Hey Ash. Checking in on me again?" he said, finding his normal semi-cocky tone. "You know me too well," she replied. "Are you and Kate engaged yet? Or are you morons just 'keeping it casual'? Like you're fooling anyone." She scoffed. He sighed, "Ashley, I'm going to kill you." "I'm just saying, you need to get your act together and get on that. If you don't marry her, I will." She giggled. Quinn's sister, Ashley, was younger— just starting college. She'd met Galloway when she was basically a kid. Ashley liked Galloway— the first girl of Quinn's that she'd actually approved of, and she wasn't afraid to admit that she looked up to her. "One problem at a time. Step one: Fix broken back. Step two: figure out what the hell I'm doing with my life. Step three... we'll see..." "How are the jobs going?" "They're going." "Still working seven days a week?" "Yes." There was a pause. Quinn knew it was coming. Every single person— especially his family members— liked to press him about why he was working so hard. "Scott, you're going to kill yourself if you keep going at this pace." "I know," he muttered, but already wasn't considering her words. He didn't want to be lectured over things he already knew, and just wanted to hurry through this line of questioning so they could move onto a new topic. "Why? Why do you feel like it's necessary?" He sighed. "Because I don't trust my full time job to not screw me when my probationary period is up." Technically the bottling job was a "Temp to hire" position. He wasn't an actual employee of the company, but a temp through an outside source. Once his probationary period was up, he'd be hired on directly. "You really think they would screw you?" "It's happened before," he said. There was a silence on the other end. He knew what was coming next. "There's no other police departments hiring? Ones with lower standards?" He hated that phrase. 'Lower standards'. In other words, another department where his fellow officers were okay with him not being able to carry them out of danger, or letting suspects escape because he couldn't keep up, or needed constant coddling from them because he was now more frail. "Get over it, Ash. I'm surrendering all of my hopes and dreams so that I can commit the remaining years of my life to a blue collar job that I care nothing about. Life is unfair. I'm dealing with it. You should too." Again, a silence, and he hated himself for just blurting out the words. He felt like he had just slapped her through the phone. It made him sick, but at the same time, he was angry. He was angry that everyone was always reminding him of his unhappiness. Yes, he was unhappy. But he was letting the wound heal. They were the ones constantly poking at the scab. He sighed. "Look, it's not ideal, but it is what it is. I just don't want to be in a position where I become a burden. Especially not to Kate." "You would never be—" "You can't get someone's respect back once you lose it. If Kate ever starts to see me as a burden, she'll never un-see it," Quinn said with finality. "It's

better to just endure this hell. That's all."Ashley didn't try to argue with him this time. She was usually pretty good about that. "Well... if it makes you feel better, I still really respect you.""Thanks Ash."Her voice was serious. "Everyone really loves you, Scott. Me and mom and dad, and I'm sure Kate, are all really proud of you."His eyes were tearing up. He appreciated the kind words, but he wasn't sure he believed her. It was hard to imagine anyone being proud of him, considering he wasn't proud of himself."Thanks. That means a lot."Ashley concluded her pep talk with some advice. "I know you, and I know you're probably pretty down on yourself, and you're probably crazy tired and stressed, but no matter what happens, don't take it out on Kate.""Of course. I never would.""Good. Because no matter how much we love you, we love her way more," Ashley giggled at that last part.Quinn sighed but smiled. "Are we done here? My break is almost over.""Yeah, go back to it, working man. Love you."Quinn replied in kind. When he hung up he had just enough time to splash some water onto his face to disguise the fact that he'd been crying. His eyes were still puffy and red however. There was no hiding that, other than to keep his head down and not make eye contact with his coworkers.The day was long and painful. By the time he was done, his back was hurting. He went to physical therapy.***2BWhile Quinn was being plagued by his own personal failings, Galloway sprawled out across her bed sheets, plagued by her reoccurring nightmares.All around her, the bells, jingles, and electronic tunes from a thousand slot machines went off at the same time, like an insane circus of noise. And somewhere, above the never ending cacophony of mindless noise, the crisp pop of gunfire rolled through the cavernous room.She was back in the middle of the casino. Smoke was hanging in the air. It was a mix of the cordite from the gunpowder, and one of the slot machines that was riddled with bullet holes had caught fire from the showers of sparks that were spewing in all directions.People were screaming.Galloway was standing in the middle of the gaming floor, a look of confusion and disorientation. Across the sea of green velvet table games, she could make out the silhouettes of four robbers. Men wearing ski masks. Large men- bad men. Their eyes gleamed with evil fury behind their masks. This time, they weren't chasing her. They were terrorizing everyone around them- shooting at the crowd, sending them running, destroying the building, setting it ablaze. They were harming her coworkers.A scream made Galloway jump. Someone she knew.Her heart was pounding as she watched. The robbers swept through the floor like an evil wind, leaving behind nothing but pain and misery. But something was happening as Galloway watched. Something unthinkable.She became aware that she was touching herself. Over her own uniform, she was fondling her tits- squeezing and rubbing. Her nipples were hard, pressing through the fabric. She bit her lip. These men were hurting innocent people, and she was turned on! She wasn't afraid. She wasn't horrified. She wasn't upset. She was something worse... an act so hedonistic that her own repulsion fueled her arousal. With a mind of its own, her hand slipped down the front of her pants. Her panties were wet.She couldn't help herself. She leaned

against the nearest slot machine and her fingers found her clit and began to move in fast, eager little circles. She sucked in a breath and moaned, even as the next burst of gunfire drowned out the sound of her mounting lust. As the crowd fled in all directions, she spotted a familiar face, as scared as the rest. Quinn. He was younger. His back wasn't destroyed yet, and his face wasn't aged from pain. He was terrified, because he was looking for her, afraid for her safety. Then he spotted her. "Kate!" He shouted as he dashed up to her. "Are you okay?" His eyes were wide, slightly confused to find her just standing there touching herself. She knew that she must look as though she'd completely lost her mind. Maybe she had, because she couldn't bring herself to stop. Galloway didn't trust her voice enough. She was desperately afraid that it would come out lusty. She nodded, still biting her lip. "Don't stand there, run!" He urged her. But Galloway didn't move. She glanced between Quinn— her friend and lover, and the evil monsters who were probably going to kill them both. The indecision was obvious in her expression. Quinn didn't wait. He grabbed her by the arm and pulled. But he barely budged Galloway. It was the dream. In real life, when she'd been shot, he'd tossed her over his shoulder and carried her out. But now... her feet were planted as though she was made of granite. Again, her eyes were drawn to the attackers. How evil, how powerful... how awful... her entire body was quivering with excitement, her wetness ran down her fingers. She met Quinn's eyes, and in them, she saw the comprehension. The horror and betrayal. The questioning look, and the dawning realization that he didn't know who his partner was right now. Then she shrugged him off. There, in the middle of the nightmare, Kate Galloway began to unbutton her uniform. Quinn's eyes widened, but he said nothing. When Galloway opened her shirt, she found that her bra was lacy and white, almost bridal in design. Fitting for the hell that she was about to willingly consign herself to. Her big round breasts strained against the tight fabric. Her tan skin contrasting pleasantly against the material. When she dropped her shirt on the floor, she collected her shiny silver badge and hooked it onto one of her cups. For some reason she wanted that reminder staring her in the face, reflecting her slutty two-timing features. The duty to protect people... a duty that she was about to betray... Her pants came off next. A matching thong beneath. Quinn cast his eyes down. She was wearing an ankle holster— her Smith and Wesson strapped in place. She could have stopped this nightmare at any point. She knew it, and so did Quinn. Then she plucked the gun from her leg and tossed it away. She didn't want to play hero. She didn't want the nightmare to end. She wanted to get fucked. And she wanted those bad men to do it. She wanted to be their slut, and nothing more. She met Quinn's eyes one final time, saw the defeat in them, then she turned her back on her friend. She strode confidently across the gaming floor, angling right toward the masked murderers. When they saw her coming, they paused. Galloway in white lingerie, her dyed maroon hair framing her face. A sexy way of popping her hips as she walked. And her badge reflecting the fire that was spreading throughout the gaming floor. Galloway could feel her legs

trembling in excited anticipation as she approached. Without a word, they surrounded her. She looked back over her shoulder, Quinn was watching it all from the maze of slot machines, with a look of envy, horror, and humiliation at the abandonment of her morals. He loved her, and suddenly he didn't even know or understand his partner. Then the four masked men were putting their big hands on her. They spun her to face her partner as they roughly cupped her big tits, giving them a squeeze. They smacked her ass, smacked her face. They pulled her hair. They pawed at her. The murderer who had led this plan, this nightmare, had been a spectacularly ugly man with a resume of violence. A rare and monstrous breed of psychopath with a sadistic history. He had a shaved head, prison tattoos up his neck, and wild eyes that gleamed brightly with an almost ephemeral glow. The sick fuck had even filed his teeth down to razor points. Galloway had read his name in the paper— Henry Demoura. Now this same man was shoving Galloway's hands onto the nearest poker table and pushing her legs apart. And she was gasping excitedly. A naughty smile on her full pink lips. "Spread 'em, slut!" He snarled and Galloway swooned, feeling her body melt with his words. A man who she had wished eternal punishment on, she was now presenting her body to. She wanted to feel him inside of her. She was about to do something so wrong... so unspeakable... and she was so turned on that the anticipation alone had brought her close to orgasm. She glanced back at Henry over her shoulder. "Take me... I'll do anything you want..." She said and sashayed her hips tantalizingly as the four of them gathered around to appraise her body. Their eyes continued to gleam through their masks. Then Henry aggressively yanked her panties down and stuffed them into Galloway's mouth. She almost fainted from the excitement alone. Looking over her shoulder, she expected the men to remove their cocks. Instead, an evil smile spread across Henry's face. He used the tip of his shotgun to nudge her legs further apart. Then he began to curiously probe her pouty pink pussy lips with the end of the deadly weapon. report

NEXT PAGE

Galloway's eyes widened. Her knees shook. But the thrill was unlike any other. Her heart thundered in her ears, completely drowning out the sounds of a casino in chaos. Henry ran the cold steel barrel along her slit and Galloway felt a shiver wrack her body. This monster of a man was touching her with a deadly weapon. A man who hadn't hesitated to kill before, and would do it again. And yet... He pressed the weapon harder against her wetness, and Galloway felt her butt pushing back to meet it. She glanced at him over her shoulder, biting her lip. Her apple-like cheeks flushed red with excitement. "Put it in me," she said in a voice that quivered with lust. "Typical slut," Henry spat crudely. "You'll just fuck anything, won't you?" Galloway couldn't stop herself. She was too far down the rabbit hole of pleasure and yearning. She merely nodded her head. She turned back and saw Quinn still standing in the sea of chaos, watching her with disappointment and shame. Then she felt the cold metal of the weapon penetrate her

body and she tilted her head back and moaned. The thrill, the rush, the sheer naughtiness all blended into a morass of pleasure. The gun plunged deep into her, and Galloway felt her body inching back for more. Henry pushed deep with the weapon, and held it in place. Galloway did the rest without being told what to do. She held the edge of the table and fucked the shotgun barrel, moving her body up and down its smooth length. Galloway was moaning audibly as she sank her body up and down the deadly steel. How many people had this gun killed today? The rush of excitement was too much. She'd barely gotten started, yet she suddenly felt her body release. Her eyes rolled back in her head. "Ohhhhhh fuck!!" "Holy shit, this bitch is cumming already!" The men declared. One of them hopped up on the table in front of her and began to lightly slap her in the face. "Isn't that right, you pig bitch?" At any other point in her past, Galloway would have broken this man's hand for even touching her. But now she was loving it. She was squealing with delight as he smacked her around, pinched her jaw, called her names. "I'm sorry, whore. I didn't fuckin' hear you!" He smacked her on each side of her face until her cheeks were glowing bright red. All the while, she continued to bounce her butt back harder and harder, fucking the gun barrel, taking it deeper, faster, and to new depths. Galloway was aware that she was promiscuous, but had never thought of herself as perverse. But here, in the open, fucking the business end of a gun that had been used to kill people that she knew... she could think of no other word to describe it. It was fucked up. She was a whore... she was a pig... she was a slut who lived to please bad men... because it turned her on... Oh god, it was happening again! "I'm cumming again!" She cried out as the robber assaulted her cheeks and spat insults in her upturned face. And as confirmation of that, wet drops ran freely down the gun barrel to highlight Galloway's pleasure. Her orgasms were coming so rapid fire that even she was surprised. She shuddered, having to grip the edge of the table. Her entire body was shaking, wracked with pleasure, her tits jiggling. She turned her face up to the ceiling and spat a string of obscenities as she climaxed again and again. She glanced apologetically at Quinn, still watching— his face a mask of frozen horror, even as the casino burned around them. Then she stared up into the eyes of her masked tormentor. She ran her tongue over her upper lip, trying to entice him with her raw sexuality. "Feed this law enforcement pig what she wants," she hissed out, and let her eyes wander to the robber's crotch. He pinched her jaw between his rough fingers. "Is that really what you want, whore?" He snarled in her face. Galloway let her tongue loll out from her mouth and she ran it seductively over his thumb. "Then we better feed you, right boys?" The robber grinned an evil grin. "Please... yesssss," her eyes were distant with lust. Galloway was aware of what she was saying, but she couldn't stop herself. Her body was in control now, and it wanted to be defiled in every way. Henry withdrew the gun from her pussy. The men surrounded her, standing in a circle. Galloway willingly dropped to her knees on the filthy casino carpet. All around her, the building was still a chorus of chaos. But even that was a turn on... so public,

so indecent. Her former work place had been violated by these men. And now she was going to let them ruin her too. The men all unzipped themselves and what came into view wasn't what she was expecting at all. Her jaw dropped. They were cocks, but they were inhuman—impossibly large—like a horse. More shockingly, they were the shade of deep red. When Galloway glanced up, the men were peeling off their ski masks. They weren't the faces of men staring down at her. They were the faces of demons— even the traitorous Officer Jones, who Galloway had known personally, was not himself. Their mouths contorted in even sneers, their noses— mere serpent-like slits. Their skin was rough and scaly, and their eyes gleamed a glowing yellow beneath heavy furrowed brows. Most notable of all, they all had horns— wicked curling goat-like horns. The men who'd attacked the casino and shot her had been evil, but now their faces reflected the very epitome of what they were. And Galloway was knelt before their throbbing members, as they were all mounting up to penetrate the hapless security guard. And despite the horror, and the shock, and the sick evil that the four of them radiated, Galloway didn't hesitate. She parted her lips and plunged her mouth down around the first of the monsters. The shaft was huge, but Galloway was determined. Why she was so determined to please this beast, she couldn't say, but her tongue worked eagerly, tasting the entirety of his shaft, sliding along his length, her lips opening wide. She wrapped her hand around his girth and began to stroke as she fed herself. She bobbed her head, moved her face hungrily. When the cock hit her throat, she swallowed him down. The monster moaned, pleased with this slut's efforts. He rewarded her by roughly pulling her hair and forcing more of himself down her throat. "Suck piggy, suck," he growled from the depths of hell. Galloway sucked, and licked, even as she struggled to breathe and tears ran from her eyes. Still, she didn't stop. She stroked, and licked and sucked like her pleasure depended on whether these monsters were happy. If she did a bad job, they might not fuck her. She would positively die if they didn't take her! Her hand went between legs and when she touched her aching pussy, bolts of pleasure raced through her. Her entire body tingled. Her flesh broke out in excited goosebumps, and her nipples hardened. She furiously rubbed her pussy as she allowed this robber to fuck her throat. Darkness began to dance at the edges of her vision. When she was sure she was going to pass out, the monster finally let her up. She gasped for breath, drool running in long streamers down her chin, covering her breasts with a glossy sheen. She wiped the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand. But her jaw was set, her face determined, and her eyes told the story of a woman who absolutely did not want to stop until they used her properly. Then another demon stepped up, slapping her once across the face. "A pig like you needs to know her place!" He snarled at her. Her face stung, but the pain sent a wave of pleasure through her. Her fingers penetrated herself deeper, faster. "Yes I do!" She cried out, sounding like a complete slut. Then she was fellaciating this next monster, just like the last one. Her mouth was sloppy, her hand moving in quick little jerks, and her tongue trying to taste every part of

his manhood at once. And when he grabbed her by the head and forced his manhood down her throat, Galloway's eyes fluttered with her own pleasure. Her fingers were coming away dripping, and she had to push a third into her wet folds just to keep up with the demand that her body needed. These monsters were enormous, and to accommodate them into her womb would be a feat in itself. But she was going to. Not just one at a time, but all at once. She wanted them to stuff her to her limits, and beyond. Galloway came up choking and sputtering from sucking the second robber. Slurping her saliva in, before turning to the third man – Officer Jones (or what had once been Officer Jones). Now he was a grinning beast of a man with horns and red skin that looked like the fires of hell. And she sucked and sucked until the man was moaning and writhing in pleasure. The world around them suffered, but Galloway was oblivious to the anguish– fueled by her own selfish desires. Galloway plunged her fingers deep in herself, and she continued to suck, even as her body sent another shuddering orgasm through her. She'd never known pleasure like this before, and had no intention of ever stopping. Finally it was Henry's turn. Evil mastermind, Henry, whose idea it was to turn a robbery into an act of unimaginable violence. "Am I being a good little pig for you?" She pleaded in a voice that sounded innocent and sweet. "Not yet... not until you let us fuck you every single way possible..." he snarled. "I want to do everything..." Galloway moaned. She had both hands locked around Henry's shaft now, and was working it vigorously. Her hands made the long journey up and down his shaft, the bulbous head aimed at her chest. "I want to fuck you for hours and hours... and I want everyone to know what I'm willing to do for you." She moaned. The words seemed to fall out of her mouth. There was no conscious thought to them. They came from within, as though they were the words of someone else controlling her tongue. But her excitement was genuine. And as she sucked and jerked and stroked and licked, she realized that she had to have these men inside of her body. She had to take them into her pussy and let them plunge their shafts so deep. She wanted them to climax in her womb... Feeling like she'd completely lost her mind with lust, Galloway sensually traced the head of Henry's cock in a figure eight around her breasts, now slick with her drool. She tickled it across the reflective surface of her badge. "I need you now. Please!" She begged. The four of them were happy to oblige. She squealed in delight as they hauled her to feet. Even her gasps of excitement were so far from her normal tomboyish voice, that she was caught off guard. Then they were literally throwing her onto the Blackjack table. Henry grabbed her ankles and there was nothing kind or romantic about the way he forced her legs apart. "Don't be gentle with me," she begged them. And then they came at her, intending to grant that wish– to brutalize her sexually and not stop until there were done. Galloway quivered in anticipation, never wanting something so badly in her life... The high pitched screech of an alarm clock cut through the debauchorous orgy. Before they could stuff her the way she was craving, it all vanished. The murderous beasts, the casino, the destruction, the horror... All of it was gone, and Galloway sat up in

her darkened bedroom, regarding her alarm clock in a death stare. "Nooooo..." she groaned out, in a very similar way that Quinn had hours ago when he had to get up. Galloway was panting, trying to catch her breath. Her entire body was shaking. She was covered in a sheen of sweat, and her sheets clung to her. When she looked down at her naked body, she saw her nipples were as hard as pebbles, and her pussy was a sopping wet mess. She was positive that she'd been touching herself in her sleep to that dream. When she felt herself now, she almost cried out at the instant pleasure that it brought her. Her pussy was so sensitive, the slightest touch made her jaw clench and her toes curl. There were butterflies in her stomach. She felt like she was free falling. That same thrill of losing all control was there. She couldn't stop herself. She needed to touch herself now, before the memories and excitement of the departing dream completely wore off and the moment was gone. She ran her fingers over her slit and gasped. She had to throw herself back on the bed, or she was sure she'd fall over from pleasure. "Oh my god!" She cried out, her hips bucking herself against her fingers. How had she gotten so wound up? Images of the bad men-turned demons flashed through her mind. The impossible cocks that they'd threatened her with. The biggest disappointment of all was that she'd woken up before they fucked her. Galloway needed to feel them. She needed more than just her hands. Her fingers alone wouldn't be enough. Not after that dream. Her eyes scanned the bedroom. Her rifle was propped against the wall. Her eyes widened. She remembered the way the bad men had violated her with the barrel of the shotgun, and Galloway gave serious thought to using that. No. She dismissed the idea. A dream, a fantasy... that was all one thing. But reality was different. Gun safety had been drilled into her for most of her life. She couldn't violate that now. No way. But beside the gun was her duty belt. And in that duty belt... Galloway couldn't stop herself. She plucked the hard steel baton from its sheath. It was a collapsible Asp. The handle was black steel, about 8 inches long. Hard and unyielding. Galloway felt a small thrill as she regarded the weapon. Then she lay back on the bed, and teased the cold steel over her warm lips. She allowed an excited sigh of pleasure to escape her throat. Then in one steady motion, she plunged the baton into her pussy. Her eyes fluttered, her body shivered, and her orgasm was almost immediate. Her toes curled over the bed sheets, and her breathing turned into a series of deep steady gasps. Even as she orgasmed, Galloway continued to slide the heavy stick in and out of her body in long steady strokes. Galloway was supposed to be using this time to get ready for work. Instead, she wasted most of it masturbating with her weapon. She lay on the bed, writhing, gasping, moaning and crying out as she arched her back and bucked her hips again and again. She alternated plunging it deep into her wetness, and bringing it to her mouth to run her tongue across the surface, tasting her own juices on the handle. Each time that she orgasmed, she only grew more greedy for another, and another. Her tits jiggled, her feet braced on the sheets and she leveraged her body back and forth as she fucked herself. The headboard began to smack off the wall like it had when she fucked

Quinn last night. When she brought herself to her final and most intense orgasm yet, she glanced down and discovered how much wetness she'd left behind on the sheets. "Oh my god," she said, breathing hard, wiping sweat from her brow and staring at the mess in disbelief. Then the digital alarm clock caught her attention. "Oh my god!" She cried out. She had less than ten minutes to get ready and head out! Galloway had literally spent almost an entire hour masturbating to a dream that she'd had. And a rather horrific one, at that. But the orgasms. My god, the orgasms had been more intense than anything she'd ever felt... and her body had never responded so much to such stimuli... such taboos. As she hurried through her shower, she couldn't shake the guilt of what she'd done. Galloway was all too aware that while poor Quinn was at work, struggling at a job he hated, she had basically been at home, mentally cheating on him. Although their relationship went far deeper than the physical, in such a way that they were perfectly comfortable being open about sharing, Galloway felt that this particular instance really had been cheating. She'd gotten off to the worst fantasies imaginable. Dark, hedonistic thoughts that even Quinn wouldn't approve of—because they didn't just compromise her body, but they compromised her soul. How could she ever forgive herself? She paused at the front door. Her stomach rumbled. She didn't have time to eat breakfast, nor had she the time to make herself a lunch. "I guess I deserve that," she scolded herself. She would be hungry today, but that was a worthy punishment for the awful things that she'd used her morning to do. When she pulled her apartment door open, she blinked in disbelief. At her feet sat a little cooler with a note attached. It was written in Ethan's scratchy handwriting. "We had extra bread so I made you lunch for your training. I can't wait to hear about it! Good luck. You can do this! —Ethan" Inside were sandwiches, crackers, and slices of cheese and cucumber. Galloway's eyes softened and she smiled to herself. It was sort of a sad smile. This kid thought the world of her, and she was suddenly worried that she'd let him down—because frankly, she was letting herself down... a lot. But she'd belittle herself later. Right now, she had a friend with high expectations of her, and the last thing she wanted was to disappoint him.***3ARob had been running mostly on autopilot since last night. He'd given little thought to the incident with the apparition in the glass. A trick of the brain and nothing more. Perhaps his own guilt was haunting him. But that melted away the moment he woke up and consulted the big board of neighbors. Back on the bed, Kelsey lay sprawled out, and sound asleep. An entire night of wild fucking will tucker any girl out— even ones under the influence of some weird supernatural spell. Even Rob had his doubts that he could type "Kelsey had endless energy" into his magic computer, and it would come true. If it did, it sounded like a cruel torture. Let the girl sleep. Rob wasn't cruel. Although... speaking of cruel. He glanced over the list of names and apartment diagrams on his wall. Every single one of them was exciting— a new and fun possibility of what the day might bring him. But one name in particular made his cock jump. Or rather... two names in particular. Rob had never been a bully before.

But the way she had responded to his cruelty, with such intensity. It was hard to forget that. After some careful consideration, he decided it was worth trying again. With a few twists, of course. But today's target wasn't the only project that he had simmering. Rob sat down at his console and began to type. He had a lot of work to do today...***1BTara Jane "TJ" Berger was humming to herself in the sun. She had the day off and Chris decided to call out at the last second so they could spend the day together in the same yard where they'd said their wedding vows. They figured some time in the fresh air might be good for them. They'd been in a bit of a fog ever since a few nights ago when they'd come-to in their bedroom, sweaty and sticky—especially TJ. She'd been covered in sweat. Clearly they'd just had sex, though neither one remembered it. Even weirder, the sex must have been positively acrobatic. Things were broken around the house, the lamp knocked over, their photos on the floor in cracked frames, and their mattress was hanging halfway off the bed. TJ was athletic, but Chris had no idea that the two of them had it in them to fuck so ferociously. They had no explanation for the memory loss. It was weird, and... slightly disturbing. But TJ was a go-with-the-flow type of woman. She shrugged it off as maybe a glass of wine too many. And as far as Chris was concerned, as long as he'd been the one fucking TJ's brains out, why question it further? A breeze kicked up and rattled the leaves overhead, sending dozens of golden ones raining to the ground to announce the coming of early fall. TJ watched them, with stars in her eyes and a happy smile on her lips. report

NEXT PAGE

Chris gave her a smile and a wink from where he was standing. He was cleaning a smudge from his glasses with the tail of his shirt. When he replaced them, he goggled at her in that way that people with thick glasses often do. TJ giggled whenever he did, and it made Chris smile. He was glad he'd called off at the last minute. TJ was looking especially good today. She was dressed in a flowery sundress of her favorite color—yellow. It matched the bouncy blonde curls of her hair. It clung to the swell of her breasts in a sexy but old fashioned way that reminded Chris of June Cleaver or something from an old Nick at Night show. And when the breeze kicked up, it lifted her dress to show off her smooth tan thighs. At one point, he even got a flash of her white satin panties. She was knelt near the garden, transferring flowers from pots to the soil. Nearby was the cluster of towering trees where they had been married. Beyond that, sat the rear tenant parking lot, and further still was the iron fence of the sloping hillside cemetery. Chris was digging tools out of a shed that all tenants shared (although very little of them actually used it). TJ was bent over on her hands and knees in the grass. Her round butt was facing him and when the breeze blew, it lifted her dress again. Chris felt an odd stirring in his pants. Despite how innocent she looked, he couldn't help but think of the broken bedroom furniture. Somewhere behind that free spirit was a total animal that might have awakened,

and he was disappointed that he couldn't remember it. He was seeing TJ in a new light. Barely restrained sexual magnetism just below that easy smile, relaxed demeanor, and big Disney eyes, with the long lashes. It intrigued him, and for whatever reason he imagined just coming up behind her and taking her right there in the open field, on all fours like the animals that they were...But he couldn't do that. She looked far too innocent and sweet at the moment. He wondered what it would take to coax it out of her while sober."In each of us is another, whom we do not know..." he quoted out loud to himself."What was that?" TJ peered back over her shoulder at him, a smile lingering on her full lips. Her voice always calm and relaxing, like she was cooing a distressed animal. The trowel in her hand was heaped with loose soil."Nothing," he said. Chris dusted his hands on his jeans."Sweetie, there should be a couple of bags of nutrient soil in the shed, could you get those for me?" "Yeah, sure thing." He paused, and a little smile formed on his lips. "Or... we could get them together and maybe... take a little break." For some reason, Chris was feeling slightly... adventurous. He was trying to tempt that inner animal out of TJ again. Would she go for it?"In the shed?" She looked rather surprised, though not really disturbed. She was smiling."Why not? It's just us out here."She seemed to consider it for a second. But then a flash of red spread across her cheeks, and he knew she was going to dismiss him. "Go get the soil, pervert." She tossed her gloves playfully at him.Chris couldn't help feeling a little disappointed, but it had been worth a shot. He headed for the shed. The inside was dark and stifling hot, even in the early fall air. Light filtered in from a single window, highlighting the dirt and spider webs. The smell of gasoline and grass clippings was heavy. Chris navigated the collection of lawn mowers and equipment that the landlord used to maintain the property. It was a good thing Chris was skinny. It was a tight squeeze.He peered at the back shelves for several minutes. Bags of mulch, gravel, sand, and dirt were neatly stacked. He spotted TJ's nutrient rich soil, and grunted as he hefted the burden. As he carefully navigated his way back through the jumbled mess of the shed, he heard voices outside. It sounded like someone was talking to TJ.Chris grew slightly nervous. TJ was a bit of a free spirit, but also a tad naïve when it came to the ugly side of humanity. She wanted to believe the goodness in everyone, often falling victim to pan handlers and weirdoes. Chris was sometimes afraid she'd be an easy target for serial killers or rapists.Curious, he sidled up to the window of the tool shed.TJ had stopped what she was doing and stood, talking to a man. Chris recognized Rob, from the third floor. The author. Chris had met him a few times in passing, but the guy seemed socially awkward and difficult to talk to. Chris had made a note to purchase a few of the man's books, just so he could have an ice breaker, but he kept putting it off. It seemed odd that such a man would be out here in the sun... and openly approaching TJ.Rob was holding an object in his hands. Chris frowned. What was that? A wireless keyboard? Why the hell did he bring one all the way out here? It seemed beyond weird. Even more so when Rob began to type

feverishly in one hand. Chris watched discreetly through the dirt-smeared window, trying to make sense of what he was seeing. Then, to his shock and horror, TJ dropped to her knees, reached her hands up, and began to undo Rob's belt. She unzipped his pants, and reached her hand inside. The color drained from Chris's face. Was his wife actually taking this man's pants off? Chris's first impulse was to storm out there and confront them. His wife was blatantly and publicly cheating on him! What the fuck? But as Chris watched, Rob typed quickly, half in the moment, and half distracted by what his hurried typing. It was definitely not normal behavior for a man who was hoping for a quickie with a married woman. Every instinct in Chris's body told him to not make a sound. That something bad would happen if he did. Rob didn't know Chris was here, and it was absolutely imperative that it remain that way. "Have you missed me?" Rob asked, smiling over the keyboard as TJ ran her hand up his leg. Her other hand sought out his cock, and when she found it, she eagerly tugged it from his pants. It flopped freely in the sunlight. Both Chris and TJ gasped at once, but Chris was much more sincere. Rob's penis was huge! The guy easy double the size of Chris— a solid 9 or 10 inches, not even fully hard. "Oh god yes!" TJ cried enthusiastically. It definitely was not her normal subdued voice. Chris's jaw dropped when TJ opened her mouth wide, and with almost no coaxing, she enveloped Rob's dangling manhood right there in the yard. The entire time, the author was typing away. Chris felt his heart break as he watched his loving wife eagerly devour Rob's penis in the very place where they'd said their vows. Something was very off. Maybe it was merely wishful thinking, but as much as the simplest explanation was that his wife wasn't as faithful as Chris wished... this did not seem at all like Tara Jane. She rarely performed oral, and when she did it wasn't with the expertise that she was exhibiting now. She bobbed her head aggressively. She swallowed him all the way down. Her tongue darted out and played games along his shaft as she went. Despite the leaden ball of internal pain and heartbreak in his gut, Chris felt less like he was watching his wife cheat, and more like she was an imposter wearing his wife as a costume. Even her words and demeanor felt... hollow... TJ tilted her face up to peer at Rob over his cock, like she was worshipping him there in the sun. She bobbed her head up and down in long strokes, making sure to taste all of him. She swallowed down his length until she gagged. "Good good slut," he moaned in pleasure, a smug smile of triumph spread across his face. Chris balled up his fists. He wanted to storm out there and wipe it from Rob's interloping face. But there was something off that kept him hidden. "Your good slut," TJ emphasized in a husky voice. She took Rob's thick hearty cock and mindlessly smacked herself in the face with it again and again. It made a wet slapping sound on her rosy sun soaked cheeks. "Careful you don't knock yourself silly," Rob giggled. "Knock me silly with that cock," she pleaded. "Hurry, before someone comes." And then TJ resumed her eager sucking of Rob's manhood. She swallowed him straight down, forcing her nose to his stomach. Her wild blonde hair smacking against his waist. She gripped him by the hips and held her face against his body for what felt like

hours. Chris was sick with rage and betrayal, but force himself to observe. He hated himself for not going out there and ending it. When he glanced down, he was even more ashamed to see that he'd grown erect from watching. "Don't worry about that," Rob grinned dismissively. "Everybody will be cumming. Well... maybe not your pathetic pin dick husband," Rob continued as he fed TJ his cock. The mere mention of her husband and TJ bobbed her head faster. Her hand reached up and grasped Rob, stroking him into her mouth with each bob of her head. Drool began to form from her bottom lip, running in long streamers down Rob's balls. Chris blushed red. Tara's hand wandered between her legs, sliding up beneath her sun dress. She began to finger herself there in the garden while she sucked off this man. Her mouth made wet puckering noises with each pull from his rod, like she was slurping up the best tasting popsicle ever. Chris's cock throbbed in his pants. He shook his head, he was far too angry for that. TJ continued to gobble and stroke and swallow. She took his cock from her mouth, and ran her full lips along his length, kissing him up and down the sides of his manhood. Her hand was busily rubbing between her legs. The sun in her face, she looked like a sex starved goddess. And to further make that point... "Fuck me... please..." she hissed out, her voice low and desperate. Her big eyes were even bigger as she peered up at Rob. Her hands went from his penis, and slid up his thighs, rubbing his belly. There was something about the way she knelt in the grass, running her hands up him and pleading... like she was worshipping some conquering god. And the way Rob stood over her, smiling in triumph, that was exactly the image that came to mind. "Get up," Rob snarled at her. TJ almost squealed as she leapt to her feet. Her wish was going to be granted. She bounded to the nearest tree, where she bent forward and slid off her panties. Chris was astonished at how willing and easy she was being about this. All the while, Rob kept his wireless keyboard close at hand. "I've been needing this..." TJ panted excitedly as she collected her underwear from the ground, and offered them to Rob as a memento. "Ever since we almost broke the bed, and you pumped your cum into me. God, I hope it took. I want a baby so badly..." Chris's mouth dropped open. That's what happened!?! All this time, he thought the memory block had to do with TJ and him having too much to drink. But now Chris was certain that Rob was behind something much darker. He watched as Rob one-handed the keyboard and continued to type. He's controlling her, somehow. It dawned on Chris. As did the memory block. Rob had controlled them both somehow. What awful things had they done? A baby? Oh god! Chris needed to remain absolutely silent. If Rob knew that Chris was here, he was positive he'd wipe his memory again. For the sake of their free will, he needed to stay silent! Otherwise, they'd be slaves. Shit, how long had they been slaves already??? "Yeah?" Rob stroked his cock as he stepped up to TJ. "You want to try your luck again?" TJ smiled an evil little smile. "No... I mostly just want to get fucked by you again." She said, twirling playfully and resting her back against the tree trunk. If there was ever a time in his life that Chris could truly feel his heart break in his chest, it was when Rob strode up to his wife and took her right

there, on the very spot that they were married. TJ threw her arms around Rob's neck as she drove her face eagerly into his for a hot passionate kiss. And her leg came up naturally, where she rested it on his hip. Her dress inched dangerously high, and Chris watched the momentary awkward shuffle as both TJ and Rob situated themselves. He knew what they were doing— they were lining themselves up. A moment later, and Rob's hips pushed, TJ threw her head back and sighed with pleasure, and that was it— another man was officially inside of TJ in front of Chris's very eyes. What followed involved very little buildup. Their thrusts were immediately hard, deep, and eager. TJ's body was positively acrobatic. She folded her leg around, behind Rob's, wrapping her smooth silkiness and helping to draw him into her. Her hips pushed into him, trying to take him as fast and deep as she possibly could. Rob reciprocated in kind. He pinned her to the tree. His hips were a blur, his frame looking too skinny in his jeans as he violated Chris's wife in front of him. Chris was gripping the window sill of the shed, watching this man violate his marriage in the one place that was most special to him. This sunny spot in the back yard had always been that special place where Chris began his life with the woman of his dreams. And now it was forever tarnished. From now on, whenever Chris would look at this place in the yard, all he'd see is his personal pain... all he'd see was TJ, with her head tilted up to the sky as Rob kissed and sucked on her neck. And he'd hear the way she gasped and cried out and cooed, as Rob's hips thrust himself deeper and deeper. His bare, unprotected cock traveling into the deepest regions of TJ's body. The shed was stiflingly hot. Large salty drops spilled down Chris's face, and as he wiped them, he realized it wasn't sweat. It was tears. He was crying as he watched this impossible sight, powerless to put a stop to it. TJ's back against the tree, Rob was fucking her like crazy beneath her sun dress. The trunk was shaking in a steady rhythm, sending showers of golden leaves raining down from the branches. If they weren't being so rough and eager about it, they actually looked like mating lovers in a romantic romp. But TJ and Rob were far too rough, far too aggressive. TJ's hands couldn't get enough of Rob's body, and as he vigorously penetrated her again and again, her hands and legs worked Rob's pants down his narrow hips. His skinny butt came into view, flexing and moving in quick strokes. The golden skin on TJ's smooth thigh was starting to glisten with sweat as she rested it on Rob's hip. From where Chris was standing, he couldn't see the actual penetration. But there were plenty of hints. Each time Rob withdrew, there was a wet sloppy mess between her thighs. Hints of skin and flashes of Rob's huge pale shaft coming and going as it pleased in TJ's body. Heavy balls swung back and forth below TJ's ass. The aggression was unbelievable. TJ was leaning back, bouncing her hips against Rob's thrusts. He pushed hard and fast and TJ pushed right back. She thrust out her lower jaw, breathing hard through her mouth. Her eyes were shut in focused concentration. The curve of her tits was bouncing wildly beneath her sundress. If her dress was low cut, they would have come popping out minutes ago. TJ reached above her head and grasped at

the lowest hanging branches. She hoisted herself up, like she was hanging from playground monkey bars, and wrapped her other leg around Rob's waist. "Fuck me, Rob," she panted, her voice ragged and husky. Chris could hardly recognize her. But Rob took full advantage of the situation. As TJ hung on to the branches, Rob grasped her ass and pulled her deep into his aggressive thrusts. She threw her hair back and moaned at the sky. Her lovely light colored curls bounced as the tree above them shook. TJ kicked off her flip flops and the toes of her bare feet squeezed tightly. She looked like a wild woman— an animal that had shed her thin veil of civility and innocence, and become the primate within. Rob apparently thought so too. "You little garden whore. This is really what you're made for— fucking like an animal." "Yessss," TJ cried out in agreement. "Everything else is just a waste of time." "A huge waste of time." She echoed. "My whole life should be dedicated to fucking... and reproducing... and fucking some more." "I couldn't agree more," Rob grunted. "Then fuck me, Rob! Let's do what we're meant to do. Let's reproduce." TJ threw her head back and panted. Her strong legs yanking Rob into her again and again, refusing to let go of him until she was satisfied. The tree shook. Her hips bounced and rocked wildly into him. Her tits wobbled beneath her top. "Right here in the garden," she continued to pant. "Where animals mate... we're meant to do this... right hereeeee!" She cried out as she orgasmed. And still Rob continued to fuck her right through her pleasure. Chris stood silently in self loathing, listening in anguish to the sound of this fuckin' intruder bringing such intensity and pleasure to his wife's body. He was positive she'd never stop moaning in ecstasy. And he was powerless to stop it. He could only watch and listen. But just as he was positive that it couldn't get much worse... it did. TJ and Rob continued to gasp in pleasure, relishing in their outdoor romp, that neither of them expected the interruption. The sound of a shocked gasp cut through their pleasant euphoria. When they looked up, they spotted a man gaping back at the two of them. An old man, out for a walk with his dog. He was sporting a classic pair of old man's khaki slacks, a windbreaker jacket over top of a blue plaid button down. He wore a khaki fishing hat over his silver hair, and his cheeks were chubby and flushed from the activity that he'd just stumbled upon. He'd been in the act of walking his dog along the alley between the yard and the cemetery, and so happened to catch the debauchery in mid orgasm. Apparently this hadn't been in the plan, because despite the interruption, TJ was still wildly bucking herself against Rob's steely length of rod, mindlessly impaling herself, even as Rob stopped. Rob's expression also registered bewilderment. Then, to confirm Chris's suspicions all this time, Rob began to type hurriedly, in a race against time. A grin began to spread from ear to ear, and the old man's behavior started to change almost immediately. The old man tied the dog's leash to the fence post. The dog seemed to have no reaction at all— frozen in time. Then the old man stepped into the back yard, approaching the pair of lovers. "Oh no, no no no," Chris mumbled to himself. The old man stopped in front of them, the bewilderment still on his face. He looked far too innocent

for what was about to happen. Then Rob lowered TJ to the ground. She smiled at the old man wickedly— the grin of a sexual demon who was about to demonstrate her powers of influence. She swung around the old man and pressed his back to the tree. Although he was complacent, his eyes were big and fearful, trying to comprehend what was happening. Rob was aggressively typing nearby, an ear to ear grin on his face, his pants halfway down his thighs, and his cock harder and more prominent than ever. The sick fuck was enjoying the scene he was creating, Chris realized. A conductor leading a symphony. TJ reached behind her back and unzipped her undress. She shrugged her shoulders from the straps and slid it down her waist, taking her bra with it. She didn't stop until the swell of her shapely tits came into view. The old man's eyes popped, but he hardly had time to react, because TJ grasped him by the back of his head and thrust his face fully into her chest. She giggled and cooed with delight. His old man's hat fell loose, landing at their feet. His head was bald and TJ rubbed it playfully as she shoved her young tits fully into his face. The old man only struggled for a moment before he seemed to melt into her. TJ started to moan in pleasure, and Chris realized that this old man was sucking on TJ's tits. report

NEXT PAGE

Chris barely had time to process this, because TJ's hand shot down to the old man's crotch and began to aggressively rub. The old man grunted, his mouth muffled against TJ's tan round breasts. TJ rubbed his head with one hand, her face tilted up to the sky as she purred in pleasure. Her other hand working in quick grasping circles around the man's crotch, coaxing his manhood to life. And to Chris's shock, he was responding. His dick was growing stiff in his slacks. Then TJ pulled the man's flushed face away from her chest and pushed him eagerly back against the tree. She gave him a wicked smile— the smile of a seductress. Then she pressed her face against his, kissing the old man's shocked mouth. Her blonde curls looking so innocent— like a fairy in a garden, as she kissed this man who could easily be her grandfather's age. Chris's cock was jumping in his pants like a puppy in a pet store window. He hated every moment of this, but the sight of his pretty bride with her youthful energy aggressively making out with this old man with the rosy cheeks was so... obscene... that Chris's cock was sensitive to the touch. TJ's hand started to unzip the man's pants right there in the garden, and when his cock came free, TJ peeled her mouth from the old man, taking one final moment to flick her tongue across his lips. Then she slid to her knees, tossed her hair back, and engulfed his ancient erection. This poor old man was definitely not packing the kind of meat that Rob had, but his cock was plump and hard. TJ didn't even hesitate, as she wrapped her lips around it and pulled his cock into her hungry mouth. The old man leaned back on the tree, gasping. Rob watched in delight, stroking himself. "See that, TJ? Anyone is welcome to join us, as long as he's not your husband," he giggled. "Mmmm... mmhmm," TJ's moan of

agreement was muffled by her mouthful of dick. The old man clung to the tree trunk like he was holding on during a thrill ride. It must have been years since he'd felt this kind of pleasure— since he'd felt a young slutty mouth work him over. TJ's tongue flicked from side to side across his shaft, and her mouth bobbed eagerly. "Ohhh ohhh," the old man was saying. "She's a bit much, isn't she?" Rob grinned at the old man. He stepped up beside him. "But she's a good slut and she'll rock your world, isn't that right?" TJ nodded, and turned her head, flicking her tongue over Rob's penis. Then she engulfed him, bobbing her head, all the while stroking the old man beside her. The two men moaned in unison as this sex drunk pixie played with their cocks. When TJ turned her head back to the old man and plunged her head down over him, Rob couldn't resist. "How long have you been married?" He asked the old man, noticing his wedding band. The old man moaned in a combination of pleasure and self loathing. "F—forty five years," he groaned. "Next May." "Well congratulations," Rob beamed brightly. The old man flushed with guilt. "TJ here was just married last year. Her husband is at work right now," Rob giggled. "So what's your secret for staying together for so long?" TJ took long hard sucks at the old man as she listened. Her eyes gazing up at him, her lashes batting against her tanned cheeks. She moaned with each pull of his cock. "Mmm... mmmm... mmmmm." The old man leaned his head back, struggling to form the words as TJ's sloppy sucking grew much harder and more aggressive. "T—trust." He stammered. "W—we always t—trusted each other." "That *is* important," Rob snickered. "Because right now the missus doesn't have to worry what you're up to." Chris hated that smile. Not only was Rob fucking with his marriage, but now he was involving innocent outsiders. Tortured with arousal by his words, TJ finally came off of the old man's cock. Her expression was consumed by sexual energy and raw desire. She grabbed the nervous old man and pulled him into the grass. He stared up at her, not believing this was at all happening, even as TJ nearly ripped him out of his pants, and yanked open his shirt. The buttons went flying. TJ leaned forward and dragged her tongue up from the man's cock, up his chubby belly, all the way up to his chest— like a jungle predator taking a long hungry lick of its prey. Her wild blonde hair tickled his skin. "I think this sweet little flower needs watering," Rob grinned. TJ climbed into his lap, straddling him. Her dress was bunched up around her waist. "Actually, in this case, this flower will take the water right from any hose she can find." Rob continued. The old man was frozen with shock, as TJ mounted him, straddled him, reached behind herself and grasped the old man's erection, and fed it into her wetness. The old man moaned in a surprised pleasure— like he'd forgotten how good sex felt and it was all coming back to him. His expression that of a wanderer finding his way home. Then TJ began to bounce. The old man moaned, his hands went to TJ's hips, but she caught them, and forced them to her chest, mashing them against her bouncing breasts, bringing one of them to her lips so she could eagerly suck on his fingers. The sight of it all happening like this in broad daylight out in the open was too much for Chris. As he watched through the dirty glass pane, the only thing that

he hated more than what was happening was himself... because his hand had tentatively begun to grasp his penis as he watched his wife in action. The things she was capable of... the way her body was moving... the cries of pleasure...Then the old man was moving with TJ. His body giving back as she took what she wanted. His legs moved in the grass, trying to find purchase but failing. He was thrusting up into her bounces, but she had taken the lead with her young nimble body. "Yess... yesss... yesssss..." she was purring, her tongue hanging from her mouth, tasting her bottom lip. She ran her hand up his body, then leaned forward, mashing her tits to his chest, and pressing her lips to his. Her hair hung down, masking their faces as TJ let her mouth roam his. She forced her tongue into his gasping mouth, and started to wrestle it against his. Leaning forward, with her ass exposed, Rob circled them, then knelt in the grass behind her. He stroked his cock as he watched the old man's member disappear in and out of her wet slit. Rob smiled, holding his dick out and made his decision. The old man seemed to pause as Rob pushed his huge staff against TJ's already full entrance. "This little flower needs to be pollinated," Rob explained with a grin, biting his lip and pushing himself into her already tight body. "I think that can be better done with two bees working the same flower," he laughed. The old man tensed up as Rob was trying to squeeze his cock into TJ's pussy beside the old man's. Even sex driven TJ seemed to pause. Her pussy was already taken up. But now Rob was forcing his huge member into a pussy that wasn't used to accommodating two in the same hole. For a second, it seemed impossible, even as soaked as TJ was. Rob and TJ had to rock back and forth a little. The old man lay frozen, having his doubts, and coming to terms with this new bit of deviance that he couldn't imagine in his wildest dreams. Then the head of Rob's cock pushed into TJ's body. The fit was tight. His shaft rested painfully hard against the old man's. TJ was gasping, not just in pleasure, but in the pain of being stretched to new limits. But still her hips worked up and down, craving more, urging the men to continue. Rob clenched his jaw, eased his hips back and forth, and soon, most of his shaft was engulfed by the warm wet embrace of TJ's pussy. "Ohhhh goddddd," TJ cried. Then her moan turned into a growl as her lips peeled back. Her teeth were clenched tightly together. "Yesssss!" She growled between her teeth and melted back. She braced with her arms, her eyes shut, and she pushed herself back onto them, impaling herself on the two cocks at once. Both men moaned, the sensation of their dicks rubbing together as her pussy milked their members was different but pleasurable. If someone were to happen by, the sight that would greet them would no longer be the impression of romantic lovers enjoying an afternoon tryst. It would be complete debauchery. This blonde free spirit, mostly naked, was having her pussy stretched to the limit by this old dog walker (who happened to be in the right place at the right time), and her new master. But there was nobody to see but TJ's dejected husband, who was shamefully rubbing his boner over his pants in the tool shed. TJ tossed her head back, splashing her blonde hair across Rob's face, and she threw her body into the carnal act. She

began to fiercely push herself back against them again and again. "Yesss, ohhhh YESSS!" She snarled, baring her teeth. Their cocks speared into her, going deep. They were covered in her juices. Chris's shorts were beginning to dampen with his own precum. It was an impossible sight. Even with TJ's body sandwiched between them, she was still the aggressor. She was pushing back against them, putting in the most work, and gaining the most pleasure. For the men inside of her, it wasn't about the pleasure her body was bringing to them. It was completely about violating her. She was theirs to do whatever they wanted with, and they wanted her to remind them of that with every moan, every grunt, every bounce, and every push. "More! More!" TJ was moaning loudly. "More! I like it rough." Chris wasn't sure how long the three of them went at it—laying in the grass like animals. The men penetrated her for what felt like long torturous hours. TJ moaned and writhed. She pushed her ass back again and again into her two conquerors. She threw her head back and seemed to howl at the sun in pleasure. Sweat was soaking their bodies. She leaned down and lapped drops from the old man's bald head. Suddenly the old man's movements became fearful... urgent. TJ could feel how swollen his stiffness had become. He was on the brink. "Yessss... please..." she begged. "She's been trying for a baby," Rob grinned. "Let's give this flower what she wants." The old man couldn't form the words. TJ threw her head back and sank herself as deep as she could go on their cocks. She moved her hips in urgent little rotations, tempting them both into crossing the threshold. And then it came. The old man cried out in pleasure, his hips bucking with a mind of their own—instinctively driving his cock as deep as he possibly could into her womb. Then the hot release of his cum flooded her womb and enveloped both his and Rob's cocks. The spreading warmth was too much for Rob and a moment later, his own balls let go. His seed spread into TJ's body, a flood of reproduction filling the young wife to the brink, until it spilled out between them in a wet sticky mess that clung to their cocks, their balls, their laps and their clothing. TJ squealed in knowing delight, and Chris had to bite his lip in morbid shame as his own cock gave out a regretful twitch and filled his shorts with a hot sticky mess. "Noooo..." he cried softly to himself, tears of misery running down his face as he messed his clothes from watching the defilement of his own wife. The old man clung to the grass on either side of him like he was afraid he'd float away. TJ continued to piston her body up and down between their cocks, steadily impaling her body on them, making sure to pack their semen in as deep as she could. It gushed out around their cocks, but still she continued to grind and thrust and twerk, stuffing herself with their hot fertile offering. She worked her nimble athletic body until their drained cocks went limp and the pressure of her tightness squeezed them both out. Their cocks came free, and the three of them lay limply in the grass, like three satisfied beasts. Rob, still naked from the waist down, retrieved his wireless keyboard and typed a few passages. Without a word, TJ began to dress. Her expression was blank. The old man's worries appeared honest and legitimate. Chris wondered if that man had been under any kind of

spell at all, or if he was of sound mind. "What happened?" he blinked, horrified by the blankness of TJ, the casualness of Rob, and his own realization that after 45 years of marriage, he had given in to temptation. He regarded the forbidden fruit in the garden who'd violated his marriage— TJ had put her dress back on and was looking as innocent, sweet, and wholesome as ever... except for the healthy wad of cum that was running down her inner thigh, down past her knee, and onto her smooth calf. "What happened," Rob said, disinterested, "is we had a good time. Now TJ has some gardening to do, I'm going back inside, and you... well... you go do whatever the fuck you want. Go home to that wife of yours. I'm sure she'll be wondering why your walk took you so long." Then Rob laughed cruelly, and headed for the house, leaving a bewildered old man standing shamefully in the backyard, next to TJ who resumed her gardening like nothing at all had happened. But Chris knew. Chris had seen it all.***1AThe night was settling in, and Danni Esposito glanced nervously at the clock. She'd been in a fog all day, having not at all remembered what she'd done last night while on her face time call with her brother. Now that the time was approaching, all of the pieces snapped back into place, and she remembered what she'd confided in Bill— that she loved him as more than just a brother, that she thought of him as more than just a sibling, and that she wanted him to think of her in the same way. She'd exposed her body to him, touched herself in front of him, and begged him to reciprocate. Even now, thoughts of Bill sparked an arousal in her that she never knew she had. She was turned on just by the thought of him. But this came with new concerns— Bill had rejected her. He had been shocked and horrified by the display from his little sister, and had promptly signed off. Now their nightly face time call was approaching, and although Danni's feelings and lust for her brother were stronger than ever, she was terrified by what she might see when Bill called....If he called. He was late. She looked at the clock. Three minutes past the deadline. Bill was prompt— always reliable. It was one of the many things she loved about him. But now he was late, and she had a terrible feeling of why— Bill was avoiding her. She'd frightened him, and now the man she loved the most was never going to speak to her again. And if he did, surely it would never be the same. The bond was broken...Danni stirred. "Oh no," she said. What if something happened to him? What if her behavior had nothing to do with it? What if his base was under attack or...? Her tablet began to ring. The sound was so startling, Danni nearly threw it across the room. She glanced at the screen. It was Bill. Her heart was pounding so hard that it threatened to beat out of her chest. Was he calling to yell at her? To articulately reject her? To tell her that he was calling some doctors for help and to medicate her? Or would he simply pretend that yesterday never happened? "Compose yourself, compose yourself," she said quickly, straightening her hair and taking a deep breath. She was actually dressed tonight. A pair of gym shorts that displayed her long legs, and a hooded sweatshirt with the eagle, globe, and anchor emblem of the US Marine Corps. It was one of Bill's. She was positively drowning in it. She answered and Bill's face flickered into view. He

was back in his section of the green canvas tent, pinups on the walls and desk lamp on. His expression was... off. Danni understood why. He was as uneasy as she felt. "Hi," she squeaked out nervously. "Hi," he responded. The awkwardness of the conversation was nearly unbearable. Danni nervously chewed on the tip of her finger. "So... how are you?" "I'm good," he answered too quickly. And Danni noticed a nervous blush creeping across her brother's cheeks. There was something endearing and cute about it, even though Danni had never been more terrified to have a conversation with her brother. He was so handsome. Her Marine. The sight of him made her tingle all over. She could feel it between her legs, like a subconscious response. Danni's heart was pounding. The tension was killing her. What was he going to say? Finally he took a deep breath. "I was hoping to ignore what happened yesterday. Pretend like it never happened, but I can see that's not really possible." Bill admitted. Danni blushed bright red. The heat wasn't just on her face though. She could feel it elsewhere. How could she be so nervous yet turned on? The feeling was thrilling. Like a first date. She found that she had to really resist the urge to touch herself over her gym shorts. For a second, she didn't trust herself to speak, afraid that her voice would catch and be extra squeaky and annoying. But she could see that Bill wasn't able to find the words. So Danni took the initiative. "I meant what I said, you know. About you and I... and being attracted to you. It sounds stupid and weird and creepy... but... I can't help it. I can't stop wanting you, and thinking about you in a way that I know is so wrong and I shouldn't and—" Bill held up his hand to interrupt her. "Danni, I can't stop thinking about it either." Danni glanced up, genuinely surprised, and could see Bill's cheeks had colored significantly. He could hardly bring himself to look at the tablet screen. "What?" He swallowed and lowered his voice. "I— I haven't been able to stop thinking about it since yesterday." Danni nearly fainted from surprise and delight. She was bowled over. "Wait... you mean..." she bit her lip, "you were turned on?" Bill shut his eyes. He was blushing from his hairline down his neck. He nodded, looking nervous and guilty, like he had done something wrong in admitting this. "You're right. It is fucked up, and weird, and wrong. I know this. But I couldn't stop thinking about it after I signed off, and last night I..." "Shhh," Danni lowered her voice as she shushed him. "Look at me, Bill," her voice became husky. Her normally squeaky voice dropping to reflect how excited she'd been feeling since these thoughts of her brother had turned sexual, only days ago. Bill nervously opened his eyes. She met his and softly ran her finger over the screen. "I love you. And I wish you were here right now, so I didn't have to do this alone..." and then Danni scooted back from her tablet screen, sitting on her bed. She grasped the bottom of her sweatshirt and brazenly pulled it up over her head and tossed it away. Her long dark hair cascaded down over her shoulders. Her bra was pink lace and pleasantly cupped her small perky boobs. Her tummy was taught and narrow. This time Bill didn't freak out or protest. He stared at her through the screen. His expression a whirlwind of conflict, shame, guilt, and... anticipation. Danni

recognized that. Her brother saw something he liked, and didn't want to stop her. Not this time. "If you want me to stop, I will," she smiled, trying to sound sincere, but a part of her knew she was teasing him. She reached her hands behind her back and unhooked her bra. Bill's throat bobbed. His mouth was very dry. Finally he shook his head softly. "Keep going," his voice barely a whisper. Danni smiled and her bra fell away. Bill's eyes traveled down his sister's face to her chest. Danni's heart was pounding at the realization that her brother was looking at her boobs. A shiver of excitement rolled through her, and when her hand went to one of her breasts, she found her nipple rock hard. "Do you like them?" Danni bit her lip and adjusted herself on the bed until she was kneeling on her bedspread, putting herself on display and sitting back on her feet. Her hands roamed her breasts, pinching and squeezing them. report

NEXT PAGE

"Yeah... I do," Bill let out a soft nervous laugh. Even in the video screen, Danni could see her brother's chest rising and falling quickly. The poor man was breathing so hard. It thrilled her in ways that she never felt before. Danni felt so alive. "I wish you were here touching them..." she closed her eyes and cooed softly, massaging and rubbing them. She pinched her nipples and gave them a little twist until she let out an involuntary sigh of pleasure. "Oh my god," Bill murmured as he watched. Danni's one eye opened slightly. "It's okay, Bill. You can touch yourself. I want you to." Then her hands continued to explore. In the video, Bill looked nervous and ashamed, like at any moment someone could storm in and catch him with his sister. He was on edge, his pulse pounding harder than it ever had before in his life. His hand disappeared from view, and when Bill let out a soft sigh of excitement, Danni knew. The Esposito siblings were masturbating in front of each other. Kneeling on the bed, Danni parted her legs. Her shorts were especially short and revealing. Even Bill couldn't resist commenting "God, you have amazing legs." "Yeah?" she peered up at him and gave him a naughty smile, her hair falling across her face. Bill nodded, and from his hand movements and heavy breathing, she knew he was pumping his cock. "Yeah... they just go on and on." "You should see what's between them," Danni smiled teasingly and slid her hand down the front of her shorts. She sighed almost instantly. "I am so wet," she said each word slowly, her tongue forming the words as though she was tasting a foreign dish. "Oh my god," Bill groaned softly. "Wanna see?" She asked, letting her voice take on an innocent tone. Bill swallowed again, then managed to blurt out, "Yes." "Okay, but I want to see you..." Danni said, and her eyes wandered down her brother's frame. "All of you." Bill nodded and slowly got up from his desk. He carried the tablet over to his cot. While he did, Danni rolled onto her back, kicked her legs in the air and shed her shorts, tossing them away. Her shaved pussy glistened from the wetness that had already been forming since she'd started this call. Now she lay on her back, parted her legs, and ran her hand over herself. Her whole body

quivered. Danni couldn't remember a single time in her life when she'd been this worked up. When she turned her head to the screen, her brother had shed his shirt, and was bare chested. His muscles were sculpted like a GI Joe, and he had several military tattoos. Then came the clink of his belt and his pants being lowered and Danni couldn't resist running her tongue over her lip as she waited. When Bill settled onto his back, Danni gasped at the sight of her naked brother. "Bill, oh my god," she muttered. "Is everything okay?" Bill asked nervously. Danni's jaw was hanging open. "Your cock," she marveled. "It's so fuckin'... big..." her eyes drank in the sight of him. His penis was standing at attention, rigid and hard and throbbing. It was as veiny and muscular as the rest of him. Danni chided herself for not coming to this conclusion sooner— that her brother was the perfect man for her. Bill was nervous, but he looked more relieved. His hand tentatively reaching for it again, as he lay in full view of his sister. He started to stroke softly. "Is that a good thing?" "A very good thing," Danni's eyes were fixed to her brother's tool. "It's thick..." her mouth formed the words, but felt like she was drooling. "And long... *very* long." Her hand resumed rubbing herself, but now her heart was pounding for a whole new reason. "Oh my god, I'm so happy," she laughed slightly. "W-What are you thinking about?" Bill asked as he watched his sister touch herself, and stroked his member. "When you get home, me greeting you at the airport. All I can imagine is me bent over in a parking lot somewhere, because we couldn't make it home." Danni admitted. Her fingers came to rest on her clit and started to move in fast little circles. "Oh my god, Danni," Bill moaned slightly, but his tempo increased as well. "Yes," she moaned as her hand found just the right spot. Her hips bucked on the bed. "God I wish you were here right now." "Yeah?" Bill's long smooth strokes were coming faster. He'd managed to coax a drop of precum from his shaft. It clung to the head of his cock like dew on a leaf. Danni had the uncontrollable desire to taste it. "I don't think I'd be able to stop kissing you," Danni confessed. Even as she said it, Bill's cock rewarded her with a visible spasm. She'd made her brother's cock jump! Danni tossed her head back and moaned. Her fingers were a blur. Her lips parted. "Oh god, Danni." When she turned back to the camera, Bill was looking at her. His eyes were wide open, wanting to take in every inch of his sister's naked body. The pleasure on his face was apparent. "What would you do to me?" Danni asked him. "I — I — I don't know," Bill stammered, his face bright red with uncertainty. "This is all so... new." He grunted, and bit his lip. His hips thrust mindless against his hand. Danni saw it. "I think we both know what you'd do," she giggled in delight. "At least your body does." Bill's hips gave a lurch, and both Bill and Danni laughed lightly, in the throws of pleasure. "Yeah, I think so too." He grunted. "I'd... I'd... I'd fuck you," he said finally. And he almost seemed to breathe a sigh of relief when he got it out in the open. "I'd fuck the hell out of you." He gasped again, his hand working faster, his head lolled back for a second, his eyes shut. "I'd fuck you for hours." "Yes," Danni moaned in pleasure. "Fuck me Bill. We'd

have to send for take out and delivery because we wouldn't leave this bed for days." Both Esposito siblings were masturbating so feverishly that their hands were a blur. Two blood-related hands on different sides of the globe doing the same thing at the same time, and their thoughts clouded with taboo lust for each other. "Oh god, Danni, that sounds amazing," Bill gasped. Drops of precum were freely spilling down his length, running over his knuckles. "I want to taste you," Danni moaned, watching her brother's seed starting to flow. "I want to ride you. I want to take you in every position." "Oh god," Bill continued to moan in pleasure. "I want to fall asleep in your arms... and wake you up to do it all over again." Danni continued to moan. "Danni... I..." Bill's hips were thrusting upward into the air, over and over again, as though he really did have his sister in his lap. "I know..." Danni said. The truth was that she was just as close too. "Just keep going. Your hand is my hand." Bill gasped. "That's not you touching your cock. That's me." "Fuck..." Bill moaned. "I want you to cum inside of my pussy... so... badly..." "Danni! Ohhhh fuck!" Bill bit his lip, his eyes fluttered, and suddenly he stabbed upwards into the air with his solid manhood. The first shot of white cum rocketed high. "Ohhh me too!" Danni cried out. Her hips bucked as though she was accepting her brother's seed thousands of miles away. Her fingers danced on herself, and her body went into convulsions like bolts of electricity were shooting through her. "Mmmmm fuck meeeee." Bill gasped with the ropes that shot forth—knowing that each had been meant for his own biological sister. The cum landed in warm wet lines across his bare thighs and on his canvas cot. Danni's soft squeaky voice matched Bill's, and they climaxed together. When it was over, they both lay panting on their beds, miles apart. Bill finally managed to find his voice. "Holy shit," he gasped. An expression of disbelief on his face. Danni could see the post orgasm shame. The thought of 'did that really just happen?' mixed with pleasure, mixed with 'what have I done?' "Hey," Danni said. When Bill was finally able to meet her eyes, she smiled warmly at him. "I love you. And I'm so glad we did that. You didn't do anything wrong. Because we both wanted that. And I want to keep doing it... because this... this is something special." Bill smiled nervously and let out a sigh. "I agree." "Then we'll keep doing it. And when you're lonely at nights... I want you to close your eyes and think about me." Danni smiled. Bill shook his head in disbelief. "I don't think I'll be able to stop thinking about it." ***2A Ethan was feeling on edge, and not really himself the entire day. Much of it had to do with his mother... her behavior from the last few nights, and the way Ethan's thoughts and body were responding to it. He felt like he was teetering precariously at the edge of something dangerous. She was making advances toward him. Part of him— a very perverse and guilty part— wanted to take the plunge. But his common sense, instincts, and natural wiring screamed 'No! She's your mother, that is so fucked up!' He'd managed to successfully avoid her all day today, hoping that if he allowed some time to cool off, things would settle back into normalcy. He was sure they would. His mother was probably just stressed from work and a lack of men in her life, and Ethan...

well... lack of a girlfriend was probably just leaving him frustrated and desperate. He'd gotten up early— before his mother was even awake, and decided to go for a walk in the hopes of avoiding her. He paused in the hallway and gave Kate Galloway's door a longing glance. He knew his mother wasn't the only reason he was feeling out of sorts. Ethan had a crush. There was no denying that. Kate Galloway was so cool and hot and fun and funny. He wasn't an idiot. She'd never be into a guy like him with his young age and his... limitations. But still, he was able to let the fantasy carry him each day, right up until he found out she had a boyfriend. That was what really drove it home that she wasn't into him and never would be. Although he didn't want to, Ethan thought it best to avoid her today as well. Let her have her fun with her boyfriend. He'd just prefer to not see it. He headed for the stairs... paused, and looked to her door again. He sighed. He shouldn't direct his personal disappointment onto her. They were friends and he needed to be steadfast about that if he wanted to keep her in his life. He went into his kitchen and put some things together for her. Outside of her door, he left a small cooler and a note. "We had extra bread so I made you lunch for your training. I can't wait to hear about it! Good luck. You can do this!" Then he went for a walk. Not that he could go very far with his crutches and no car. But he headed for the center of town, and eyed the buildings around him. His mood wasn't only about his mom and Galloway, he realized. In general, Ethan was experiencing a loss of purpose. He was 18, but he wasn't going to school— they couldn't afford it. He didn't have much of a social life. His mom worked very hard to take care of them. And though she might not like it, maybe he should pull his weight. That was exactly why he found himself headed for his favorite place— the library— and asking for a job application. Without even needing to fill it out, he knew he got the job, but it was a shallow victory. He resented the way the librarian had smiled and looked at him when he inquired— with pity. She wasn't hiring Ethan, she was hiring a pair of crutches. Story of my life. He stayed out for most of the day. When he returned home in the evening, he spotted a note on the door. "Thank you soooo much for lunch! You are the freakin' best! —Galloway" Ethan breathed a sigh of relief when he made it to his bedroom without an awkward moment from his mother. This was nuts! Was he actually hiding from his mother? Little Meg who was barely 5'2" and looked like a Christmas elf? The thought was absurd. He started to laugh. Ethan leaned out his bedroom door and called down the hallway. "Good night, mom! I love you!" He could hear the shower running— his mom was probably having a quick one before bed. "Good night, sweetie!" Meg shouted back. She sounded normal. But she also had last night before she kissed you... with her tongue! Ethan remembered. He immediately dismissed the thought. Stop it. He played on his computer for a bit, then laid on his bed and read until he was sleepy. He shut off the lights and thought about Galloway. Maybe he could do something else subtle but nice for her. Just a little nudge to remind her that she had a friend who was thinking about her. That was when Ethan heard the patter of bare feet on the hallway floor. His mom. She was coming. The

feet paused outside of his open bedroom door. From where he lay on his bed, he could see out into the hallway. His heart sped up. He wasn't sure why. She was probably just coming to check on him. Regardless, he was worried that something weird would happen again. He shut his eyes. Meg paused in the doorway. She watched her son sleeping for a moment. The soft glow of his laptop screensaver cast warm light across his features. She had no idea that his one eye was partially open near his pillow. She bit her lip and gently tapped her nail against the doorway. Ethan didn't stir. She watched him for several seconds more. By now, Ethan's heart was drumming in his ears. He wasn't sure how he was able to lay so completely still for so long. He was sure that he was trembling. What would she do if he was awake? Even in the gloom of the bedroom, he was positive that he could see his mother's expression. Her eyes looked lusty... nervous, but like something was on her mind— nothing good. She was softly chewing her lower lip. To his own shock, he found himself admiring his mother, the way she was admiring him. She looked sexy. She was wearing her robe after her shower. It was cute... and short. Like a little fluffy dress. Ethan could see her legs in the poor lighting. They were shiny and smooth. Meg had freshly shaved them... among other things. She continued to regard him for a while. Then he watched her hand lift up and run over her chest. She was touching her breast while staring at him! His heart nearly leapt into his throat. Was he really seeing this? "Psst, Ethan?" She whispered, her voice barely a breath in the night. Ethan didn't stir. He continued to lay there, pretending to be asleep. And when he didn't move, Meg did it. She untied her robe, and shrugged it down her shoulders. Ethan nearly gasped. His mother was completely naked beneath! Her perky breasts on full display in the glow of the meager lighting. Her tummy curved pleasantly to a completely smooth and shaved pussy. Her little body was cute and very inviting. She leaned her butt against the door frame and trailed her fingers down along her skin, her robe barely hanging on her body. In the dark, Ethan didn't recognize his mother. She looked like a seductress, a sex demon. She leaned her butt against the frame. Her fingers slid down to her pussy. Oh god, she was touching herself! She began to rub. Ethan fought to keep his breathing calm and gradual. Things had been weird the past few days, but this was nuts! His mother moaned softly as she ran her hands over herself. The sound of her soft sigh stirred something in Ethan. Oh no. While he may not want it to, Ethan's penis was waking up. He could feel it growing against his thigh. Fuck fuck fuck, this was so wrong. He glanced back to his mother. Maybe it wasn't her specifically who was spurring his manhood to life. In silhouette, she didn't look like his mother. Her short bouncy hair hid the cute familiar features of her face. And her body— her nice perky breasts, and flat tummy, her thicker butt and thighs... Ethan didn't realize how perfect his mother's body was. She was built like a porn star, and it was never more apparent than right now, as she stood in his doorway, exposed and touching herself. Her hand worked smoothly between her legs. Ethan's cock jumped again as he wondered what she must be thinking, touching her sex like that in her son's bedroom doorway. He

had an impulsive, almost overwhelming urge to call out to her. What would happen? Would she scamper off, embarrassed? Or would she saunter into the room and climb beneath the covers with him and start to kiss him all over...She's your mother! His common sense screamed and Ethan snapped out of the fantasy. He needed to stop thinking like this. But laying on his side, his throbbing erection seemed to point at exactly what it wanted. Meg's bare foot slid forward and back. She rested her head against the door frame and seemed to moan at the ceiling. She was growing emboldened with her sounds, and Ethan was pretty sure she was trying to wake him up. One hand on her breast, squeezing and massaging, and one hand between her smooth thick thighs, she looked like she was doing a slow sensual mating dance for her own son. Ethan could see the way her fingers moved and knew that she was slow-fucking herself with her slender fingers. Ethan found himself wondering and fantasizing about what she'd feel like. Her warmth, the pleasure her body could bring to his. He'd never felt more pulled in two different directions in his life. A very pronounced and aroused part of himself wanted desperately to feel his mother, to plunge himself into the same body that had made him, and to pleasure it in deep and carnal ways. But the rational side was ever present and it urged him, like a sixth sense, to lay there and not make a sound. Meg's sighs were turning into whimpers. Her soft voice sounded like a whining puppy. She was gasping and moaning quietly with each thrust of her finger. Her other hand restlessly alternated breasts, massaging and playing with one, then the other— squeezing and rubbing, pinching and pulling her nipples. Her fingers went to her mouth and she softly sucked at it. Ethan's cock was twitching and throbbing with a mind of its own. He watched the silhouette of his mother as she worked her finger in and out of her lips, and her other in and out of her pussy. She looked naughty and sexy and incredibly hot as she simulated getting fucked and sucking at the same time. Ethan almost whimpered out loud. His dick was so hard that it hurt. He needed some relief... desperately. Meg's panting breaths were coming quicker. Her whimpers fast. Her hands were working in time with her gasps. Ethan could clearly see the long strokes she took as she fucked her finger in and out of her body. Her hips moved in time with her thrusts, and Ethan realized that those hips were craving him— his cock. The realization sent a tingle through his body and he suddenly felt something happening. Oh no. He shut his eyes. It wasn't possible, he hadn't touched himself at all. But the way his cock was strained against the fabric of his pants... the way this woman in the doorway was panting and masturbating like a porn star... and the taboo that it was his own adorable and loving mother who he shared an apartment with... it was all too much. Meggy's back arched, her head tilted to the ceiling and a moan escaped her lips. She clamped her hand over her mouth to silence it, but Ethan could hear his mother's battle to orgasm quietly. She was standing in his doorway climaxing and struggling not to make noise. Ethan understood, because a moment later, he was fighting that same battle. Something about the whole situation had set him off without him ever having to touch himself. His cock began a series of twitches and jerks and finally...

the release. He could feel the spreading hot stickiness filling his pajama bottoms. He squeezed his eyelids shut, trying to stop it, but he had no control over his own body. In seconds his balls had emptied their payload into his pants, gluing the soft fabric to his shaft and legs.report

NEXT PAGE

His heart continued to pound and it took everything Ethan had to control his breathing. It was the most erotic moment of Ethan's life... and also the most embarrassing, shameful, and weird. He'd cum to his own mother. The thought alone made him want to groan in shame. He opened his eyes, and blinked. The doorway was empty again. His mother was gone. Had she finished after getting herself off, and departed? Or had he made a sound and alerted her? Oh god! Ethan lay still for several minutes, staring blankly, not comprehending what just happened. And not wanting to move. Finally, the stickiness in his pants spurred him up. He sat up, alone in his bedroom and stared down at the reality before him. His own mother had made him cum in his pants.***1BTara Jane was exhausted. She couldn't remember anything that happened in the garden. Just like before, there was a time gap in her life. The last thing she remembered was being alone, potting flowers as Chris went to the shed. Then when she came to, she was a sweaty, sticky mess. Chris had been standing in front of her, and he looked like he'd been crying, his face contorted with worry. Perhaps she'd fainted from heat stroke, or sun stroke? Those things could happen. Maybe she'd been dehydrated and had passed out. She had certainly felt thirsty. When she blinked at Chris, he'd told her that's what had happened... although the way he'd questioned her, the way he'd looked at her... it almost seemed like he was lying. Like he was trying to decide if he should be mad at her. TJ was afraid. Had she done or said something wrong when she'd been unconscious? Had she cursed at him? Perhaps she'd been so delirious that she'd insulted him. Regardless, she seemed better, and Chris had been loving and concerned. But something was on his mind the entire rest of the night, distracting him. Once they'd gone to bed, TJ had fallen into a deep sleep very quickly. But Chris lay awake. He was thinking. He hadn't been able to stop since that moment in the garden. He believed TJ. She legitimately did not remember anything. Whatever forces had been at play, she had not acted of her own free will. And whatever had been controlling TJ's actions was not her— it was an imposter. The image of Robert Bradford in 3A invaded Chris's thoughts. He went red with rage. How fuckin' dare he??? That sick sonofabitch had figured out some mystical mind control power, and he'd used it on Chris's wife, treating the love of his life like a fuckin' sex doll! Chris determined right then that he was going to make Rob suffer for that. But how? This wasn't exactly the sort of thing that he could go to the police with. "Excuse me officer, but this author has a magic computer that put a spell on my wife and made her do all sorts of perverse things." That was laughable. Chris would find himself locked up in an asylum,

and Rob would be free to do whatever the fuck he wanted with whoever he wanted.No. It was absolutely imperative that Chris stay guarded. He was the only line of defense against this monster. For the sake of TJ, for the sake of everyone in the building, and for the sake of humanity, he had to be cautious, deliberate, and stay off the radar. It had been by sheer luck that Chris hadn't been caught today.Rob had gotten careless and stupidly thought Chris was at work. And now Chris knew everything. He needed to proceed carefully, or else he might end up with his memories erased as well. Chris didn't know how many times Rob might have done this to him and his wife... but he was positive it would stop now. Computer. It had something to do with Rob's computer. Lucky for him, Chris was a computer specialist.Chris was going to figure out what was going on, and he was going to make that sonofabitch pay.*** Hollow Pleasure to be continued... ***report

NEXT PAGE

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END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment contains themes of hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, voyeurism and incest. You've been warned. This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.***Hollow Pleasure chapter 08***2BThe next several days passed in a blur. Things at the apartment only seemed to be getting weirder and weirder, and Ethan was trying to distance himself from it all as much as possible... with the exception of Galloway, of course. But she was a rock. She was the only one in the building who didn't seem to be acting out of sorts. Ethan hadn't told her exactly why he was uneasy. He was afraid of what might happen if he did. But Galloway read him well, regardless, because she had shown up at his door that morning in torn jeans, looking ready for battle and carrying her bag of equipment. When she asked if he would like to spend the day with her, Ethan jumped at the suggestion, no questions asked. But now, he was starting to think that he should have asked a few questions. He had been hoping it would be just the two of them, enjoying some sort of quiet special time together. Today was nothing like that. He sat on a canvas folding chair that smelled like camping. His toes were on the ground, pointing toward each other, and his crutches rested beside him in the grass. Ethan felt more anxiety than ever before, and to prove that, the muscles in his legs and feet

were spasming uncontrollably. The silence was heavy with discomfort. Quinn sat beside him in his own chair—dressed in gym shorts and a grey t-shirt. Apparently he had a rare day off. In truth, Galloway had her own reasons for inviting Ethan along, and much of it had to do with wanting Ethan and Quinn to bond more. Both were important to her, and they needed to warm up to each other so that they could eventually all hang out together without the inherent awkwardness. Which was exactly why they now sat alone, side by side, staring across a wide grassy field. The sun shone in their eyes, the air was warm, with a light breeze, and the sky was crystal clear. It was just the two of them, and Ethan didn't know how to make conversation with Quinn. He was from a different world—Ethan the introverted nerd, and Quinn, who had once been the rugged tough guy. Quinn seemed to not know what to talk about either. "Are you nervous?" Quinn asked. "Kind of," Ethan said. "Me too," he admitted. "Why?" Ethan asked. Quinn didn't elaborate. "I just am." Ethan glanced around. They weren't entirely alone. Standing in little clusters around the field, groups of State Policemen milled about. Most of them were dressed in casual gear instead of formal uniforms. Some in gym clothes, and some in fatigue pants and shirts. To Ethan's immediate left stood a blonde muscular man in a black military-style uniform. He had a scar that ran from his eye down his cheek. He didn't pay any attention to the pair in the lawn chairs. He was holding binoculars to his eyes and staring at the horizon. Ethan kicked slightly at the dirt, listening to the drone of cicadas in the trees. Despite what he told Quinn, he felt an incredible anxiety. He was nervous for Galloway. He glanced at Quinn, trying to read his face. Quinn looked over and offered him an assured smile. Ethan looked away again. Quinn considered this. "I'm glad Galloway has you looking out for her," he said, trying to sound light-hearted. "I don't know about me looking out for her," Ethan replied. "You do. She totally needs a friend like you." Ethan didn't say anything. "I hope you don't mind me asking... why the notes?" Ethan looked up, a little surprised. "She told me you leave her notes. She really likes them. It puts her in a good mood." Ethan was worried that maybe he had crossed a line, but after scanning Quinn's face, saw that Quinn wasn't at all bothered by this. Apparently he didn't feel threatened. He was just curious. Finally Ethan shrugged. "I don't know. It makes Galloway feel good. It's what I'd want someone to do for me. If I was having a bad day, or was scared, I'd want someone to leave me a little note. Nobody does, so I figured if I want something to happen for me, I should do it for someone else. Tell them something that I'd want to hear. It matters." Quinn looked thoughtful. He smiled and was about to say more when somewhere in the distance, they heard it. They forgot the conversation instantly. Ethan saw Quinn take a deep breath, and then he found himself taking one as well. The sound of an engine. It grew steadily louder, becoming more defined. The drone turned to a THUMPTHUMPTHUMPTHUMP sound. It matched the beating of Ethan's own heart. It came fast. Astonishingly fast. One second it was just a black speck on the horizon, and suddenly the big gray helicopter burst into view, sailing over their heads with a roar that was overwhelming and

deafening. Ethan felt a moment of panic at how loud it was. It flew low. Less than a hundred feet above them. The rotors kicked up the wind and whipped it into their faces. Quinn stood up at once, staring up at the copter. Despite himself, Ethan grabbed for his crutches and also clambered to his feet, shielding his eyes against the wind. The helicopter banked and circled above. The man in the black uniform with the scar watched it with a calm detachment that Ethan found reassuring. Ethan, himself, felt his heart pounding hard. His legs trembled, and he was dimly aware of how damp his palms were. He looked again to Quinn, and saw that he was pale. His eyes looked far away as he watched. He's remembering something. The helicopter made one final pass overhead, steadied, and began to hover fifty feet above the field in front of them. To Ethan, it looked like it could have been miles above the earth. Dirt and loose grass flew in all directions, stinging his face and bare arms. But he couldn't bring himself to look away. The cabin doors on either side of the chopper pulled open. Ropes were cast out, falling to the ground, whipping around in the wind. Men appeared, two on each side, moving backwards out of the cabin. They all stood on the landing rails together, backs facing out to the world far below them. This is it, his mind screamed, and Ethan found his chest rising and falling so fast. He was breathing through his mouth to catch his breath. Quinn nudged him and pointed. He spotted Galloway at once on the right side. It was hard to miss her. Unlike the other three men who were in uniform, Galloway wore her casual jeans and t-shirt beneath her vest. Her eyes were shielded with goggles, but her maroon hair stood out beneath her cap. Her rifle was slung across her back, and she wore heavy-duty black gloves. Then Ethan's heart dropped. All four, including Galloway, were jumping. They fell backwards in unison, like scuba divers rolling off a boat. They fell fast, then their hands steadied on the rope, and their descents slowed, making them swing softly as they came down. They resembled spiders, descending on webs. There was a grace and an elegance to their falls. They dropped further and further, swaying. Quinn rested a hand on Ethan's shoulder. Ethan could feel a tremble to the man's palm. But he couldn't bring himself to look away. Then Galloway's boots hit the dirt at the same time as the men around her, and Ethan and Quinn shared a sigh of relief. The ropes were cut free, falling to the ground and the helicopter was roaring off. Then exhilaration overcame Ethan's anxiety. Galloway had actually roped out of a helicopter! He couldn't help but let out a cheer. She had always been so cool, but to the boy, she looked positively like a superhero. Nothing like Spiderman or Batman. He was certain Galloway could kick their asses, because unlike them, she was the real thing. Quinn began to clap. Galloway spotted the two of them in an instant, and raised her goggles. She gave them a cocky half smirk and began to slowly strut across the field toward them, looking like the star of an action movie. Halfway across the field, however, her cool demeanor broke and her real jubilation came out. She broke into a run. "There's my men," she shouted as she dashed up to them. Ethan was first, she threw her arms around him and gave him a huge bear hug. He winced, then smiled sheepishly. "That was so cool!" Ethan couldn't help

but blurt out. "Was it? I almost peed myself," she said. Then she turned to Quinn. "Catch me, lover," she threw her arms around his neck and playfully jumped into his arms. Ethan felt a little envious, but he was just glad to have been included in this whole day. Quinn grunted as he caught her and instantly cried out, "Back, back, bad back." He groaned in pain as he eased her down. "Sorry, are you alright?" she asked, remembering. He nodded, taking a second to recover. As he did, the man with the scar approached. Galloway straightened slightly. "How'd I do, Captain?" she asked. Ethan eyed this man. So he was her Captain? He carried himself like a soldier, and he looked tough, but his eyes seemed just a little too... kind. And even though Galloway addressed him respectfully, there wasn't the type of reverence to her tone that suggested that she was nervous around him. She spoke to him like they were old friends. "You did good, Kate," he said. "Even for a first time?" "You could have fooled me. I would think you've been doing that for years." "Me too," Ethan chimed in, forgetting his usual bashfulness around strangers. The Captain eyed Ethan. "This is my friend, Ethan, from across the hall," Galloway explained. "I wanted him here for moral support." Captain Graver extended his hand. Ethan shook it nervously, but only before taking a moment to wipe the cold sweat off on the leg of his shorts. The man's palm was hard and calloused. "Let's get you set up with some ropes, Ethan," Captain Graver grinned. "It's your turn." Ethan paled. Captain Graver grinned wider. "He's kidding," Galloway assured him. Ethan let out a nervous breath. "How about you, Quinn? Want to get back up on the horse?" Captain Graver asked. Quinn's response was immediate. "Hell no!" "Even with Morgan flying?" Galloway teased. "She asked about you. Wanted to know how you were." "If she's flying, especially hell no." It took a little while for Galloway and the group of State Troopers that she was training with to finish up their exercises and go over their after-action reports. Then they packed up their gear and piled into Quinn's truck. The entire drive home, the three of them talked non-stop- mostly about Galloway's jump, and what it looked like, how each of them felt, what they saw, and what they were thinking. It was exciting and they were all glad to share it with each other. Galloway's side of the story was the most exciting of all- what had been going through her head building up to the moment where she had to step backwards off the landing rails and into space. Regardless, the day's event had given Ethan and Quinn a lot of excited back-and-forth. A common expression on the ride was "And did you see when..." followed by "I know!" The way the two chattered brought a smile to Galloway's lips. The guys were bonding, though they might not realize it. The sun was beginning to go down. They hardly noticed the new cars in front of the apartment building, and by the time they got inside, the banter felt as natural as could be. "Are you staying for dinner?" Galloway asked Ethan. "No, I'm starting my new job at the library tomorrow, and I want to get to bed early," he explained, before thanking Galloway profusely for inviting him. "You're welcome. Thank you for coming. When they told me what I'd be doing today, I couldn't think of anyone else I'd like to share that with. I'm glad you came." Ethan blushed, said his goodbyes-

even to Quinn, and hurried inside. As soon as Ethan shut the door, Quinn couldn't resist remarking, "Oh he's crushing on you, hard. Did you see that blush?" Galloway merely shook her head. "Don't know why. I'm not that charming." "I think I'm growing on him," Quinn smiled. As they turned to head into Galloway's apartment, a pair of footsteps came thundering up the stairs beside them. Robert Bradford from 3A was hurrying past, looking pale and nervous as ever— although that could just be his normal ghost-white complexion and awkward demeanor. Galloway could never quite tell. He was gripping a wireless computer keyboard in one arm, and feverishly typing away one-handed as he went. His fingers clattering over the keyboard were determined and purposeful, although without an actual computer screen in front of him, the act appeared completely mindless and insane. He brushed past them, then momentarily paused. He gave Quinn, with his beefy arms and rugged appearance, an uncomfortable glance, then looked curiously to Galloway. There was something in his stare that felt off, and it went on just long enough that Galloway was about to ask "What's your problem?" But then Rob apologized and continued on his way. "Sorry, Officer Wild Cherry. You just startled me." Galloway startled at that nickname. She was about to press him, but Rob was already out of sight, hurrying up to the next landing. "What?" Quinn asked with a bemused smirk. "Wild Cherry?" Galloway's expression had turned haunted. She'd grown slightly pale. She had heard that nickname before— it was so amusing and outlandish that it was impossible to forget. But the part that alarmed her was that she'd heard it in one of her dreams— one of the bad ones where she was taken by force by a group of dangerous men... men who stripped her from her clothes and disrespectfully violated her, all the while she'd moaned and begged and craved the abuse. Something clicked into place in Galloway's mind, but she didn't understand it. How the hell...? Trailing behind Rob, so silently that neither she nor Quinn had noticed him until he was literally behind them on the landing was a gangly man with glasses and dark curly hair. Galloway had met him once or twice— Chris Berger from 1B. He barely looked twice at Galloway and Quinn, his eyes were looking up the stairs, following Rob. The man wasn't wearing shoes either— only socks. 'He's following Rob, and trying not to make a sound,' Galloway's mind concluded. "Everything alright, there?" She couldn't help but ask. "Huh?" Chris startled, then seemed to snap out of it. He regarded both Galloway and Quinn. "Umm... fine, fine." He spoke in a low voice. "He's weird, right?" Quinn asked, figuring Chris's following was mere curiosity over Rob's odd behavior. "What's up with the keyboard he was carrying?" Chris scrutinized Quinn, and seemed to make up his mind about something. Then he regarded Galloway— particularly the way she was dressed. Muddy military issued boots, knee pads, a duty belt with a pistol and the type of tools that only a cop would carry, heavy tactical vest with a name patch and unit insignia, and black camouflage cap with the same insignia. "Are you in law enforcement?" Chris asked. It wasn't a conversational question. He sounded... hopeful. Desperate. "A private contracting police firm," Galloway answered. "And I'm still in training. Quinn used to be a

state trooper."Quinn blushed.Chris regarded the both of them, and despite Galloway's dismissal that neither of them were real police, he looked even more hopeful than before. He was weighing what she had said, and very carefully at that."Why? Do you need the police for something? Something going on that we should know about?"For the briefest moment, Chris looked like he wanted to say something... confess something. But he seemed to think the better of it. "No." He said. Before they could press the matter further, he turned and hurried back downstairs, leaving Quinn and Galloway alone on the second floor landing scratching their heads."What do you make of that?" Quinn shrugged.Galloway considered it. "Something is on his mind. But it looks like he's still trying to figure it out, himself.""I was getting that vibe, too."Both of them glanced at the ceiling above them— at the third floor.***3ARobert Bradford had an army.When he was otherwise occupied, he had begun to assign tasks to his neighbors— his harem. Little things that they could do to prepare for his urges and guard his well being. After Kelsey's boyfriend had shown up unexpectedly, he wasn't taking any chances. Lucy, the chubby redheaded college student with the enormous breasts in 1A had been assigned the duty of being his protector. He was aware that such a task would be better suited to a stronger and more capable woman— a warrior like Galloway, but he was still working on Galloway. And Lucy, with her sweet young face, nerdy glasses, and meek demeanor was the perfect spy to run interception on unwanted guests, because nobody would expect it. Her looks were disarming. She hardly had anything in the way of family or friends (therefore nobody that she needed to regularly answer to). And from a tactical standpoint, she was the most ideally located— her front door was the closest to the apartment entrance, so she could watch for visitors, and respond accordingly.Plus, out of everyone in the building, Rob had the least use for Lucy as sexual entertainment. He felt a little bad about that, because she was attractive. Her body had just the right amount of plump to it that appealed to him— doughy and curvy without being too heavy. A natural redhead with huge tits and a thick ass. What wasn't there to like? She just wasn't that interesting, and didn't come with many... quirks that he could exploit. Every plaything needed a theme. Unfortunately Lucy just didn't have one that captured Rob's imagination. So, in a way, this arrangement was ingenious.This realization delighted him, but there was no time to actually celebrate. Because Lucy had come to him with urgent news— Tina's parents were stopping by to talk to her about her failing performance in school. Rob hadn't been doing a good job of making sure the college girls in 1A kept up steady routines in their regular lives. It was fine for an introvert like Lucy, and a girl like Danni (whose only real family was on the other side of the world), but he'd completely forgotten about Tina. The wonder-girl with the proud parents and the fixation on good grades.Rob cursed himself for not thinking that through. Tina's abrupt nose-dive in school was probably so out of character for her, that her parents were worried sick. And after checking things out for himself, Rob had spotted their cars out

front.As soon as he reached his apartment, he hurried to his computer console and pulled up the surveillance program he'd installed. He flipped through them until he found the images for apartment 1A. There... they were standing in the kitchen, talking to Tina. Rob dialed up the volume to listen in.Indeed they were talking about her grades, and her poor attendance. Rob cursed at himself. He was getting sloppy.So that just left one problem- how to counter this new development. And as Rob watched the lengthy discussion taking place in 1A between wild and exotic Tina, and her stern, well dressed parents, Rob smiled to himself. Why not? He figured. He wanted to have fun, so why not turn the tables in the most fun way possible?***1A"What is going on with you?" George Weaver stood in the kitchen with his arms folded. He was resting his back against the countertop as he regarded his daughter.report

NEXT PAGE

Tina was barely recognizable. Her hair was wild and cascading around her face like a lioness. She normally resembled her mother, with the same bronze skin, piercing eyes, and untamable hair, but today Tina's face was caked heavily with makeup. George found it... disturbing. She looked like a porn star. As did the outfit that she was wearing.She was dressed in a blue peacoat. That would be fine, but the top buttons were undone and her cleavage was pouring out of it. George had never seen this side of his daughter, and it disturbed him that he was able to see the creamy skin of her caramel cleavage and large full breasts. Even worse, she wasn't wearing pants. The coat barely covered her ass. She wore it like a cocktail dress for street walkers. He'd be surprised if she wasn't wearing anything at all underneath. And even more outlandish were the gray tube socks. They came up past her knees and stopped midway up her full thighs. But it left enough skin bare- the highest points of her thigh- visible and tantalizing. Definitely not the areas a young lady should be showing off. George didn't understand most youthful fashion trends, but even more so, he didn't understand his daughter's sudden urge to wear this particular number.Tina normally never dressed in such trampy attire. It was unsettling, to say the least. Especially for the 50 year old corporate accountant. The dark skin of his face was lined heavily with worry lines- at the moment for his daughter. He was positive he'd have a few more gray hairs to add to the collection with his daughter's latest change in personality.Her all around attitude seemed completely detached from reality. For the first time, Tina actually scared him. Her eyes penetrated right through him, and she seemed indifferent to any consequences... like she could do anything right now, and wouldn't care in the least bit. Patricide was a word that lingered in the back of his mind for some reason.Tina folded her arms across her chest, and her tits seemed to jump that much more out of her coat. "I've just discovered that there's more than just school, dad," she shook her head and glanced at her mother. Belinda apparently didn't share in her daughter's rebellion either. She glanced unsure between her daughter's

unwavering stare, and George's scowling insistence. "Yeah, like your future," George's hard face didn't yield. "What you do now matters, because when you're old and living in a dump, you'll be thinking back on these days and wondering why you didn't try harder. Why you let your grades go down the toilet. Why you wasted your parents' money for classes that you haven't been at in over a week. And what'll you have to say? That you traded it all to dress..." George waved his hand over whatever outfit this was supposed to be. "What? I think it's sexy, don't you think?" Tina tugged at her collar, making her tits jiggle and jump. She gave a playful little spin, and offered a naughty grin to her mother. Belinda's yellow exotic eyes widened, then darted away shamefully. She didn't chime in. Belinda was from an older world where she learned at an early age to be mindful of the words that came out of her mouth. She'd been taught that prudent silence was wise. "It looks like something a whore would wear." "But is it sexy, dad?" Tina grinned. Her bright cherry painted lips spread wide, and her dark smoky eyes seemed to burn right through George. George felt an sickness in the pit of his stomach. He didn't like the way his daughter just looked at him. There was something... lusty and lewd about her. "Do you like it?" "I just said you look like—" "That didn't answer my question. You can like how whores dress, dad," Tina smirked. George shared a bewildered glance with his wife. His face contorted with a mixture of baffled emotions. "Is it drugs, Tina? Did your new roommate get you hooked on something?" Now Belinda chimed in. "We're worried. Do we need to have an intervention?" Tina leaned her head back to the ceiling and sighed. "Oh my god. You guys need to lighten up and have fun, already." George didn't miss a beat. "I'll have fun when I see that my daughter is back on the right path with her life." Tina glanced into the living room and sighed dramatically. "Look, Danni has to do a face-time with her brother shortly. She needs her privacy." The corners of Tina's mouth tilted in the ghost of a smile that could have been... wicked? "Why don't we discuss this in... the bedroom..." She said, and before George or Belinda could even agree, Tina started toward the door. Her legs strutted and her hips popped tantalizingly along the way. ***1ADanni Esposito ignored the ruckus in the kitchen. Tina's parents were over and grilling her about her change in attitude, attire, and failing grades. But she wasn't thinking about that now. She wasn't thinking about much else other than the clock on the wall. Tina redirected the discussion to the bedroom, leaving Danni alone on the living room sofa, in her zip-up hoodie, and innocent looking floppy socks. But tonight was far from innocent. Her tablet rang a minute later and she answered it excitedly. Her brother's face flickered into view, excited at what tonight would bring. "Hey sexy," Danni cooed out with her squeaky high-pitched voice. "Hey baby," Bill smiled back. The siblings had been having these 'date nights' regularly now every night since Bill and Danni first began to masturbate for each other via face time. "I've thought about this all day," Bill said. He was laying on his back on the cot, his head propped up and his shirt off. The muscles in his arms were bulging. Danni admired her brother. He looked tasty. "We have

to be quiet about this," Danni glanced over her shoulder. "Tina's parents are here." Bill looked surprised and a little rattled. "Right now?" She nodded, but bit the tip of her finger, clearly turned on. "Should we postpone this?" Danni shook her head. "I've waited too long for this. I can't wait any more. I'm too turned on," she admitted with a softening of her voice. Bill settled back on his cot but still wore a nervous expression. "You're so bad." "Well we should get in the habit of being discreet," Danni admitted. "I mean... how are we possibly going to get through Christmas parties, or nights out with friends..." Bill licked his lips. Danni's suggestions stirring something in him. He adjusted the tablet so she could see all of him. He wasn't wearing pants either. His cock was enormous. He was hard, and his meaty paw had wrapped around it. He'd begun the slow act of imagining that his hand was his sister. That thought alone fueled Danni. She took one more nervous glance back toward the kitchen and unzipped her hoodie all the way down to the bottom. She had no bra beneath. She pulled it open just enough to tease her brother. He could see most of her tits and flat tummy, but not all... "That's going to be torture," Bill admitted. "Being around you with other people we know. Looking at you all night. Sharing little glances and pretending we're just innocent wholesome Bill and Danni." "I don't know how I'll keep my hands off of you," Danni smiled sexily as her hand disappeared beneath her shorts. "I probably won't." "I think I'll be terrified," Bill admitted, his stroking becoming faster. "You should be," Danni said. "Imagine me jerking you off under the restaurant table in front of all our friends." "Holy shit," Bill moaned excitedly. Danni watched the way his big heavy balls moved with each pump of his manhood. She spread her legs, showing Bill just how lively her hand was moving against her wetness. Her shorts were tiny. Bill could see up the legs of them to his sister's sweet pussy— the place he was longing to be right now. "Pretending you're eating, all the while my hand is pumping you like crazy," Danni continued to tease. She let out a giggle as she saw the pleasure and excitement cross her brother's face. "Danni, you're already driving me crazy." "Maybe I'll even drop my fork," Danni suggested. "I'll drop my head into your lap while I 'look for it', and I'll suck you so hard and fast." Bill moaned. She was really getting to him. Good, because she was so wet. A spreading damp patch appeared in the crotch of her gray shorts. Her hand worked faster. "Oh my god, I'd be terrified someone would see." "And what would they see?" Danni teased. "Your sister aggressively sucking your dick right there in public. Think they'd freak out?" "Of course they would!" But Bill's hand didn't relent. He was pumping himself in fast steady strokes. His eyes shut. He was moaning softly. Danni giggled. "Then I'd better be quick about it." "What if I don't finish in your mouth? Would we sneak into the bathroom? I could pin you against the wall and bounce you on my cock." "Ew, in a public restroom?" Danni was enjoying teasing him. "What kind of girl do you think I am?" "Okay, okay, the car in the parking lot then. You could say you forgot your phone out there, and we'll go get it. I could toss you in the back seat and we'd rock it so hard, we'd completely destroy the suspension." "Like a cheap hooker? Is

that how you see me?" Danni's fingers were gliding easily in and out of her body. Her nipples had hardened, and as she pinched, she tried not to moan too loudly, lest she alert Tina's parents to her newfound 'relationship'."Danni, please," Bill's strokes were slowing out of his own frustration. Poor Bill. Danni decided to give him a thrill. "I'd do no such thing. If you didn't cum in my mouth while I suck you, I'd keep jerking you at the table and make you cum in one of those dressing cups. Put a big load right in my ranch dressing. You and all our friends would watch me dipping my fries into your cum. But only you and I would know." She winked and giggled naughtily. "Oh my god," Bill's cock gave an excited spasm and his fast eager strokes returned to full speed. "Yeah, you like that?" Danni purred. "That's so wrong." Bill admitted. "Just hope nobody asks to dip into it," She giggled. "They'll get a salty surprise." "Fuck," Bill gasped again. "Mmmm," Danni's expression turned thoughtful. "Wouldn't that be hot though? Unsuspecting friends eating your load that your own sister stroked out of you." "Danni, you're driving me nuts," Bill panted. "I had no idea you were so..." "Dirty?" Danni giggled and opened her hoodie, giving her brother a flash of her chest, before resuming her aggressive fingering. "Yes. God damn." "You have no idea how dirty you make me, Bill," Danni bit her lip again. She propped the tablet on the coffee table and knelt on the couch turning away from the screen, facing over the back of it. She slid her shorts down to her knees, and shook her bare ass at him. Her perky butt and wet pussy facing her brother as she presented herself to him. All the while her fingers continued their dance over her folds. In this position she could tease her brother and watch for any parents who might be coming from Tina's room. Although... she suspected that might not be a problem. She pulled her long hair to one side and peered back at him over her shoulder. Bill had also taken the cue. He was on his knees on his cot, thrusting his hips forward and pumping his manhood in his fist as he stared at his sister's ass. "Fuck me, Bill. Fuck me just like this," Danni moaned softly as she wiggled her ass back and forth. Her hips moved with one single-minded goal as her fingers drove in and out of herself. "God you make me crazy, Danni," Bill moaned. "I don't think I could ever stop fucking you." "Me either. Do me. Do me, big brother. Show me how badly my man wants me," Danni responded. Her head tilted upward, her eyes closed. She looked sexy and angelic. A dark haired princess. Bill was going crazy. He never wanted anything more in his life than to reach through the screen, grab his sister by the hips, and drive his rod straight into her tight perfect body. When he told her so, she cooed in that high sweet voice of hers. "God yes," he grunted through his clenched teeth. "I don't even think we're going to make it to any parties," Bill grunted. "I don't see us ever making it out of the house." "Not even to Christmas?" Danni moaned, bobbing her body back and forth as though he was fucking her from behind. Her fingers plunged in and out of herself. It wasn't enough. She doubted it would ever be until her brother was actually inside of her. More and more she was starting to feel like her body, her pussy, her lust was only for Bill. "Especially not to Christmas," he grunted, thrusting back,

nearly pressing his cock to the screen with each lurch of his hips. "Too bad," she groaned. "The thought of Santa disciplining a naughty girl like me beneath the Christmas tree sounds fun." "That I can do in our own place," he moaned. "But wouldn't it be so hot, visiting with friends, and fucking in another room, on top of the coats or soething," She teased. "Playing with your Christmas present sooner than you should?" "Jesus, Danni." "What are you going to get me this year?" She let her tongue flick over the tip of her finger. Her other hand working quickly. Her hips teasing him, taunting him as she brought herself to the brink. "What do you want—" "You know what I want. I want your load all over me," she moaned. She cracked one eye and peered over her shoulder at the tablet. His giant cock was thrusting back and forth toward the screen. His fist pumping like crazy. Drops of precum were flying from the tip. Danni could almost feel them landing wetly on her bare ass and thighs. His cock was visibly pulsing. "Oh fuck... I'm going to..." "Yesssss," she hissed, delighted. "Give me an early present," then she moaned and whimpered sweetly. She couldn't hold back anymore. Her whole body tensed, then began to release in a series of wonderful spasms that took hold of her and carried her like a surfer on the crest of a wave. A moment later and she heard Bill gasp and cry out in delight. Then his cock completely exploded. It showered the screen with rope after rope of hot cum. Danni bit her lip hard enough to hurt. She desperately needed to feel that hot seed spurt all over her ass and pussy and legs. "God, I wish you were here," she moaned through their orgasms. "Me too," he echoed. For one moment, they forgot they were brother and sister, and there was something oddly sweet about two young people yearning for each other on opposite ends of the world. The feeling carried Danni through her orgasm, and she briefly felt as though she was falling. Then she collapsed on the couch in bliss and stared at the screen. A blurred mess of sticky white had coated pretty much everything. She could still hear Bill grunting in pleasure and disbelief. "Ahhhh." "Wow, you made quite the mess," Danni giggled. "You made me make this mess," he replied. "I bet it makes the perfect filter to see me with," she remarked. "You look very sexy covered in cum," he admitted with a sigh. "As long as it's yours," her fingers trailed over herself in post orgasm euphoria. She was still trembling, and covered in goosebumps, but was coming down off the high. "Danni, when you say things like that it drives me nuts." "Because it's wrong?" "Because it's so right. God I wish I was there with you right now." "Me too," she smiled. "But you better go clean up that mess so we can do this again tomorrow." He laughed. "You got it. Love you, Danni." "Love you too, big brother." She winked and kissed the screen of her tablet. ***1B Chris Berger was working quietly in isolation. He'd found the cameras. At some point, that sick bastard Rob must have installed cameras in his apartment. They were small, wireless, and designed for concealment. Chris knew it sounded paranoid. "They're watching me," was something that complete lunatics insisted. But he worked with enough electronics to know exactly what they were. And there could only be one person responsible. Chris had done some investigating and discovered them all

over the building— in the hallways, in the basement, on the landings. He had to be discreet in his searches, because if there was any indication that he'd found them, Rob, with whatever weird mind control powers that he'd acquired, would wipe Chris's memory and he'd be back to square one— completely oblivious that he and TJ were his sex slaves. The worst part was TJ. Not only did he need her to remain completely oblivious (for their protection), but he needed to avoid her as much as possible. If Rob got the itch again for another romp with Chris's wife (and he inevitably would), if Chris was anywhere in the area, he'd once again become Rob's mindless plaything, and when it was all over, he probably wouldn't remember his discovery and all the progress he was making in uncovering the truth. For his own protection, Chris had exiled himself to a dark and unused area of the basement. It was nerve-racking work, evading Rob's cameras and picking a room that Rob would most likely not waste a camera to cover. Chris had considered the root cellar that went deep underground as the most viable 'office', but his wireless signal wouldn't penetrate the dirt and stone, and one look down there had thoroughly creeped him out. Instead, he opted for a small utility room with a dirty work bench, and spent the day toiling away. TJ didn't know he was even home, and it broke his heart. It also made him worry... was that scumbag using his wife right now? Was she currently in the throws of some dirty and depraved passionate sex without even knowing it? Was she bouncing on the bed, screaming like a banshee while an army of strange men off the streets waited in line to violate her? As Chris worked, he found himself clenching his jaw hard enough to give himself a headache. But eventually, his hard work paid off. "Ah hah," he declared. As he expected, the cameras were wireless. Therefore they had to have a signal to connect to— in this case the apartment's wireless router. Given Chris's extensive computer knowledge, hacking into Rob's unit was child's play, and from there he—"Oh my god," he muttered to himself as image after image flickered into view. Robert Bradford was a sick man, and this proved it. Dozens of video screens opened up in a high tech surveillance program. Chris recognized most of the video images as angles around the apartment building— the hallways, the basement (Chris thankfully wasn't in view of any of those). He even spotted images from his own apartment— shots of the bedroom, the living room where TJ was currently practicing her yoga, even the bathroom. Chris groaned inwardly. It seemed that Rob had turned the entire building into his personal playground— a high tech studio of candid pornography for the voyeuristic peeping Tom. Between the cameras and his weird ability to control people's behavior, minds, and actions, it seemed that the quiet author had built himself quite a demented little kingdom. In a way, it was a relief to see that Chris and TJ weren't the only victims. But in a way it was also horrific, because this man was meddling in the lives of dozens. How long had he been doing this? How long would he continue to do this? How did he even acquire this power? Every apartment was more of the same. 3B was quiet and dark. In 2A, the kid with the crutches was just getting home, speaking with his mother. In 1A, it looked like family members

were visiting with their daughter and having a serious discussion. The only apartment (aside from Rob's 3A) that wasn't covered with video cameras was 2B. The cops that Chris had spoken with in the hallway. Chris wasn't sure what to make of that. Maybe they were in on it? Or far more likely, Rob was keeping them at a distance out of fear and self preservation. They'd both certainly seemed to be of sound mind, and had even said a few things to hint that they had very little association or knowledge of Rob. That was good news. report

NEXT PAGE

Chris wasn't entirely sure just yet, but his instincts told him that he could trust them. But that didn't help him either. He needed a way to convince them of what was happening in the building without sounding like a crackpot. "Hey, your neighbor is controlling people's minds and making them have sex with him, and he's doing it all with the touch of a keyboard. Furthermore, he's always watching us." He would lock himself up if he hadn't seen the truth, firsthand. This camera setup might be the smoking gun that Chris needed to prove everything. Regardless, he needed to be on his toes now, because he was seeing something that he was definitely *not* supposed to be seeing. And if Rob got wise to him, Chris's mind would be turned into jelly. He needed to come up with a failsafe way to insure he was always in the loop— a safety tether to the outside world. Alone in the basement, Chris began to type. It was a note to himself, a reminder of everything he'd learned, and proof of what was going on. He set it with a timer that was meant to go off daily. It might torture him in some kind of endless loop, but it was the only way. When he was done, he returned his attention to the cameras and almost choked on his own saliva. "What are they... oh no no no," he watched in shock. The camera showed a view into the bedroom that the college girls shared. The bedroom was sparsely furnished with cheap hand-me-downs, and lit with the soft glow of string lights. But the room was occupied by the college girl— the exotic one with the hour-glass frame and the crazy cat-like eyes. Her parents were in there with her. They looked a lot like her in different ways— the father worldly and dark skinned. The mother with the same hair, eyes, and caramel complexion. It wasn't hard to figure out that they were her parents. But what was happening on the screen was anything but family-friendly. The father, George Weaver, was sitting sideways on Tina's bed. His head propped against the wall. An expression of horrified disbelief plastered across his face. His legs dangled over the edge of the bed. And knelt between them, Tina's head was bobbing slowly up and down. Her hair was masking most of what was transpiring, but she pivoted her head a moment later, and Chris saw her father's cock out of his pants, jutting straight up at the ceiling. The college girl took a moment to drag her tongue along the length of his shaft, all the way up to his large dark head, in one long sensual, almost animalistic lick. Nearby, the mother— Belinda— was seated on the opposite bed. Her blouse was open. Her chest was rising and falling, and her hand was inside of her shirt,

squeezing and fondling her own breasts as she watched the sinful act of her daughter fellaciating her husband. The entire scene was other-worldly. Chris felt a rush of guilt and fear for his own soul from just watching. This carnal act confirmed one thing to him— that Rob was home, in his apartment right now, and watching... pulling the strings to make his puppets do the most unspeakable act that family members could do with each other. Chris found an audio feed and when he clicked it, it did not make things better. Tina's husky voice echoed softly through the laptop speakers. "Oh daddy... I'm such a bad girl... but I think you like bad girls." Between each breath, she took a long lick at his cock, like she was sucking on a frozen treat. "In fact, I know you do," she giggled and gave his cock a light slap. It wobbled from side to side like a flag pole in a wind storm. "Bad daddy," she said before she resumed her sucking. Her movements were completely fueled by sexual desire. Every moan, every breath, and every movement was entirely meant to entice her parents. Her father moaned in guilty shame, and Chris wondered if George was being influenced at all. His shame, his horror, his surprise looked authentic. Tina bobbed her head on his hard shaft, leaving smears of red lipstick along his length. She pushed her nose to his stomach and swallowed him in one easy motion. George gasped. His expensive wing-tips lifted off the floor and his head came off the wall at the sensation of his own daughter pushing his cock down her throat. All the while, Tina's mother watched like she was in a hypnotic trance. Her hand roamed her body. Her full breasts jiggled as she fondled herself. Her chest wasn't as large and perky as Tina's, but it was full and appealing. Her tight professional pencil skirt had ridden up and her hand disappeared between her stocking-clad thighs. On the floor, Tina opened her slutty peacoat, revealing her bare breasts to her father— she'd been naked beneath it. George gasped when he laid eyes on her big round boobs. "That's right, daddy," Tina cooed around a mouthful of cock. "You can think it. I don't mind. In fact, you can even say it. I'm a slut." Her head only bobbed harder. George moaned in shame, his eyes shutting in embarrassment and self loathing. "Say it!" She barked. The way that her eyes pierced him, George stiffened, suddenly afraid of his daughter. "You're a slut," George choked out the words. "That's right, I am daddy," Tina giggled softly in delight as he acquiesced. Her mouth roamed his member. She ran her lips up and down one side, then up and down the other. Her mouth wet and luscious. George could only watch the way his daughter sucked his cock— her mouth practically basting it. When her lips reached the head again, her hair blocked out his lap completely as her mouth plunged down around it. As he watched, Chris caught himself with his hand on his crotch. His cock was stiff to the touch, and he was embarrassed to realize he was touching himself to the sight. But the scene was the most erotic thing he'd ever witnessed, and he sort of understood how Rob could become obsessed whatever power he had. George was gasping in reluctant pleasure. Several times he tried to come to his senses and pull her off of him, but each time he did, Tina only gobbled him up with more eagerness and aggression than before. She grabbed her father's hands and put them on

her head. "Punish me, daddy," she urged him as drool ran down her lips and onto his shaft. George moaned as his hand ran through his daughter's wild dark curls, but he couldn't hold back. He held her head and pushed his daughter's face down around his cock until she choked. She only moaned in pleasure and cried out for more. George wrestled with his conscience, although hard-wired testosterone-fueled lust won out. He grabbed her hair hard, pulled and bounced her head up down the length of his cock. He was aggressively fucking his daughter's head. And she was responding with eager unbridled enthusiasm. When she finally came up for air, her mouth hung open. Instead of wiping the slobber from her mouth, she ran her tongue in a circle completely around her lips as she stared up at the mystified face of her father. He was gaping in disbelief. "There's a lot of things you didn't know about me, daddy," she said in a low sexual growl. "For example..." she peered across the floor at her mother, still touching herself beneath her professional attire. "... I go both ways," she grinned. She shrugged off her peacoat, pivoted her hips and strode over to her mother. Tina didn't so much push Belinda back on the bed as much as tackle her. As soon as Belinda was on her back, Tina nearly pounced on her mother, straddled her, and tore her blouse right open. Buttons went flying in all directions. Before either parent could recover their wits, Tina was lay on top of her mother, pinning her with her thighs, and pressing her mouth against her mother's. George watched as mother and daughter shared a long sensual kiss. When Tina finally came up, her tongue took a long lick of other mother's upper lip. She exhaled a sigh that sounded more like a hiss. "How's your husband's cock taste?" She whispered to her mom. Belinda looked genuinely afraid. So did George, but not enough to resist stroking his cock as he watched his daughter and his wife begin the act of grinding their bodies against each other's thighs. Their legs were in a tangle as Tina made her way down her mother's body to her boobs. She cupped one, finding the nipple and slurping noisily at it. "Oh mommy. I used to suck these, didn't I?" She taunted in that same voice, hissing with unbridled lust. Belinda could barely respond. Just a series of gasps and uncertain moans. But her body was certainly responding to her daughter's assault. Her hips were bucking, rubbing her snatch against Tina's thigh as her skirt was forced up around her hips until she was practically wearing it like a belt. Her black panties were visible. Her stockings stopped at mid thigh. The two women were writhing in excited pleasure. The debauchery was too much to interrupt. George watched, transfixed by what his own family was doing. Eventually Tina peered up, even as she playfully pinched her mother's nipple between her teeth. She wagged her finger at her father. "Come here daddy." George obeyed, no longer the master of his family. When he stepped forward, Tina grabbed him by the tie and pushed his face into Belinda's other breast. He landed with a muffled 'oof'. His mouth immediately found his wife's tit, and he latched onto her nipple, sucking it excitedly. Belinda was crying out like a mewling kitten. Her husband and daughter breastfeeding from her chest in unison. Tina stared at her father the whole time as they sucked, and finally, as

Belinda reached the apex of her desperate cries, Tina grasped her father's head and brought him in for a long incestuous kiss. He was too shocked to stop her, as her tongue rolled into his mouth and youthfully played with his. He knew it was so wrong, but he was powerless to resist his daughter's sexuality. They made out in front of his wife's gasping face. And when Tina broke the kiss, she tossed George onto the bed beside his wife with a strength that neither of her parents knew she possessed. George could barely react before Tina was mounting him. "Daddy, I want to ride the same cock that made me," she squealed in delight, and the way she said the words seemed to almost snap George back to reality. He was about to have sex with his own daughter! He made to get up, but suddenly found his arms pinned above his head. Belinda had recovered her senses and was holding him down on the bed. Then Tina was straddling his lap and grasping his cock. George struggled for a second as his cock was guided toward its impossible destination. Then pleasant wet warmth, and he groaned in mournful defeat. He was inside of his own flesh and blood. Tina moaned in delight. "Ohhhh yesss," she sank back on her father and his cock went deep into her pussy. Belinda continued to hold George's hands on the pillow as she hovered her full chest over his shocked expression. She mashed her tits into his face as Tina began to ride. "Just enjoy it, daddy," Tina moaned. "Isn't this what you wanted?" She started to buck her hips. Her tits bouncing in time with her juicy butt that swallowed him up. "Isn't this what all protective fathers want? To secretly fuck their daughters?" George's protests were muffled by Belinda's breasts mashing against his mouth. As Tina rode him, her mother took a moment to slip off her panties. Then she swung her leg over George's head and pressed her wet pussy lips to her husband's mouth. He barely had time to gasp before she was rubbing her slit against his mouth, working her hips and humping her sex against his chin. "Mommy likes it," Tina panted. Her curves jiggled in time with her fucking. Her bounces so fierce and up-and-down that the bed bounced them like a trampoline. Tina and her mother reached to each other's chests, cupping their breasts—touching, rubbing their delicious melons. They squeezed and massaged. They pinched and pulled at hardened nipples until they had each other squealing. All of them were panting. George's vocalizations were muffled against Belinda's aggressive humping of his face. He could have been moaning in pleasure or protesting in horror. They had no way of knowing. Not that they would have stopped either way. Eventually Belinda began to cry out. Her sounds were animalistic and high-pitched. She bucked her hips on her husband's face in a mad blur. Tina grabbed her mother by the back of the head. She pushed her mom's face into her chest and feed her boobs to her. "Mom, who knew you were such a slut!" Tina shouted in delight as her mom sucked her tits. Belinda couldn't stop herself. Her orgasm was so intense that her body shook, and in her lust, she bit down on Tina's nipple. Tina moaned in ecstasy. The slight pain sent her into her own convulsions. Both mother and daughter climaxed in unison on top of George. When they came up, panting for air, Tina's fucking became more frenzied and aggressive than ever. "It's your turn,

daddy." She said the words slow and loud, to make sure he'd hear. He grunted, his voice still muted by Belinda's body. But he was all too aware that his cock was not protected. "It's okay, daddy," Tina continued to moan. "Maybe I don't need to go to school. Maybe I could be the mother of your child." At that suggestion, George suddenly stiffened in fear. They could almost hear the alarm in his muffled voice. "Cum inside of me, daddy!" She cried out, bouncing eagerly. Her juicy curves jiggled and swayed. Her curly hair bounced and cascaded around her shoulders, her face, slapping her cheeks and hiding her wild eyes. He grunted in a panic. His feet kicked at the sheets, trying to get away. But was his heart really in it? Belinda helped to hold him down as Tina worked her pussy aggressively up and down her father's shaft. "You're going to make such a good daddy, aren't you?" Tina moaned. She tossed her head back and moaned. She cupped her own breasts and yanked her nipples. George urgently beat his hands against the mattress. He was close to the brink. Tina felt it too. "Yesss... do it daddy! Bless me with a baby!" Her wide hips were a blur. She was sitting down on him fully now, and just bucking her hips forward and back like she was riding a steed at a full run. "I want your cummmmm..." George's whole body went tense. His hands gripped the sheets in tight fists. 'He's trying to hold his orgasm back', Chris realized as he watched the unspeakable act unfold on the monitor. One hand on the mouse, the other on his shameful erection. Then George cried out in defeat. His moans turned to a mixture of pleasure and despair. "YESSSS!!" Tina shrieked out triumphantly as she felt her father fill her womb. She grabbed her mother by the back of the head and locked their lips together in a celebratory kiss of passion. "You're becoming a grandmother and a mother right now!" Tina cried out, driving the point home of how terrible they were all being. Then their mouths opened and their tongues wrestled together as both women moaned and writhed and bucked and bounced on George's shaking body. There was a lot. The man must have been very sexually repressed, because his semen ran from Tina's pussy, down his shaft and over his balls, dripping onto the bedspread. Her deep tan ass and inner thighs were coated with a wet mess of cream. And still Tina rode him, making sure to milk every final drop from her father's balls, just for good measure. George no longer seemed to be fighting it. His body dropped in shame and defeat. As Belinda dismounted her husband's face, George's expression was one of 'What have I done?' Chris couldn't hold back anymore. Horrible scene or not, he needed to release the pressure in his aching balls and throbbing cock. Alone in the basement, he ejaculated on the dirt floor, hating himself for doing it, but knowing he wouldn't have been able to concentrate on his sleuthing if he didn't. When he returned his attention to the monitor again, the family had redressed. Tina was beaming like the cat that had just caught the canary. Belinda looked like she'd snapped out of her trance, and stood confused and disoriented. George was wearing a mask of shame and guilt, even as he pulled up his pants and led his wife from the apartment. Chris knew— his expression was authentic. He had fucked his own daughter and hadn't been brainwashed for a single second. This

poor man had been coherent and aware. Not under some spell or mind control. Only his own guilty lust and arousal was to blame for what he'd done. And now he would live with that shame and self loathing for the rest of his life. Meanwhile upstairs, a mastermind had deliberately orchestrated it all, deliberately making the father a victim of his own urges. That was true sadism. Rob needed to be stopped.

***2A

When Ethan got home, he felt light and airy, his heart pounding with excitement. He felt better than he had in a long time... maybe ever. Not only had Galloway invited him to hang out, but she'd done something so heart pounding and cool, and he'd gotten to be a part of it. True, Quinn had been there, but Quinn was alright. And after that little stunt with the helicopter, Ethan felt... not just included, but that he was somehow an essential cornerstone to a group. That had been something he'd struggled with his whole life— not feeling included or that he needed to be... well... anywhere. There were obvious reasons for that, but as he walked through the front door of his apartment, he didn't even remember that he had crutches. And he was pretty sure that Galloway and Quinn had completely forgot that he had them as well. That feeling alone was... heaven. "Hey mom, I'm home!" He called out pleasantly. His anxiety of the past few weeks was forgotten. Even that strange night with his mother in the doorway felt like a dream. And maybe... just maybe it was. It was as though the events of today had cast all the weirdness out, like opening a window on a warm spring day— the stuffiness and cobwebs had vanished. Today was a reminder that there was a real world outside of this building, and it was so much cooler and more interesting than the problems he faced here. He felt good. "Hey sweetie," her familiar voice from the bathroom. He could hear the fan running. She'd probably just had a shower. "Where have you been? How was your day?" She asked, surprised that he was home late again. "Oh my god," he said, dropping his keys off in the entry and struggling out of his shoes. "It was the coolest the day." He rambled excitedly about everything while his mother pattered in the bathroom. When he was finished, Meg called back "Wow, it sounds exciting." "It was. What about you? How was your day?" "It was great..." there was a slight pause... "I have a little surprise for you." Ethan froze. The anxiety was back. There was something in her voice that worried him... and he also found the shameful tensing in his pants coming back. What sort of outfit would she step out in today? How would she reveal herself to an already awkward son contending with... lewd thoughts? When the bathroom door opened, Meg stepped into the hallway in a robe. Her hair was wet, but Ethan could immediately see what the surprise was. "Mom!" Meggy flashed him a smile and fluffed her hair. "Do you like it?" She had dyed her hair from its normal bouncy shade of blonde to a deep artificial maroon auburn— just like Galloway's. Ethan wasn't sure what to make of this new look. He'd become fixated on Galloway's hair color ever since meeting her. But now his mother was trying to mimic her. Granted, Meg looked amazing with that color, but there was something about her gesture that felt... wrong. And the other question was 'why?' For what purpose did she impulsively change her hair? Ethan resisted the urge to tell her

that he liked her hair the way it used to be— because that was his mother. But she was beaming, and Ethan didn't want to hurt her feelings. Clearly she wanted his approval... perhaps too much. "It looks great mom, very wild."report

NEXT PAGE

She bit her lip and smiled. "Thanks sweetie. Could I pass for your new friend? Maybe some police gear and boots," she winked. Ethan felt himself getting red. "Uhh, I guess so," his cock was resisting his brain, lengthening against his leg. He willed it back under control. "Are you almost done in the bathroom? I need a shower badly." He admitted. The helicopter had kicked up a lot of field dust and loose dirt. Ethan was caked in it. Not to mention the cold sweat he'd been in, watching Galloway's training. He dusted some dirt from his pants to hide the growing bulge. "Umm..." Meg paused, looking suddenly guilty and apologetic. "About that. When I was showering the dye out of my hair, I may have... accidentally... broken your shower bench." Her eyebrows pinched together, and she dragged out the words, almost like she was afraid he'd yell at her. Incidental to his disability, Ethan needed to shower sitting down. It was the only way he could do it without slipping or his legs giving out. He had a bench that was fitted for the tub. But the bench was sturdy aluminum and plastic. Ethan sighed. "Mom, how'd you manage that?" "I'm sorry," she pouted. "It just happened. I slipped, I put my weight on it, and it cracked. You've had it for years, so maybe the plastic started to weaken with time." Despite the news, it couldn't possibly ruin Ethan's mood. He allowed a smile to cross his lips. "Are you saying I'm getting fat?" Meg sputtered laughter. "Never." "It's fine. We were probably overdue to replace it," Ethan made his way into the hallway and peered into the bathroom. The tub was a bit too small to take a bath, and Ethan didn't much want to. He hated feeling like he was stewing in his own filth. "I guess if I'm careful, I could shower with my crutches." Now Meg looked unsure. "Do you think that's a good idea?" She asked. "I don't want you to get hurt." He shrugged. "I don't know... I'm feeling pretty confident today." "I've noticed," his mother commented, and she smiled. Ethan felt his manhood stirring again at the way his mother appraised him with her eyes. "I did just watch my friend jump out of a helicopter today, so I think I can manage a simple shower." Ethan gathered a change of clothes and started the water. Meg looked uncertain, but ducked out and gave Ethan his privacy. The steam billowed around him as Ethan shed his clothes and took a moment to admire himself in the mirror. For a boy who generally wasn't very active, he wasn't in half bad shape. He was skinny and lean, like most other 18 year olds in their gangly phase of life. The wiry muscles of his chest and stomach were hairless. And he did have pretty nice arms. He had to, he supposed, given the payload that they carried each day. He flexed and watched the muscle in his bicep and peck jump. Maybe he shouldn't be so down on himself. Maybe he could be a contender for a hottie like Galloway someday. He glanced down at

himself. Now that his mother had cleared out, his cock had reverted back to its normal at-rest softness, and he took a minute to admire it. For a person who'd spent most of his life hating his body, he realized he didn't have much to be ashamed of. Even his cock was above average, hanging full between his thighs. That was one thing he'd never stressed about. Obviously, he needed a woman to some day show it too, but he knew once he did, it might prove to be a pleasant surprise. Tentatively, Ethan stepped into the shower. One of his crutches slid with an audible squelch of rubber, and for a moment Ethan thought he was going down. He let out a yelp, and at the last second managed to catch himself on the support bar that had been installed. He breathed a sigh of relief. "Okay, maybe this wasn't such a good idea," he admitted to himself. But he was here, and the warm water was already enveloping him. He may as well see it through. That was easier said than done. As he struggled to balance his weight on his crutches, and fumble the shampoo, he became aware of how dependent he was on that stupid bench. How the hell was he going to wash himself if he needed to keep his crutches braced? He was feeling much less confident as he dropped the shampoo bottle with a dull thump. He swore and stooped to retrieve it. That was when he heard the bathroom door open and shut, and the sound of soft bare feet on the tile floor. Softly, almost stealthy, the shower curtain behind him swished open and shut, and he felt her behind him. "Mom, what are you—" he started. "This is silly," Meg said. "Let me help you, before you really get hurt." And Meg's slender arm reached around him and collected the bottle from the floor. When Ethan turned around, he saw that his mother had joined him in the shower. She was wearing her two-piece green bathing suit. The top was designed to look as though it was casually tied in the front. It clung to her perky breasts, and her nipples poked through. Her tummy was bare, rolling slightly, though pleasantly. There was a wet sheen of hot water on her white skin. Her bottoms weren't especially revealing and hugged her wide hips. The bikini bottom, like the top, was also accented with 'ties' on each hip. There was something jungle-ish about it, as though Jane would dawn such an outfit after meeting Tarzan. When Meggy had first picked it out, Ethan thought it made his mother look like Tinkerbell. Not so much now with her hair a deep raspberry color. It wasn't especially revealing or slutty, but up close in the confines of the shower with her very naked son, Ethan saw it in a whole new light. "Mom, I'm naked," Ethan said, and his hands hurried to cover his manhood. Meg shrugged dismissively as she squirted some shampoo into her palm. "It's nothing I haven't seen before, when you were little and I used to change and bathe you." Without waiting for Ethan to protest further, she ran her fingers through his hair. Still Ethan's hands hovered over his cock. "I know but I'm not little anymore." Ethan's eyes met his mother's, and a moment later, her gaze dropped to his cock. Her long lashed brows cutely against her wet cheeks as she looked at him—actually looked at the sexual tool that made him a man. "I can see that," she said, her tone getting husky and her eyes lingering. Ethan was suddenly aware that his penis was swelling. His

shaft had lengthened far past what his fingers were able to cover up, and the swelling head of his manhood hung between his thighs. There was something very un-motherly about the way Meg had just said that. Ethan turned and faced away from her as she continued to lather up his shaggy brown hair. "There's something about your hair I just love," she commented, playing with it as she washed it. "You certainly didn't get this from me. It's so thick and wild." She ran her hands through his hair, oblivious how tensed up Ethan's body had become. Meg began to hum softly to herself as she bathed him, and Ethan realized there was no fighting it. His cock was completely resistant to his wishes. It had hardened with a mind of its own, and was now swinging upward like a wilted plant coming back to life with a little watering. He shut his eyes and cursed inwardly. He hated himself for being aroused by this. Could he have any control of his body, dammit? He turned his head up to the faucet and let the water wash the shampoo from his hair. Meg collected the bar of soap next and her hands started to work their way down his back. They paused several times along the way to curiously poke and feel his muscles. Ethan was breathing hard. His arms trembled in their crutches as he fought to brace himself. And every time that he looked down, he saw his boner, standing at full attention. 'This boner was brought to you by... your own mother,' he narrated shamefully in his head to remind himself of what was becoming the most awkward situation of his life. "You feel so tense," Meg commented, washing Ethan's lower back, then running her hands across each cheek of his butt. "It's just weird having your mother... take a shower with you. That's all," Ethan said. Meg's hands continued to roam behind Ethan, sliding up and down along each of his arms. Her fingers trailed curiously along his biceps. "It's not that weird," Meg said. "Mothers take care of their sons, that's all. And you know, there's people with disabilities who have it much worse than you. Some of them have to be bathed every day by their parents." Ethan sighed. "I know... I'm lucky." He knew she was right. Despite his circumstances, things could be much worse. Now Meg's hands reached around him and softly started to soap up his chest. He deliberately kept his back to her, but now he could feel her chest against his back. The flesh was warm and yielding. She no longer felt like she was wearing a bathing suit. "It-it just makes me feel like a kid," Ethan stammered nervously. Meg's hands slid lower, trailing the soap along the way, easing it from side to side in slow, almost sensual circles. And all the while she did, she moved her chest back and forth, grazing his back with her perky tits. He could feel the hardness of her nipples. The way her breasts moved, unrestrained. Now he was sure she was no longer wearing her top. "Really? Because you certainly don't feel like a little kid." She said, and her voice felt like it was right in his ear, soft and whispery and pleasant. Ethan's heart was pounding. Her warm breath in his ear made his skin break out in goosebumps. As she said it, her hand trailed below his belt line. Ethan's foot nudged something on the floor of the tub. Soft fabric. When he glanced down, he saw that she'd discarded her swim suit entirely. It hit Ethan full-on at this point. His mother was in the shower with him, and they were both completely

naked! When the hell had she even taken it off? At some point, she had stealthy stripped herself. Not only that, but her small hands were moving that bar of soap on a determined journey. A journey that ended the moment it touched the base of his shaft. "In fact..." she said, oblivious to his shock, "From behind like this, I barely even recognize you as my baby boy." Her hands started slowly around his shaft, washing around it, washing his balls, his inner thighs. Ethan could only stand there in frozen disbelief. "You've become such a man," she said, her voice soft and sweet and lusty. Then her hands found his shaft, and the bar of soap glided warm and pleasantly along the underside of his erection. An involuntary moan escaped Ethan's lips. That was the most shocking of all. Ethan's mother had just made him moan— with a touch. His heart thundered out of control, his legs trembled, and he couldn't seem to slow his breathing. This was something new and wrong, and he sensed they were dangerously close to crossing a line that could never be undone. It terrified him... but between the steam, the warm water, the perky breasts sliding against his back, and her little hands on the precipice of forever changing them both... he didn't want it to stop. "M-mom, w-what are you doing?" He asked, barely able to find his voice. "I'm just cleaning you... that means all of you... even this." And she ran the soap around his shaft, her hands covered in lather began to touch him. "Oh my, Ethan," she said as she tested the girth of her son. "You have quite the boner here. Did your friend across the hall do this?" One hand began to softly stroke him while the other continued to work the soap in pleasant circles around him. The pretext of showering seemed lost at this moment, with how much time she was spending on this particular part of his body. Ethan seized on what his mother offered, instead of facing the harsh reality that it was his mom's odd behavior and sexuality had caused this erection. "Y-yeah. She did." "Are you thinking about her right now?" Meg's lips against her son's ear. "Uh... yeah..." he admitted, shutting his eyes, trying to think about Galloway, but each time, the image returned to reality— his mother was stroking him in the shower. Then suddenly the bar of soap dropped away, and all that was left were his mother's hands locked around his throbbing shaft. She didn't make any move to retrieve it. She left it at their feet, along with her swim suit. Her hands slowly twisted and spun and stroked. "This feels painful," Meg said. "It's so big... and hard." Her hands were feeling every inch of her son now. Ethan swallowed, and tried not to think about the gravity of what was happening. He just shut his eyes and focused on the sensation of her jerking him. It felt good. "Just relax, Ethan," Meg purred. "Just relax and think about your friend. Let mommy take care of this for you. I'll always take care of you." Ethan bit his lip. Each time she spoke, his cock jumped excitedly. It pulsed with eager spasms. Her hands were working faster now. One making the long journey from his base to his bulbous swollen head, then back again. The other hand was gently caressing and fondling his balls. No woman had ever touched him like this before, and Ethan fought not to think too hard about who it was. But even still... the taboo was a rush in itself. Then one of Meg's

hands disappeared. She continued to stroke him, getting faster now. Ethan could feel her other hand slip between them, and start to softly move in vague curious movements. Ethan recognized the rhythm and suddenly realized that his mother was playing with her pussy while she stroked him off. "Mom... we shouldn't be..." Ethan moaned. "Shhhh," she responded, her voice barely a whisper. "We both need this. Just relax and let me make you feel good." "Oh god," Ethan groaned louder. His hips were starting to move on their own in time with Meg's strokes. He was fucking his mother's hand, he realized. "That's right," she urged him. "Just follow what your body is telling you to do. My big boy. I'm so proud of you." Her hand was becoming a blur along his length. She squeezed and twisted and pivoted and stroked. He could feel her hand working on herself behind Ethan's back. She was moving from side to side, teasing her hard nipples across his back. Ethan panted, excitedly. He could barely maintain his balance. Meg must have sensed this, because suddenly she turned him and pushed her son against the wall. The shower wall cool against his back as he came face to face with his naked mother. Her small compact body was glistening with warm water and steam. She was completely naked. Up close now, her bare naked breasts were even better than he could imagine. They were bigger than her small frame let on. Her nipples were puffy and pink, rock hard, they pointed straight at what they wanted— him. Her pussy was smooth and her legs inviting as her hand rubbed and rubbed. Her face was a mask of uncontrolled lust that Ethan absolutely didn't recognize. She stood in front of him, her hand stroking him. His cock pointed straight at her tummy. "I can't..." Ethan started to pant. "I can't hold on..." "Do it, Ethan..." she said in an equally out of breath voice. "Do it for mommy." Then to Ethan's shock, she leaned forward and ran her tongue tantalizingly across his lips. Ethan couldn't stop himself. He had to. He opened his lips and his tongue found hers. There was no pull away— no shock and horror on the part of his mother. She came to him willingly, leaned into him and started to kiss back in a way that they'd never kissed before. The reality hit him, but he was too far gone to rationalize it or stop. He was kissing his mother. Their tongues wrestled, half out of their mouths. Both of them were burning with lust, their bodies tingling and smoldering. Ethan's cock was throbbing uncontrollably. "Mom, I'm going to..." he cried out. "Uh huh!" Meg urged him, and shoved her mouth and tongue aggressively into his. She grasped his cock and pressed him against her smooth wet tummy, trapping his cock between their bodies. Her breasts mashed against his chest, her nipples poked into him pleasantly. Suddenly all Ethan felt was a burst of pleasure. His cock gave a heavy lurch, and still Meg held tight. Then a jet of hot cum shot out from his tip and geysered up Meg's body. "Ohhh yes," she moaned out excitedly. Ethan could feel her body trembling with the thrill. The rest of his orgasm came rapid fire. Another eruption, and another, and another, shooting hot sticky wetness between their wet tummies. Each time his cock shot cum, his mom squealed in delight. The ropes coated her stomach, reaching up to kiss the bottoms of her perky tits. One even went wild and shot up between them, landing on her

chest. Meg kissed Ethan through his whole orgasm, not daring to part their lips. She let him moan into her kiss. Finally she pulled away, almost reluctantly. Her eyes stayed locked on his. But as his orgasm died away, Ethan found he could barely look his mother in the eyes. "Do you feel better now?" She asked him. Her voice dropped to a whisper, and he suspected it was because she could barely catch her breath. Hell, Ethan could barely catch his. He managed a shaky nod of his head. They managed to clean up, softly scrubbing off the cummy mess that Ethan had left on his mother. The entire time, she barely took her eyes off of him... or his manhood. Just as the water began to grow cold, she helped her son out of the tub. "T-thanks mom. I-I'll take it from here," he said nervously. Meg nodded, smiled, and gave her son a peck on the cheek. As she headed from the bathroom, she paused in the doorway. "I'll be in my bed... you're welcome to join me. You know... if you get lonely," she said. Ethan didn't reply. His mind was a mixture of confused emotions that he couldn't get under control. When she left, he caught sight of his reflection in the steamy window. His expression was one of bewilderment, and complete shame. He didn't recognize his own face. It was the face of a man who'd just kissed his mother with his tongue, let her jerk him off, and cum all over her belly—the same belly that he'd grown in. Ethan felt sick with horror. Oh god, what have I done?***3A Rob was staring at the monitors. The debauchery was happening all around the building. His puppets were dancing, and they weren't disappointing. The despicable acts of depravity in 1A, in 2A were beyond hot. Nearby, Kelsey was leaning over his shoulder. Her huge tits rested heavily on his shoulder. Her hand was in Rob's lap, stroking his throbbing manhood as the two of them watched the screens together. But no matter how much Rob wanted to enjoy the sinful acts that he created, he couldn't concentrate. Because on his mind wasn't the apartments that he could see... it was the apartment that he couldn't see. "Am I not doing it right?" Kelsey's soft voice in his ear sounded hurt and desperate as her nimble little fingers stroked up and down Rob's thick shaft. She picked up speed and mashed and teased her double D chest against his shoulder and the side of his face. "You're doing a fine job," Rob sighed. "It's just..." "Just what?" She asked. "Tell me what you want, and I'll do it. I'll do anything you want." The desperation in her voice like a school girl pleading for better grades. It made Rob's cock jump. "2B worries me." "Because you can't see them?" "Because they're cops," Rob replied. Indeed, he'd done a deep dig on the new face who was hanging around with Officer Wild Cherry. Scott Quinn was a former state trooper, and something of a local celebrity. Last year he'd been involved in a manhunt to apprehend a killer who was preying on campers and hikers. There'd been some sort of mechanical failure that had caused their helicopter to crash. Most of the team had been left dead, or severely injured as a result—Quinn's back had been broken. The team's pilot, a woman, an ex-Army Captain named Morgan, had tended to the wounded, even while the psychopath that they'd been hunting started terrorizing them day and night, picking off the injured team as they awaited rescue. Quinn was the only one that she'd been able to keep alive.

Morgan was the only other survivor.report

NEXT PAGE

Rob knew the story, because he'd found it fascinating— he had even considered basing a novel off of it. But now this man was in his building. Rob was intimidated enough meddling with Galloway, but now another officer was hanging around. A real officer. One with connections. One with notoriety. One that could sniff out lies and foul play. And one with a strong determination. Rob definitely didn't like it. "You're smart, Rob," Kelsey cooed as she rubbed her breast up and down Rob's cheek. Her hand pumping his manhood faster. "You're the smartest man I know. You'll think of something. Why don't you corrupt these officers the way that you do with everyone else? Like Tina and her parents, Danni and her brother, me and my boyfriend... I mean... my ex-boyfriend." She caught herself. Rob swallowed. "Because I'm afraid to expose my powers to them in any strong way," he said. "That's like suggesting the best way for a drug dealer to continue to deal drugs is to try to get the cops addicted as well. I just worry it won't happen easily..." "Then it sounds like you already know what you need to do," Kelsey said softly in his ear. "What's that?" Rob glanced at their reflection in the monitor, and startled to see that it wasn't Kelsey's face peering back at him. It was the face of the wretched old hag with the gray skin and peeling lips speaking into his ear. The same one he'd seen in the window many nights ago. "You have to get rid of the trooper," she snarled in a voice from another world.*** Hollow Pleasure to be continued... ***report

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END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment contains themes of hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, voyeurism, and incest. This installment specifically contains a scene involving gang rape, BDSM, rough sex, and humiliation. This one might not be for the faint of heart. You've been warned.This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.***Hollow Pleasure chapter 09***2BQuinn awoke to the screech of his clock, with a terrible pain in his neck and back. He gazed around, alarmed and covered in sweat. The dream was already vanishing, but he knew it well. He had it frequently. He had been in the woods, strapped to a gurney in a little camp that sat beside a destroyed helicopter. For days he'd been completely unable to move, completely helpless. He'd soiled himself multiple times during that ordeal. He'd been unable to clean or feed himself, and completely unable to fight.He heard the gunshots, the screams in the night. His fellow troopers, all with broken arms, or broken ribs, or concussions. All were making their desperate last stands. And one by one their screams fell silent.He knew he'd be next. And he'd be easy prey to the psychopath- the monster who took a sick joy in stalking campers.Then suddenly he was being lifted into the air, carried away from it all. He was on the rescue helicopter, and was lifting off. Beside him, Captain Angela "Fallen Angel" Morgan was holding his hand. He'd been terrified, especially after their last helicopter crash. She was singing to him to keep him from panicking. She'd kept him safe, kept him alive- fed him, made sure he stayed hydrated, cleaned him when he was dirty, and fought for his life when he'd been unable to. She was the only reason he survived at all.But as Quinn stared at the forest that was dropping away, he spotted them. His former troopers- the men who'd been killed on those dark and terrifying nights. They stood like silent statues, their faces rotting and their eyes gone. Troopers Harrison, and Garber, and Fields, and Falcon, and Rosetti, ... even that asshole Hower. And they were pointing at him as he was carried away to safety- to live a life that should have ended along side of them."IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN YOU!!!" They all howled at him, screaming their protests that he had survived while they had perished.That was the last thing he remembered before his alarm went off. And the sounds of their mournful accusations followed him to the surface. He could still hear them in his head as he sat up and his vision cleared.He was in Galloway's apartment. She was beside him, smiling in her sleep. Even moaning cutely. The room was dark, but cozy. His whole body was trembling, searching for threats in his post-nightmare

paranoia. Finally, on unsteady legs, he stood, wobbled and headed into the bathroom. He immediately shut the door. The words from the nightmare still echoed in his head as he shrank onto the floor. He buried his face in his palms and began to cry. It should have been you. "I'm sorry, guys," he whispered to the still air. He sniffled, knowing full well it should have been him. "Quinn?" a voice at the door startled him. "Yeah," Quinn said, quickly composing himself. "I'm just getting ready for work." "Are you alright?" Galloway asked. She sounded half asleep. "I'm okay. I just had a bad dream, that's all," he assured her. "What was it about?" she asked. He paused. "I... I don't really remember anymore," he lied. As much as he wanted to say it all out loud and get it off his chest, he knew that it would only upset and disturb her. That was the last thing he wanted. When he was sure she'd gone back to bed, he started the shower and got ready for work. The entire time, he found himself wishing he would have a heart attack or a brain aneurism and would die quickly. Let karma finally put him out of his misery. When he was ready and packed for his day, he hesitated at the door. Ethan's words resonated in his head— about leaving notes. "It makes Galloway feel good. It's what I'd want someone to do for me. If I was having a bad day, or was scared, I'd want someone to leave me a little note. Nobody does, so I figured if I want something to happen for me, I should do it for someone else. Tell them something that I'd want to hear. It matters." Quinn was wishing for a little encouragement and a kind word for himself at the moment. So he took out his pen and pocket notebook and taped something to the door. Something just for Galloway. "You always have been, always are, and always will be the best part of my day." Then he kissed a sleeping Galloway on the cheek and headed out the door. He gently closed the apartment door and double-checked that the lock had engaged. His feet were the only sounds in the building. He felt like he was alone and everyone had moved on without him. He was feeling that way a lot lately. Then he passed the wall sconces and started down the stairs. "It should have been you." The voice wasn't in his memory this time. It was right in his ear, as audible as a person speaking. Hot breath on his neck as it snarled, he froze and he felt hands grasp his neck from behind. He turned, but didn't see anyone. Then the hands tightened, two distinct palms, and they pushed. Quinn was too startled to even yelp as he fell face-first down the staircase. His face hit the step, then his head bounced, toppling end over end. The world became an endless blur of pain and terror as his body twisted and rolled down, down, down. His head hit one of the steps and he saw stars. His back twisted as his torso rolled and he felt blinding pain shoot up and down his body. He gasped as he rolled but no sound came out. He couldn't draw a breath, the wind going out of him. After what felt like an eternity, he landed in a twisted heap at the bottom of the stairs. He breathed shallow. Everything hurt. He could see his lunchbox across the hall. And his left arm was bent, contorted along with several fingers. He groaned miserably. His back was a near blinding pain. He struggled to move his right arm, to drag himself to the nearest door. "Help," he said weakly, but his voice barely carried. Quinn, who had felt hopeless and

like a burden to everyone around him, now felt as helpless as an infant in a crib— just like in his dream, like when he was back in the mountains. Only this time, Morgan wasn't here to save him. He tried to cry out again, but as he drew in a breath, he heard the basement door behind him creak open. Though he couldn't see, there was someone standing behind him, a shadow. He was sure of it. "It should have been you," the voice hissed one final time. The voice like an arid wind from another world. From hell. Then his body was being easily dragged toward the basement door.***When Galloway got the emergency phone call, she was in the middle of training. Her blood turned cold the second she answered and heard the news. She hadn't even been aware of what happened when she left for work today. Her thoughts had been so innocent... well that wasn't entirely true. Another sex dream had been as vivid as ever, even after she woke and started her day. Now she felt guilty, as though she really had cheated on Quinn, all while not realizing that something awful had happened to someone that she loved. Her instructors let her leave training early, and Galloway's drive to the hospital had been a blur, both mentally, and at the speed that she was traveling. When she arrived, she conferred with the nurse's station about what room he was in, then sprinted down the hallway. Two faces were waiting outside. Ethan looked simultaneously worried and guilty. He put his arms around Galloway. "I'm sorry," he said. She felt him sobbing a little. It warmed her heart to know that he really did care about Quinn. She hugged him back but it was distracted. "I'm sorry I wasn't nicer to Quinn," he managed to stammer out. "He really is a good guy. I didn't like him at first, but I do now." "It's fine, Ethan. What happened?" Galloway asked. The man standing beside Ethan spoke up. Chris Berger— the gangly man with the dark hair and glasses from 1B was looking edgy. His eyes were darting all around. He wore the expression of a man had a target on his back. Galloway saw that same uneasy expression when she and Quinn encountered him that day in the hallway— when he'd been snooping on Robert Bradford's odd behavior. "I found him in the basement," Chris explained. "The basement?" He nodded. "I went downstairs, to ah... do laundry. And I found him laying there not able to move and barely able to talk. He must have been laying down there for a few hours, at least." Galloway had the sense that Chris was holding back about something. Chris shrugged. "It was really just dumb luck that I saw him. Otherwise, he might have been there for days." That thought was so horrible that Galloway didn't want to imagine it for long. She thanked them both and headed for the hospital room. Chris stopped her with an urgent tug on her arm. His voice dropped to a low whisper. "When you come back out, I need to talk to you alone." Galloway studied his face. This man knew something that he didn't want to say in front of Ethan. Galloway nodded her understanding. She went into the hospital room. There was a doctor talking to Quinn. Quinn was laying in bed, looking terribly frail and ill for such a strong guy. He didn't smile with relief when he saw her. If anything, he looked away in shame. "Hey, how are you feeling?" she came over and squeezed his hand. He squeezed back but couldn't meet her eyes. "I've had better

days," he admitted. "You're the girlfriend?" The doctor asked. "Sure, we'll go with that. What happened?" "He took a spill down the stairs while he was leaving for work." Galloway looked horrified. "Is he alright? He's had a bad back from--" "We're aware of that," the doctor explained. "His back is fine. He bruised his spine in several places, along with a concussion, a broken wrist, and three fractured fingers. He'll recover without any permanent damage. It sounds worse than it is. He got lucky." Quinn frowned. "Real lucky," he said miserably. That comment worried Galloway more than the list of injuries. It wasn't like Quinn to let these sorts of things bother him. His demeanor was normally upbeat and sarcastic-- infuriatingly so. The first time he'd broken his back and she had come to visit him, he had nearly jumped out of bed to hug her. He always had a shit-eating-grin, a pervy comment, and a laugh for whoever was around. All of that seemed to have gone out of him-- like a deflated balloon. This wasn't the Quinn she knew. His disposition had soured. "Regardless," the doctor said, "he was lucky that the neighbor found him. We're going to keep him for a few days, just until the swelling and the pain abates." "How'd you end up in the basement if you fell down the main stairs?" Galloway asked him. Quinn considered her question and grew slightly pale. "We need to talk about that," he said at last. "Alone." Again, somebody wanted to have a serious private conversation. Quinn waited until the doctor was out of earshot and wouldn't be coming back. Finally he said, "Galloway... I didn't get clumsy. Something pushed me." "What do you mean?" "You know what I mean." He glared at her. When they worked together at the casino as lowly guards, they often speculated if it could have been haunted. Then Quinn swallowed his pride. He told her about the dream, about his fellow officers, about what they'd said to him in the dream-- that it should have been him. Galloway's eyes widened. She looked guilty and like she didn't want to believe it. Her dreams had been especially weird lately as well. "I'm starting to think those guys were right," Quinn took a deep breath, his diaphragm making his inhale quiver. "You know it was just a dream." Galloway insisted. "Even so, they were right. I'm fuckin' useless. I'm a drain on everyone." "Stop it. Stop talking like that." "Seriously though. I worked and worked and made it to a job where I could make a difference. Where I could help people and keep people safe. And before I even could, I end up with a broken back. I wasn't meant to help anyone. I was meant to spend a life time with them helping me. I'm going to spend the rest of my life filling goddamn bottles until I fall down the stairs one more time, having left nothing behind that matters. I just want to go to sleep and not wake up anymore..." He shut his eyes and started to sob, having confessed that. She watched him for a while, not sure what to do. This definitely wasn't the man that she knew. Emotionally he was circling the drain. For him to have said that, he must have been just barely keeping it together for a long time. She knew he hadn't been happy with his career change, but he'd kept a brave face through it all. This must have pushed him over the edge. She needed to find a way to bring him back from the brink. Especially in a hospital, giving up could be way more deadly than the

injury itself."Shut the fuck up, Quinn." She snapped at him, letting her emotions pick her words for her. "Get your act together and stop belittling yourself. Because I'll tell you this... if I lose you, I will *never* be happy again. So I need you to pull yourself together. I didn't know you for one second as a State Trooper. So your disappointment in yourself is all you. I knew you as Quinn the security guard with the insufferably annoying sense of humor."He laughed softly to himself."And after your crash, when I found you in the hospital, I realized how much I loved you. You know why I love you so fuckin' much? Because no matter how much pain you were in, you still grinned and made your usual sick jokes. You didn't let it destroy you. Did you know that Morgan took me aside after your crash? She told me about you being on a stretcher the whole time out in the woods. That you were utterly helpless and completely dependent on her. But she said that you were always grinning. You were always making jokes, and you were always making her and the other survivors laugh, even when things were at their worst. That's who you are, and that's the man I love. Do you understand what I'm saying?"He gazed at his hands again, resting in his lap. He nodded, and a little needle of shame began to work its way into his brain. She was absolutely right, and he hated himself for losing it like that, and letting her see the 'oh woe is me' face of his insecurities."You're right. I get it. I'll work on that.""Don't do it for me, do it for yourself, Quinn. You always found a way to be happy. I'll be happy as long as you're around, but I need you to find a way to be too."He swallowed, but didn't look like he was listening."Do you understand?""Okay," he nodded. He seemed to be calming down a bit. "Galloway... there's something you need to know about that apartment. I fell down the stairs and landed on the first floor. Something came out of the basement... and it pulled me down there like I weighed nothing. I could have died. There is something really wrong with that place.""I know," she replied."You need to get out of there, as soon as possible."Quinn's warning resonated deeply with her. Especially when she returned to the hallway and found Chris Berger leaning against the soda machine in the elevator lobby. His arms were folded. He was gripping himself like he was cold and his expression was grim."You'd better brace yourself," Chris said soberly. "I'm going to tell you everything that's going on in that apartment. And it's going to sound completely insane."***Galloway had no memory of her drive home. Everything Chris had said occupied every space in her brain, so much so that her body was running on auto-pilot. It was all so crazy, it seemed utterly impossible. Yet somehow it filled in so many blanks and connected so many dots that Chris couldn't possibly know about— the way Rob had called her by a nickname that she'd only ever heard in her dreams before, his odd, feverish way of typing. And those dreams... But that also created more questions than it answered. Chris was convinced, and Galloway believed that he was telling the truth... or at least thought he was. But it was a hard pill to swallow— mind control? Supernatural powers? Using those powers to have debauchorous sex with the different women in the building? That wasn't reality.

Chris sounded like a crackpot and if Galloway hadn't already been so rattled, she might have laughed in Chris's face. Although there really was no denying the cameras. Chris had brought along his laptop, and though they were too far away to view them in real time, he showed Galloway the videos that Chris had recorded. It was disturbing. And even if Chris's crazy yammering about mind control was the rant of a lunatic, there was no denying that at the very least, there was a gross invasion of privacy going on in that building. Galloway wasn't 100% convinced. She needed some time to process this, and do her own investigating. She wondered if Ethan was experiencing anything odd. Maybe she ought to ask him when she got back. He'd left the hospital before her, so she and Chris could have their private discussion. She arrived at the apartment and regarded the looming building with a sense of dread. For the first time, the large Disney-esque Victorian did look very much haunted. And in the top floor of the turret, lights from computer monitors cast strobing flickers across the walls and ceiling. It looked like a mad scientist was hard at work up there. She started up the front steps, still in her gear from today's training that had been cut short. Her boots were trekking mud, her jeans hugged her hips and cupped her ass. Her tank top clung tightly to her flat tummy and round boobs. Her duty belt and vest hung loosely from her body, unzipped and open. Galloway was still feeling like her mind was in a daze as she stepped inside... which was part of the reason why she didn't notice that the front door was open. She stopped in the community foyer to retrieve her mail, and as she walked into the tight front hallway, she knew something was immediately wrong. The door to apartment 1B was standing wide open, and she was hearing voices within. The Bergers weren't home. Chris had sent TJ away to stay with her mother, and Chris was deliberately laying low. There shouldn't be anyone in the apartment. Did Rob have something to do with this? Galloway heard the thump of boots, the heavy movements. There were gruff voices, and the sounds of things breaking. Her heart began to pound in her ears. Her whole body stiffened as she drew her handgun. She nudged the door open. In the living room, she spied a stack of expensive items that had been collected—computers, electronic devices, jewelry, and tools. This was a burglary that she was walking in on. "Oh shit," she thought to herself, her heart pounding away. Her throat had gone dry. She licked her lips, stepping cautiously into the apartment. Then she spotted them. They were over by the kitchen, rummaging through a cabinet and collecting liquor bottles like trophies. There were three men. A skinny white punk with bleached hair like Enimen, and a ragged shirt. A wiry black guy with a smooth baby face and scrawny arms. And a beefy Hispanic with a ratty goatee and tattoos up and down his undefined flabby arms. All of the guys were young, between 18 and 20, although if they were old enough to legally drink, Galloway would eat her hat. She was pretty sure she could take all three of them...report

NEXT PAGE

Her mind latched onto that phrase and played it like a record for a moment—take all three of them. The thought sent a thrilling jolt through her brain. She shook her head and cleared it. She planted her feet and pointed her pistol. "Freeze!" She bellowed ferociously. All three of them looked up, startled. Their eyes wide with an expression of having gotten caught with their hands in the cookie jar. They lifted their hands slowly in the air. Their eyes went from Galloway's gun, to the tactical vest draped over her fit body, to the shiny silver badge on her belt. "Oh shit," Baby Face said, his eyes were wide, looking for an opening to immediately run. "Don't fuckin' move!" Galloway snarled. "Keep your hands where I can see them." Her sky-blue eyes were hard, unflinching. "Fuckin' pig," White Boy remarked, and Galloway felt a jolt of excitement race through her again. There was something about the crude insult that triggered a response within her... but it wasn't the furious recoil that she would normally have. Her heart started to flutter. She blinked several times, feeling an odd sensation of weightlessness... like the free-fall feeling just before dozing into a pleasant sleep. A tingle between her legs, and Galloway suddenly let out a pleasurable gasp, staggering slightly. "What the fuck are you doing, puta?" Goatee remarked, his brow furrowed in confusion at her shaking and gasping. Galloway knew enough Spanish to know that he'd just called her a whore. "I am a puta," the words just sort of fell from her mouth. The men looked on, their expressions of anger and shock turned to confusion. Galloway's chest began to rise and fall in deep breaths. Her breasts moved heavily beneath her tank top, as though she was deliberately trying to entice them with her breathing. She felt her nipples begin to stand erect, pressing through her sports bra and tank top. The men noticed... there was no way not to, with the way her chest rose and fell like that. She shut her eyes and couldn't resist tasting her own lips, forgetting herself in the moment... losing track of the severity for reasons that escaped her. "This bitch is crazy," Baby Face commented, and again, the crude way that he spoke about her sent another wave of uncontrolled pleasure and lust through her body. Galloway felt her knees tremble. She had an overwhelming urge to touch herself... She lowered the gun, her hand running up to her face and rubbing her neck... then traveling lower. What was she doing? She wondered. She was forgetting herself, forgetting the situation. The men started to nervously inch their way around the table very slowly, keeping their hands up. They were afraid of Galloway, and her sudden odd change in behavior was throwing them further off. Galloway felt an impossible thrill at the gravity of the situation. For the last few weeks, she'd had a bizarre new turn-on work its way into her brain. Every night she dreamt of being aggressively taken by a group of bad men. Of being slapped around by them, abused, and ferociously fucked every which way. She orgasmed in her sleep over such a fantasy. She devoted hours of her time to touching herself to such thoughts. She'd nearly broken her bed, her body craving it so badly. And now... here she was, Officer Kate Galloway standing in the middle of a crime, with three punks who regarded her with the resentment that criminals regard

cops. They were seeing her as a 'bitch', a 'whore', a 'pig'... and Galloway was feeling all of those repressed triggers flooding right back. Her fantasy was invading her thoughts. She had control over the situation— could stop the crime here and now by detaining these guys until the police showed up. But was that really what she wanted? She could make her fantasy a reality, right here and now. All she had to do was to let it happen... to give up control... 'They could kill you', her common sense said. 'They could hurt you, rape you, abuse you...' and yet, all of those thoughts sent new waves of excitement through her. Galloway was aware that her hand had wandered to her breast and was squeezing it in front of these men. She'd slid the barrel of her pistol down the front of her body and was starting to rub it against the crotch of her jeans. "What the fuck is this pig doing?" Goatee asked quietly to his buddies. They were inching closer. Galloway gasped as she touched herself with the barrel of the weapon, completely lost in her fantasy now. She sucked in a breath and bit her lip, her legs going weak, she had to lean back against the wall to keep from toppling over. That was when the three men made their move. They rushed her all at the same time. Galloway felt her pistol being yanked out of her hand, but she didn't seem to mind. Her duty belt and vest were torn off, and the feeling of them disarming her made her moan in excitement. Goatee pinned her hands behind her back, shouting at his two buddies to help restrain her. Not that they really needed to— Galloway wasn't putting up a fight. "Jackpot! Cuffs," White Boy declared, producing Galloway's set of handcuffs. The metallic clink sent flashes of pleasure coursing up and down her thighs. They cuffed her where she stood and shoved her roughly to the floor. "Yessss," she moaned out softly as they manhandled her. Her tank top had come askew from the struggling and the fleshy side of one of her plump breasts was visible through the arm hole. The fabric had ridden up, showing her smooth bare belly, making her feel exposed and vulnerable. She lay on the floor, helpless and anticipating. The men rummaged through her equipment, her vest, stealing her tools, her gun, her ID, her badge. When she stared at them, her eyes were burning with excitement. They were mistaking it for fury. "Private police?" Goatee asked. "Whatever the fuck that means," he tossed her ID crudely at her. It slapped off her face and another moan escaped her lips. Galloway couldn't recall a time she'd ever been so excited... or turned on. She was standing at the edge of her deepest darkest fantasy coming true. "What the fuck is up with this bitch?" Baby Face asked. "Why's she moaning like that?" "Look at this fuckin' hair," White Boy said, smacking her hat off of her head and roughly grabbed her by the ponytail. His tug so harsh that it forced Galloway up on her knees. "She's moaning like this because she's a cock addicted skank, isn't that right?" He directed the question at Galloway, and before she could answer, he yanked her ponytail up and down, forcing her to nod. Galloway shut her eyes, and her cheeks reddened. But while they might mistake it for embarrassment, for Galloway it was a flush of excitement. Her whole body was trembling, her mind a blur of possibilities of what might happen. She could feel her panties growing wet. Her pussy was

practically drooling. "C'mon man, let's finish up and get out of here," Baby Face said. But White Boy looked slightly distracted. "Are you sure? Seems the most interesting thing in this apartment just arrived," he snickered, still tugging Galloway's hair roughly, but his gaze wandered down to her busty chest. Galloway was so flushed with excitement, she couldn't find the words. She could only stare and silently urge him to do it with her mind. Then White Boy reached down and gave one of her tits a rough squeeze. Galloway couldn't hold back. A half gasp, half moan escaped her lips as his fingers closed around her breast. "Uhhnnn," she said, her voice soft and squeaky, catching in her throat. "Hear that," White Boy declared. "She loves it, don't you pig?" He said and went to her other breast, squeezing it even harder. Galloway felt a flash of pain, but the excitement and pleasure was too much. "Yes..." she managed to choke out in a voice that was half lusty and half fearful and desperate. It definitely wasn't her normal voice. White Boy laughed, he slapped her breast hard over her top. She winced and whimpered, but a moment later she bit her full pouty pink lip. White Boy slapped her other one, earning another whimper. Then he went back and forth, slapping her chest like she was a piece of meat. In that moment, Galloway felt like one... and she was gasping and moaning. "See that, guys? This bitch is a grade A slut, isn't that right?" He tugged her hair. Galloway managed a nod. "Yes," she said, feeling like a helpless girl and certainly not a trained officer. But the feeling was like nothing she'd ever felt sexually. She had no control and she was more turned on than she'd ever been. "I'm a complete slut," she said, enticing them with her voice. When she looked up at the burglars, both Goatee and Baby Face were staring at her. White Boy continued to fondle her. But Galloway could tell by the expressions on the faces of his accomplices that their thoughts were no longer on looting. Their minds had changed gears. Now they wanted sexual pleasure... and Galloway felt the overwhelming desire to give it to them. On her knees, even with White Boy groping her, Galloway arched her back, thrusting her breasts out until the fabric of her tank top pulled tightly against them. Her nipples were hard and sensitive, pressing through the fabric. She looked at them, nearly panting. Her hands cuffed behind her back, she looked like an offering to the gods. She met Baby Face's eyes, and then let her eyes wander down to his crotch. She was rewarded when she saw the fabric of his jeans begin to strain. He was getting excited by the situation. "Mmmm... always wanted to put a police bitch in her place," he admitted, licking his lips. Galloway glanced up Goatee. He scowled at her, there was a genuine hatred for her in his eyes. He would be rough. "Punish me," she whimpered, keeping her normally strong voice meek and sexual. Goatee stepped forward and grabbed her beneath the chin, gripping her roughly and turning her to face him. "Is that what you want, puta?" He snarled in her face and spat. His spittle running down one of her pink apple cheeks. Galloway could only moan inwardly to herself as he did. He grabbed one of her tits and roughly jiggled it. Galloway moaned louder, inhaling. He slapped her chest and continued his rough assault on her breast. White Boy worked over the

other one. The men pawed at her so roughly that she fell backward, landing on her butt. "Look at this fuckin' horny, big tittied bitch," White Boy narrated, grinning around his big teeth. The thin lips of his wide mouth smiling delighted at the control they had over her. "Not so tough without your gun, are you, bitch?" Baby Face joined in with the insults, watching his buddies manhandle her around. The guys pawed at her boobs, shaking them, squeezing them, massaging them. It was a painful prodding assault on her flesh, and yet Galloway loved it. She never felt so alive and eager. Then Goatee hooked his hands through the straps of her tank top and pulled. He tore it right down the middle. Galloway's bra and bare midriff were exposed. The budding hints of a six pack flexed from her heavy breathing. And still the men roamed with their hands, forcing her sports bra up until her full C-cups spilled out. "Look at them pink fuckin' nipples," White Boy remarked, giving her bare breast a slap that was so hard, it left a red print on her skin. He smiled at the way her breasts bounced and jiggled as he abused her. "Oh shit," Baby Face laughed. "You made her tit as red as her face. You like black dick?" he asked her crudely, and he took hold of the back of Galloway's head and shoved her face into his crotch. Galloway nearly yelped as he forced her face against his jeans. Beneath the denim, she could feel his hardening manhood. It was heavy and thick. Heat radiated from his crotch, and Galloway felt her pussy soaked in anticipation. Her excited moans muffled by his cock. Baby Face and his buddies laughed meanly at her as he bucked his hips and animatedly dry humped her face. With her wrists bound, Galloway was helpless. Forced to lean forward, face first in Baby Face's crotch, his two buddies began to undo Galloway's pants. They left her boots on, and yanked her torn jeans down her curvy ass until they bunched up around her ankles. She couldn't move them, they kept her feet trapped, like her own pair of ankle restraints. Her black thong came into view, pleasantly tracing the curves of her juicy ass cheeks. "Big thick donkey ass," White Boy remarked, and slapped her across one cheek hard enough to make her see stars. The crotch of her thong grew more damp by the second. Her butt stung so badly. She tried to rub it, but White Boy slapped her hands away and hit her again, leaving a print and making her butt quiver and jiggle. She cried out. "Take your punishment, pig," Goatee said and joined in, slapping her again and again. There was real anger behind it, and Galloway whimpered against Baby Face's crotch. Her eyes were streaming tears, although she was loving every second. He was aggressively dry-humping her face, bouncing her head off of his lap. His hard cock was getting even stiffer in his jeans. The men pounded and slapped her ass over and over again. Baby Face snatched her by the hair and yanked her head away from his crotch. Galloway's eyes were glazed with lust. "I bet you want it real bad, don't you, big tittied big-assed bitch?" Baby Face said, and slapped each cheek of her face, not enough to hurt, but enough to degrade her. Then he unzipped his pants and reached inside. Galloway's eyes went to his crotch, her curiosity controlling her actions. When he pulled his cock from his pants, Galloway's eyes lit up. The skinny little punk was packing some real heat. His big black cock was thick,

veiny, and powerful looking. It bobbed and twitched in front of her face. Galloway couldn't stop herself. She needed to taste it now. She parted her lips, completely losing herself, and leaned toward him, intending to swallow him in one gulp. Instead, he caught her by the ponytail and held her back. "Damn you are one cock-hungry piece of fuck-meat." He tugged her hair and smacked her face. "Beg to suck my cock, bitch. Earn this dick," he ordered her. On her knees, with the men squeezing and spanking her ass, Galloway was breathing so hard she could barely talk. Her whole body was quivering and shaking from the assault, from the excitement, from the impossible desire she was feeling to be gang raped by these men. "Please... please let me taste you," Galloway said, her voice trembling and high-pitched. She stuck out her tongue, trying to reach the tip of his cock, desperate for even a taste. He held her firm. "Please. I need it bad. I'm such a whore. I need a cock in my mouth twenty-four seven. If I don't suck you, I don't know what I'll do." Even Goatee and White Boy were taken aback by her pleas. Baby Face shook his cock at her and smacked himself several times off of her cheeks with warm fleshy slapping sounds. He hovered his crotch over her face and rested his dick along her face. His cock lay on her nose and forehead, past the top of her head. "Lick these nuts, hoe." He laid his big heavy balls over Galloway's full pink lips and she parted them immediately. Her tongue flicked out obediently and she began to lap at his balls. She stared up at him, her blue eyes starry and swooning. They were watery from the relentless assault on her body. "Good little bitch," Baby Face moaned, pleased with her efforts. Galloway wrapped her lips around one of his balls and sucked it gently into her warm mouth. "Aw yeah," he moaned, watching her. He began to thrust his hips, dragging the underside of his dick back and forth along her face. Her mouth continued to please and massage his balls, basting his baby-maker with her hot wet lips. Her long lashes ticked his skin each time she blinked. Galloway let out a whimper at a sudden invasive hand between her legs. White Boy was reaching beneath her from behind. His hand followed the path of her thong between her sore ass cheeks, ran curiously over her ass, then found her wet pussy. "Holy shit, this fuck-pig is wetter than a slip and slide," he laughed. "I think she likes it." He roughly groped her pussy over the thin fabric of her thong, and Galloway let out a moan around a mouthful of Baby Face's balls. The feeling her of voice moaning sent pleasant vibrations along his shaft. "Ohhh fuck yeah," he pulled his dick away from her face. His balls came out of her lips with an audible popping sound and a messy saliva streamer that ran down her chin. "Open wide, whore," he gripped her hair. Galloway's lip quivered in anticipation as she opened her mouth and gave up one of her holes to this punk. As soon as her mouth opened, he roughly stuffed her face with his cock. He slid it deep, going past her tongue and forcing it all the way back to her tonsils. Galloway instantly gagged, but worked to swallow him. She couldn't stop herself from wiggling her hips against White Boy's groping fingers. They slipped around her thong and probed her slit. She moaned around Baby Face's cock. He gripped her face and pumped his skinny hips, forcing his cock

in and out of the depths of her throat."She like that dick?" White Boy asked."She loves this dick," Baby Face grinned and panted. His eyes shut and he moaned at the sensation of fucking her face. Tears streamed down Galloway's cheeks as he gripped her head and forced himself all the way down, pushing her face to his stomach. "Ahhhh yeah... take this dick, you badge wearing hoe."Galloway choked. Her vision narrowed. She thought she would black out... either from lack of oxygen or excitement... she wasn't sure which. Finally Baby Face let her up. He shook his cock at her, casting big wet drops of her own saliva into her face.While White Boy and Baby Face violated her, Goatee was curiously inspecting the items on her duty belt. He was especially interested in her baton. He plucked it from the belt. It was an expandable Asp. He swung it, and it extended wickedly. He brandished the hard metal, and testing its strength, he gave her ass a light smack with it. He was rewarded when Galloway cried out softly.Then he said something surprising. He waved it around. "You ever fuck yourself with this, pig?" He asked gruffly.Galloway regarded him. "Yes," she openly admitted. "I fuck myself all the time with it." "Damn, this bitch is crazy," White Boy commented and began to stab two fingers in and out of her warm wet pussy. She was positively juicy. Galloway moaned again and sank her ass down on his fingers, taking them deeper. She was gasping and panting and moaning the entire time."Open back up, baby," Baby Face urged, and Galloway went willingly. This time he moved over to the couch, dragging Galloway by the hair. With her hands behind her back, the best she could manage was to do an awkward shuffle on her knees. Then her face was pushed back into his crotch and Galloway stuffed her own mouth with his big black cock.Baby Face moaned in pleasure as she sucked and licked and gobbled him. She was putting her all into it, whenever she had the opportunity- which wasn't much because he still had his hands on her hair and was forcing her head up and down. He was using her mouth like his personal cock-sleeve, wanting her to know her place, to know who was the boss around here.From behind, Goatee gripped her thong and used it like a leash. He yanked Galloway upright roughly. She cried out as the material strained against her legs, pelvis and pussy. Then she was standing on shaky legs, face down in Baby Face's lap, and ass up in the air, presented to these two criminals that stood behind her. They bent her over the arm of the sofa. Her feet were still trapped together in the tangle of her jeans.report

NEXT PAGE

Baby Face bounced her head in his lap over and over again, like he was dribbling a ball. And each rough thrust from his hips or push from his hands forced his cock down her throat. Galloway could only struggle to keep up. But even though he was in control, Galloway worked feverishly to enhance it. Part of the thrill wasn't just letting this man abuse her... she wanted to please him... to compromise herself. She sucked and swallowed and licked. And she did it all willingly... with the sole intent to make this guy moan.With her ass exposed, they yanked

down her underwear. White Boy watched as Goatee took the baton and poked her several times, jiggling one ass cheek, then the other. Then he moved between her cheeks and started to curiously poke her pussy with the hard steel stick. Galloway responded by moving her hips, bending her knees and humping herself against the weapon. "What a fuckin' whore," White Boy commented. "Dude, this chick's brain is broken," Goatee smirked, and rubbed the head of the stick along her slit, until he found her clit. He bore down on it until they heard her muffled cries around Baby Face's dick. "MMMMM!!!" Galloway cried out around a mouthful of black cock. Nobody could tell if it was out of pain or pleasure, but an instant later and Galloway's knees began to knock together. She was trembling so hard. Then Goatee took the stick and penetrated her body with it. He pushed inch after inch of the hard weapon inside of her. Galloway groaned more, struggling to keep up. Baby Face pulled Galloway's head off of his cock and wagged it at her, smacking her senseless over and over. "What do you think of this dick? Speak up, bitch!" He ordered her. "I like it... I like it," she cried out, her gasps whimpery and pathetic. Regardless, she meant it. Goatee forced the baton deeper and Galloway yelped out as he roughly fucked her with her own weapon. "Just like?" Baby Face smacked her harder. "I love it!" She corrected herself. "Fuckin' A right you do," he snarled. "Now get back on that," he pushed her face back on it and stuffed her mouth full. He grabbed her by the ears this time and bucked his skinny hips up and down, his butt coming off the couch as he fucked her face. Galloway made glugging sounds as spit streamers ran freely down her lips. Baby Face's balls were a blur, slapping her in the face with each thrust. Galloway had never been violated this violently before... and she was loving it. Behind her, the men were abusing her with her baton. "Look at this cunt... look at this fuckin' cunt," Goatee was nearly panting in his sexual frenzy, jabbing the weapon in and out of her tight hole. His aggression was at fever pitch and he was slapping her ass over and over again. "Oh god, oh god, oh god!" Galloway was crying out around her mouthful of Baby Face's cock. Her legs quivered and a tremble wracked her body. Then she began to squirt. A geyser of wetness shot forth from her pussy, soaking the baton and the pants of her two assailants, as well as leaving a hearty pool on the floor. "Holy shit, this bitch is a squirter!" They cheered in triumph. Galloway, herself was surprised. This was something new that had never happened to her before. She had been so turned on that her body had let loose. Juices ran freely down her inner thighs. Her orgasm went on and on. With her feet and legs bound, she could do nothing but cry out in pleasure as Baby Face choked her with his cock. "I knew this pig was a freak," Goatee grabbed Galloway by the ponytail and yanked her off of Baby Face's cock. One hand on her ponytail and one around her neck, she came easily. She let out a yelp as she was shoved to the floor, the baton still half buried in her snatch. "Look at this fuckin' mess, piggy!" he shoved her face against the wet floor. "You better clean it up!" He ordered, then began to leverage her face against the wet puddles, treating her like a dog who'd had an accident. Galloway complacently stuck her tongue out and

began to lap her juices off the dirty floor, completely losing herself in all of this. She was the fuck toy to these men. That was her place now. If they took her with them, and kept her, she was certain she'd never stop being aroused. White Boy came around her backside and resumed fucking her pussy with her weapon, while Baby Face stroked and watched. It was bedlam in the apartment. Goatee used her head as a mop, and Galloway slurped and licked and drank her own bodily fluids from the floor. When the mess had been mostly cleaned up, he turned her attention to the wetness that she'd squirted down the front of his jeans. "You got your nasty mess all over me too, pig" and he thrust her face roughly into his crotch. Galloway licked at the mess on his jeans. With her hands behind her back, she looked like she was bobbing for apples. She heard the zipper lower on Goatee's pants, then she was being battered in the face by his growing erection. "Ohhh," she moaned out, tears of pain and pleasure rolling down her cheeks. Then she opened her mouth, and with Goatee's firm grip on her ponytail, he violated her mouth. "Ohhh that's it, piggy. Eat this cock," he moaned and yanked her head up and down his thick meaty pole. Much like the man's stocky physique, his cock was thick and bulbous. With her cheeks flushed red from excitement and humiliation, Galloway sucked him for all she was worth. He fucked her head deeply, hitting the back of her throat over and over again. Galloway came up choking and sputtering each time, before he rammed himself back down her throat. The other two burglars gathered around, standing in a loose circle, watching and cheering their defilement of this lady officer. In the blurry haze of what was happening, Galloway became aware that all of them had their dicks out now. They were stroking. Then Goatee shared her face. He shoved her face-first into the next cock. Galloway opened wide, stuck out her tongue, and swallowed down White Boy's long skinny manhood. He giggled and slapped at her face as she sucked. Galloway didn't flinch, didn't want to risk biting him or hurting him. She only wanted to please them. Her tongue worked at fever pitch to tickle the underside of his shaft. Her lips tightened. Her cheeks puckered in and she sucked and sucked until he moaned in delight. Then his cock was yanked free and Baby Face took another turn, invading her mouth with his big black dick. He held her by the head, fucking her face with as much young vigor as his hips possible could deliver. Round and round she went. Galloway had no concept of time. All she knew was that she was being passed around from cock to cock, and none of them were being gentle about it. They were utterly abusing her. They choked her, slapped her, pulled her hair, spit on her, called her names, and laughed at the slobbering mess that they'd reduced her to. Her lips were puffy and pink. Her throat felt raw, her tongue felt numb. And when she thought she was going to inevitably bring them to orgasm, they changed things up again. Galloway was yanked back to her feet and shoved toward the couch. She had to awkwardly hop, her feet still held together by the jeans that were tangled around her boots. She was held tightly, her posture bent and humble. Goatee gave the orders and his co-conspirators all took different spots. White Boy sat down on the couch. Galloway was once again bent over the arm of the couch, her ass

in the air, presented like a gift to these men. This time the baton was the least of her concerns. This time, they were going to fuck her. And she knew in her head that she welcomed it. "You wanna get fucked?" Goatee stood behind her and roughly spread her cheeks, admiring her tight little asshole and her pink juicy pussy. He wagged his solid cock against her inner thighs, smacking them repeatedly. "Huh, speak up, pig?" "Yes! Please fuck me!" She begged. "Fuck me raw. For hours. Don't use a condom. Make me regret my career decisions. Show me the way." To her own ears, Galloway sounded like she'd completely lost her mind. But she was going crazy with lust and anticipation. Her mind couldn't form the words. Her sexual desire was forming them for her. "The only thing cops ought to be serving are cocks," Goatee said. He took her by the hips and without a hint of gentleness, he rammed his cock into her already juicy pussy. "Ohhhh, uhhhhnnnnn," Galloway shut her eyes as she felt this man plunge deep. It hurt, but the pleasure was incredible. He started to pump and she was already cumming in seconds. She opened her mouth to cry out, but White Boy seized the opportunity to stuff her mouth. "Holy fuck, she's cumming again," Goatee laughed, watching Galloway's knees tremble. Her whole body was quivering as he violated her pussy. Her round ass jutted in the air, her back bowed pleasantly as she leaned onto White Boy's lap. Her hair fell across his skinny legs, sweaty and a complete mess. She bobbed her head and sucked of her own volition, and soon both men were moaning in delight. Baby Face watched, adding his commentary— calling her names like white bitch, pig, and whore. He wasn't wrong. Galloway felt like a dirty whore. She was being aggressively fucked in her mouth and her pussy at the same time. Spit-roasted was the word. And she couldn't stop cumming. Orgasm after orgasm seemed to come in rapid succession. The whole time was just one wild blur of pleasure, even with her throat stuffed with cock, and her face and ass stinging from the slaps. Galloway's curves jiggled and bounced. Baby Face reached under her chest and gripped her tits, roughing them up with his hands. He slapped them, squeezed them, twisted her nipples and pinched hard. Her mouth was unrelenting. A series of muffled moans expressed her pleasure. "Mmmm! Mmmm! Mmmm!" They took turns. Baby Face tagged in and Goatee pulled out. "Yeah bitch. Pretty white cops ought to be fuckin' black dick," he said and smacked her ass as he pushed his throbbing member into her body. "Ohhhh god, yes!" Galloway cried out around White Boy's cock. "Yes sir! Yes sir!" She mindlessly echoed. "I think we broke this bitch's brain," Baby Face laughed. He gripped her tight around her slim waist and pulled her back into his thrusts. Not that it was really necessary. Galloway was already humping back into him as best as she could. She fell into sync with his fucking. He was grunting in pleasure. "How's her pussy?" White Boy asked, still fucking Galloway's mouth. Drool was running in streamers down his shaft. "Like velvet," Baby Face moaned back, slapping her ass between each thrust like he was taming an animal. Galloway cooed in pleasure. "I want to try her out," White Boy declared and he and Baby Face switched places. Galloway licked and lapped her own juices from Baby Face's big cock while White Boy slid his into her body. Three of them... all three of

these criminals had now been in her pussy and her mouth. It dawned on her that she'd taken them all inside of her. As the two punks traded off methods of violating and abusing Galloway's fit body, Goatee watched with curious interest. More ideas coming to him. He watched this slutty whore take her pounding from his buddies. Then he wanted more. Goatee grabbed Galloway by the hair, pulled her off of White Boy and Baby Face. She took a second to catch her breath. Drool was running down her chin. Her chest, pussy, ass and legs had a sheen of sweat. Her hair was caked in sweat and spit (from where they'd spat at her). Her lips were puffy and swollen. Her eyes wild. Her chin was quivering, and her legs unsteady and wobbly, like a baby deer learning to walk for the first time. She regarded her captor with the expression of a beaten dog. Her face was submission and only submission. Then he kicked her back onto the couch until she was sitting on White Boy's lap, her back resting on his chest. Goatee used his knife to slash her bunched up jeans away. She was now naked below the waist except for her boots, but judging from her posture, she wouldn't start trying to kick now. "Sit right there, puta," he snarled at her, and forced her legs apart. She put her boots up on the couch on either side of White Boy's skinny legs. She gulped meekly, her mouth open, still trying to catch her breath. But her eyes stared up at Goatee with a combination of reverence and... lust. Behind and beneath her, White Boy adjusted himself until his cock appeared between her legs. He slapped it against her already well used pussy. "Do it, man," Goatee urged his friend. "Fuck this pig." White Boy was all too happy to stuff his cock back into Galloway's warmth. Her eyes rolled back in pleasure and she sucked in a breath. She bit her lips and worked her hips, starting to ride him without much prompting. "That's right, bounce, bitch." Goatee said and withdrew Galloway's pilfered handgun from his belt. He menaced her with it, even though it was totally unnecessary. She was bouncing harder now. Her movements becoming eager. Her tits rocked and swayed alluringly. Goatee grinned and ran the cold steel of the gun over her bouncing breasts. He nudged one of them, making it jiggle. Galloway shivered and shuddered, confronted with a deadly weapon. But her moans grew in intensity. The slut loved it. "Get in there," Goatee urged to his buddy, and Baby Face grinned, rubbing his hands together and licking his lips. He positioned himself between Galloway's strong legs. He pushed Galloway back into White Boy's chest, and began to rub his cock against Galloway's already occupied pussy lips. She squirmed, knowing what was to come. "Let's stretch out this hog's baby factory," Baby Face commented. "You think you can handle this, you fuckin' whore?" he slapped Galloway, gripping her chin and pushing her around. She was gasping. Her eyes wide with anxiety, then she glanced down between her legs and knew what was to come. They pinned her down and Baby Face pushed his throbbing hardon against her, into her. She started to cry out. "Fffffffuuuuuuu..." Baby Face's shaft ran along White Boy's, the men entering her together, like one enormous cock. The head of Baby Face's member opened her up to her limits and disappeared into her body. Galloway's cries grew louder. "uuuuUUUUUCCCKKKKK!!!" Then both Baby Face and White Boy were trapped

by her tight wetness. For a moment, neither could move, the fit was incredibly tight. Her body was gripping and squeezing them both so hard, pressing their dicks together. Tears were streaming down her face as her body adjusted to this new violation. She shook and trembled, a quivering sweaty mess. She was grunting and gasping. Then slowly it was Galloway who began to move. With her feet still planted on the sofa, she began to hump herself slowly up and down their members. "Good little whore," Goatee grinned, watching Galloway initiate the fucking this time. He trailed the gun barrel around her bare skin, watching the act of both young punks inside of her. Their cocks stacked like logs on top of each other. They had invaded this apartment and now they were invading this slut's womb. Both men were groaning, their moans a clear indication of their approval. With their cocks pressed and rubbing together, they penetrated her in unison. Their speed increased, and soon their tempo was back to its normal level of fierce aggression. Galloway's head lolled, she was on the cusp of passing out from pleasure and pain. The men stretched out her fuck hole as they drove deeper and deeper. They sandwiched her with their skinny bodies. She couldn't keep her feet planted on the couch. Her boots lifted up into the air, her bare legs splayed wide. Galloway never felt more helpless in her life. Her hands were cuffed. Her legs in the air. Her body was pinned. And these men were ravaging her. They were taking her holes and utterly destroying them. She leaned her head back against White Boy's shoulder. His patchy stubble tickled her cheek. He turned his head and spewed profanity and insults at her, but Galloway could barely piece them together, swept up in the moment. "Fuckin' cum dumpster cop whore pig slut. Big titty bitch. Big donkey ass. We're going to leave your a pussy so gaping, ain't nobody gonna want to put their dick in it again." Galloway suddenly felt her head turned and there was Goatee. Her gun was staring her in the face. "You ever suck off a loaded gun?" He asked, and slowly traced the barrel of her gun across one of her swollen lips. Galloway's expression was one of fear now. She nervously shook her head... but then she parted her lips and her tongue tentatively flicked out to taste the cold steel. "That's right, you fuckin' skank, blow it... or it blows you." Goatee snarled. Galloway leaned closer and placed her lips around the barrel. Her heart was hammering away. But she couldn't bring herself to stop. She was soaked and she knew it. The thrill of being double penetrated in her pussy was bringing her to yet another orgasm. What was she up to now? Six? Seven? It didn't matter. All she knew was that she was far from stopping. As long as these men were here, she'd fuck them again and again until they were done with her. Galloway closed her eyes, and began to bob her head around the gun barrel. She used every part of her mouth, every part of her tongue. She moaned like a slut, letting them hear it. She whimpered and flicked her tongue. She popped her mouth off of the weapon, and dragged her tongue along the sides. "God damn," Baby Face commented, balls deep in her pussy, along with his accomplice. "Is there anything that this crazy bitch won't fuck?" Goatee was stroking himself, watching her work her mouth around the weapon. She was doing everything she could to please him. As much

as he knew the crazy bitch liked it, he didn't want to stop until he saw the humiliated flush of her cheeks. Galloway groaned as White Boy's cock popped free of her body. The pressure too tight, and her pussy too slick and wet. Then White Boy grinned. "I better find my own hole..." he said and he adjusted until his cock started to poke around Galloway's tight little butt hole. As soon as she felt it, she stiffened. Her breathing increased. Galloway wasn't a stranger to being double penetrated in her ass and pussy. She had been once before, during a crazy night with friends. And she loved it— exactly why she couldn't stop herself from crying out "Yesssss! Do it!" She urged. Then she helped sink herself onto White Boy's cock until she felt the familiar pain of the anal violation. She forgot how much it initially hurt. Then after the glorious pain came the pleasure. Both punks picked up the speed and they plunged headlong into her holes from either side. She threw her head back and moaned at the ceiling. "Yes yes yes! Don't fuckin' stop!" Goatee watched it all happening, tracing the tip of the gun in little circles around her hard nipples, teasing them and running the weapon over her smooth skin and sweaty body. By now they were all a sweaty mess of cum and spit and drool and tears. They double penetrated her for what felt like hours. Galloway's vision a blinding blur of pleasure. A fog of colorful stars. And when they had their fill of abusing her like that, they double stuffed her ass, in much the same way as her pussy. The pain was incredible. Galloway's body was stretched to impossible limits as the men pushed their aching members into her tightest hole and claimed that as theirs as well. Galloway felt like her body would never recover. The pain was so intense, she thought she'd gone blind. But the new violation, the new abuse brought about a new high. She climaxed without any of them in her pussy. It must have been hours that they put her in her place. They took turns on her, fucked her face, her tits, her pussy, her ass— sometimes alone, and sometimes at the same time. report

NEXT PAGE

Finally they withdrew. They tossed her to the floor, a wet, sweaty, well used mess. They'd made her a cum rag and Galloway had no objections. Goatee put his boot against the side of her face and pinned it to the floor. "Ready for our cum, you filthy fuckin' pig?" "Yes!" She moaned. "Give it to me!" "Up on your knees!" He ordered, letting her up. Galloway scurried to her knees. The movements were clumsy. Her hands were still bound behind her back. She tilted her face up to the three of them and opened her mouth like a seal waiting for a treat after a trick. The men stood over her and stroked their cocks feverishly. "Do it!" She begged. "Cover me with your cum. Show me who I belong to!" "That's right... squeal, piggy." Goatee said. The men pretty much all went off in unison. First one cock exploded with a pleasurable moan that sent a long hot spurt hitting Galloway full in the face. Then another punk was going off. His cum landing in her hair. Goatee went last, and his climax showered her chest, her face, her hair. Galloway could feel herself getting

drenched from three different directions by hot sticky loads that these men had spent hours building up with their aggressive fucking. Now it was covering her and she was loving it. She could feel her hair plastered to her scalp with it. Cum ran in big heavy globs down her back and pattered her on bare butt. It dripped down her chest. She swallowed what landed on her tongue and begged them for more. But the men had no more to offer. They were drained. "Please... keep going... use me... take me along. You can fuck me day and night," she pleaded, feeling like she'd completely lost her mind. Goatee used his boot and pushed her flat on her butt where her back came to rest against the sofa. She watched them in a lusty haze as they gathered up their loot, including Galloway's weapons and equipment. Several times they laughed at her, making jokes at her expense. Baby Face made it a point to spit on her on his way out of the apartment. "Thanks for the incredible lay, slut," White Boy slapped her across the face. Galloway only panted, still lost in the thrill. The last one out was Goatee. He stopped in front of her and unzipped himself. Galloway thought he'd want another blow job that she was fully prepared to deliver. She lay in a wet sticky mess, her hair plastered, her body used. Instead, he picked up her shiny silver badge— the one that she worked so hard for... the symbol behind which all of her morals and beliefs and ambitions were guarded. He set it on heavy chest, between her breasts... then he used her like a toilet, showering her with a steady warm stream of urine. He hosed down both her and her badge. And for reasons she couldn't explain, the new level of disrespect made her gasp in lusty pleasure. "Ohhh yesssss!" She squealed in delight. "I deserve this!" When he was finished, he tossed her handcuff keys to her. "Always remember how we did that to you," he snarled. "Mmmm... I will." She admitted, her voice dreamy and lusty. Then the men were gone and she was alone. ...Or so she thought. Because as the pounding of her heart subsided and the bizarre cum drunk haze that had over taken her began to dissipate, she realized that there was the soft muffled sound of sobs coming from the nearby bathroom. The door was partially ajar, and from where she sat, in a heap of bodily fluids, she could see into the bathroom. And there, the wide shocked expression of Ethan stared back. Oh my god! She uncuffed herself, and snatched a throw blanket from the couch, tossing it around her mostly nude and abused body to cover herself. She hurried to the bathroom. Her friend and neighbor who'd looked up to her like a superhero was bound and gagged, tied to the pipes beneath the sink. His crutches were broken, his face was tear-streaked, and one of his eyes was swollen shut. It dawned on Galloway what had happened— Ethan had left the hospital while she'd been talking to Chris, come home and must have walked in on this burglary. And those monsters had attacked him, punched the harmless boy, and held him captive. Those same monsters, Galloway had just eagerly had sex with. She'd let them do everything to her... everything imaginable, and she'd done it happily and willingly... all because of some strange inexplicable fantasy that had needled its way into her dreams and dominated her impulses. Rob's influence or not, Galloway had lost herself and given in. And this poor boy had sat quietly and watched

the woman that he admired, respected, adored, and secretly crushed on give herself over to the worst of the worst. Oh god, what he must think of her. How she must look to him now. She had destroyed that imagine. The gravity... the full extent of what she'd done came rushing in and she felt only shame. "I'm sorry Ethan," she said, her voice soft, exhausted and raspy. "I'm so sorry Ethan." She undid his gag. Ethan stared at her as if he didn't know her. The star-struck expression that was always there when he saw her was gone from his eyes now. It would forever be. "You... you could have stopped them." He said, having seen her pointing her gun at them. And indeed, she could have. Instead, she'd lowered the gun and allowed them to take her. She'd done it. "Ethan... that..." she shook her head, feeling true shame. She had never felt more horrified in her life. "That wasn't me. It was Rob... he's doing something... something that makes us do things we wouldn't ordinarily do," she tried to desperately explain what was happening in the apartment. Ethan didn't believe her. How could he? She hadn't when Chris first told her. But now she did... now she understood. What happened here... what was happening in her dreams and in urges and impulses... she wasn't the one who was in control of that. "I can't believe you did that..." Ethan stammered, shaking his head miserably as Galloway gently untied him. "I can't believe that you wanted that. That you would let that happen. The things you said... the things you did... you wanted that!" He cried out the last words as his voice broke. "Ethan, I—" She tried to take his hand, but he brushed hers away. "Don't," he snapped at her. He started to cry. He collected his broken crutches, and left the room with his butt on the ground, using the balls of his hands to scamper backwards in an awkward scramble that he had perfected years ago when he didn't want to bother with his crutches. His legs dragged behind him, kicking at the floor feebly. "Ethan, let me help you," she hurried after him. "Don't! Don't help me." His sobs distorted his words. "Those monsters? While Quinn is in the hospital? I— I don't know you!" He was surprisingly agile on his hands and disappeared in seconds into the hallway. Galloway didn't follow him. Not at first. She stood, frozen in her tracks for what felt like hours. Her shame was incredible, and she was sure the heat from the embarrassment that she felt would never pass. Galloway waited in silence and self-loathing, making sure Ethan had ample time to return to his apartment. Finally, she collected the last of her possessions (the ones that the punks hadn't pilfered) and she returned to her apartment. She needed to do something— call the police, process what Chris had warned her about, figure out her next move. Her mind was in a fog. A shower. That was first. She was drenched in semen, spit, and urine, and she couldn't do anything unless she could clean herself up and let the hot water clear her head. As she headed across the kitchen, a slip of paper blew off the kitchen counter. She must not have noticed it this morning while she was getting ready for work. She picked it up and blinked. It was in Quinn's handwriting. "You always have been, always are, and always will be the best part of my day." Galloway had no reaction at all. Her body running on autopilot. She started the shower water, set it to its

hottest temp, stripped what little clothes hadn't been torn from her body, then climbed into the shower and sat her bare butt on the floor. "You always have been, always are, and always will be the best part of my day." Quinn's words. "I- I don't know you!" Ethan's words. He hadn't been wrong. Galloway realized she didn't know herself either. She wrapped her arms around her knees and hugged them to her chest. That was when she began to cry.***2A"Should we call the police?" Meg Richards was holding her son. She had been ever since he'd crawled home. She had dressed his injuries, then gone into their basement storage unit and retrieved some outdated crutches. Ethan had outgrown them about three years ago, but they would have to do for the time being. "I don't care anymore," Ethan answered. His eyes were distant and haunted. The things he'd seen playing again and again. Meg knew that tone- defeat. He truly didn't care anymore. He hadn't told her all of the details, but he'd told her enough. He'd walked in on a burglary, they'd beaten him up, and tied him down. The only reason he hadn't been terrified was because he'd known Galloway would be coming back shortly. But just when he was positive he'd be saved, she willingly gave herself over to them. Instead of dealing out some justice, she'd let those men disarm her, abuse her, disrespect her, and violate her. They'd treated her like complete trash and she'd squealed in delight and begged for more. She had willingly fucked them in ways that Ethan hadn't imagined. And the pain he felt in his heart... he couldn't tell where that was from. He was jealous. But more so, he was hurt. She'd turned her back on everything that she believed in... everything that made her... her. On Quinn. On her training. On her morals. On her self respect. On her beliefs in the justice system. How could she make the world a better place as an officer if she fetishized criminals and those how hurt others? Ethan had been in love with her, and now she'd proven herself to be somebody completely different. Her entire makeup was lies. Who the hell was she?"She could have stopped them, mom. She could have stopped them but she didn't," he said. His diaphragm was quivering, making his words jerky. But his expression was still so far away. "Instead she just... she just..." "I know," Meg scooted closer, and squeezed him tightly, hugging him. She'd helped Ethan into his bedroom and got him settled and comfy. He was staring blankly at the wall. His hot cocoa was untouched, growing cold. "I'm just really glad you're safe," she held him. They lay for a while in complete silence. Meg rested her head on her son's chest, enjoying the soft rise and fall of his breathing, and listening to the sound of his heart. She imagined that she could hear how broken it was. "Is there anything I could do to make you feel better?" She asked, her hand running in gentle circles around his stomach. "There is," he said after some thought. Meg lifted her head. "Anything," she said, staring into his eyes. She resisted the urge to bite her lip. "Could you change your hair back?" He asked, glancing at the deep auburn maroon that she'd dyed it for him- to look more like Galloway. "I like you better as you. I don't want to see you as her." It sort of broke her heart, but she understood. "I will, sweetie. I'm sorry." She put her head back down and listened to the sound of his

heart for a long time. Eventually his breathing slowed to a more relaxed state, and his heart beat calmed. When she glanced up again, she saw that her son had dozed off. That was good. Sleep Ethan. Sleep will make the pain go away. She put her head back down and hugged her son, feeling his breathing, enjoying his warmth. As she lay there, her mind grew restless. Her thoughts became invasive again... wonderfully so. She lifted her head again and looked curiously at Ethan. Even asleep, he no longer resembled the boy that she raised but the man that he was becoming. And handsome was definitely a word she would use to describe him. She put her head back down, nuzzling her cheek against his chest. Ethan's first true heartbreak. But it wouldn't always be like this... someone would want him. Someone amazing. Because if Meg was his age, and not his mother... she would want him. They would have made an unlikely pair— the shy bookworm boy with the crutches, and Meg — the popular perky cheerleader. Ethan might not believe it, but she would have definitely noticed him. And she would be all too happy to pull him beneath the bleachers and give him the thrill of his life. She'd let him feel her beneath her skirt, let him slide off her panties, and let him fuck her senseless among the jungle of steel supports. Meg ran her hand in gentle little circles around Ethan's stomach, watching the steady rise and fall as he breathed softly in his sleep. Her eyes wandered to his crotch. His gym shorts were baggy across his skinny legs. She smiled, knowing what he had down there. She hadn't been able to stop thinking about it since the shower. With each gentle rub of his belly, Meg moved her hand lower. She bit her lip, wondering what he was dreaming about. Her hand moved down to the waistband of his shorts. She gently fingered the elastic with one stealthy slender finger. She barely moved, barely breathed. She listened for any changes in Ethan's breathing, in his heart beats. She moved her hand back up to his stomach and made another pass, rubbing softly, comfortingly. Then her hand came back around and went below his waistline. She moved it across his pelvis, and for just a moment, she felt the base of his manhood. Meg licked her lips, her own heart beating in her ears now. She returned her hand to his belly. It could have been an innocent mistake. Oops, and nothing more. But Ethan didn't stir. He'd had a long exhausting, emotionally draining day. When Meggy glanced at him again, she saw his eyes were shut and his mouth was open— lips parted cutely. Then she circled his belly once more and her hand slid between his legs. She rested her hand there... just rested it, nothing more. But she wouldn't be satisfied just doing that and she knew it. Her finger grew curious and began to trace along the outline of his slumbering cock. She was rewarded when she felt it grow. Meggy continued to glance between Ethan's innocent oblivious face in a merciful dreamless sleep, and his crotch. She could practically see the blood rushing to fill his cock, just at the gentle tickle of her wandering finger. With each nudge, the outline grew more and more prominent. Her heart was pounding as she brought his cock to life. Ethan's baggy gym shorts grew like a circus tent slowly being erected. She reached down and gave his pole a firm squeeze, before letting go. A small moan escaped Ethan's lips, but he otherwise didn't

stir. "Don't wake up, baby," she whispered to him, and squeezed him again. His cock responded in kind, tensing and hardening in her grip. She gave a few soft strokes over his shorts to really inspire him. Another moan from Ethan's throat. His cock was rock hard by now. Meg could hardly restrain herself. She slid her hand up to Ethan's waistband, and after a moment's hesitation, slipped it stealthily underneath. Her fingers felt their way over his bare skin, through his curls of hair, until they discovered what they were seeking. Her fingers came to rest against the base of Ethan's bare meaty flesh pole. Meg's eyes widened as she traced her fingers around the base. He was a big boy. God had certainly gifted him something better than most men possessed. Meg's fingers closed around his shaft and she softly and soothingly began to stroke her sleeping son. Ethan's eyes stayed shut, but his mouth closed. He licked his lips. A second later a small moan escaped again. Meg returned her attention to her son. She moved her hands easily up and down along his length. A small wet spot formed at the apex of the tent in his shorts. She'd managed to coax a drop of precum from him. She licked her lips, remembering the load that he'd unleashed in the shower, against her bare skin. She needed that again. She needed much more. Meg lowered her head slowly, carefully. Her hair trailed down his body as her head went from resting on his chest to resting on his belly. She listened to his breathing, her movements painfully deliberate and slow. Then she was almost nose to nose with his bulge, inhaling his manly scent. She tilted his erection upwards now until his bulge was pointing at her face. It was only an inch from her nose. She could nuzzle it. Her hand stroked and squeezed, very slow but very steady. As another wet spot formed, Meg reached out with her tongue and tasted the spread of saltiness. She was tasting her own son's baby-making formula. The flavor spurred something in her. She wanted Ethan more than she ever wanted anything. She could feel it—could feel that between her thighs, she was wet and slippery. He made her so wet. Meg eased the waistline of his shorts down until the head of his cock came free, resting on his tummy, extending to his belly button. Meg could no longer restrain herself with her face this close to her son's cock. She opened her lips and lowered her mouth down around it. At first she barely closed her lips around the head, only just grazing it. Her tongue flicked out and tickled his skin. Then she couldn't stop herself. Meg closed her lips around Ethan's manhood and she started to softly suck, bobbing her head in slow little movements. His cock responded, throbbing happily, tensing and stiffening. Meg's hand rubbed his base, stroking him into her gentle suckles, rubbing and massaging his balls. Ethan moaned louder in his sleep, his mouth lolling open in pleasure. Meggy couldn't stop. She had crossed the line and there was no going back. She sucked harder, pushing Ethan's shorts down his waist and inching her mouth and body lower and lower. Her lips came up, leaving his shaft wet and coated in her saliva. Ethan's big heavy balls lifted with each stroke from her hand. Poor baby. He probably needed a release so badly. Meg wanted Ethan to release it in her mouth. But part of her also didn't. Part of her would be hungry for more, even if she'd brought her son to orgasm just like this.

She'd swallow him down and still want another load. Meg lifted her head from her son's stomach and knelt between his legs. Her hair fell across her face, but now she was bobbing her head with a single-mindedness. She wasn't thinking about anything any longer. Not about him sleeping, not about what his reaction would be if he awoke, not about the repercussions of her actions, not about that he was her son, or his emotional state. She wasn't thinking about what kind of mother she was being. All she could think about was needing to feel him inside of her again and again. She needed him to come to her, to make love to her... to give her orgasm after orgasm... to pleasure each other for hours... Meg's lips and tongue moved like a blur, pulling at his shaft so hard that Ethan was now moaning louder. He was returning to the surface of sleep, and Meg didn't care. She couldn't bring herself to stop. She wouldn't. Her mouth made sloppy wet sucking noises as she bobbed her head fiercely on his swollen head, twisting her hand along his length and milking him into her lips. Ethan's eyes suddenly popped open. He was alarmed and disoriented. He didn't know what was going on, but the pleasure between his legs was incredible. Then he looked down. The bouncy playful mop of maroon hair moving between his legs. His cock enveloped with warmth and wetness. The hungry sucking sounds were unmistakable. At first Ethan didn't remember... and thought that it was Galloway. He'd fallen asleep and somehow she'd started sucking his penis in his sleep. But then he remembered, and the horror washed over him. It was his mother! He'd dozed off, cuddling with his mom, and she had started sucking his dick in his sleep! report

NEXT PAGE

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his mother, and thought of himself as her son. Instead, all he felt was shame in the knowledge that his mother was a pervert. And as she sucked him, he realized that it felt so good... too good... he wanted it to stop, but not badly enough to stop her. It felt amazing and he wanted her to keep going, to keep sucking him, to make him cum. He felt the shame in not only his mother, but himself. Because he wasn't going to make her stop. He was going to let his mother play with him, put him in her mouth, and do whatever she wanted. "Oh mom," Ethan moaned, his head thumped back hollowly against the headboard. He propped his body up on his elbows so he could see. "Uh huh," she moaned and gagged around his member. "Mom... this is... ahhhh..." he grunted between words. Meggy wasn't slowing down. She was taking long eager pulls at her son's cock with her mouth, and he could barely find the words without moaning. "This is... this is... so wrong..." Meggy deep throated her boy once more, then came up to the top of his shiny engorged cock head. She kissed it warmly and slid her tongue in circles around it. "But doesn't it feel good?" Her hot breath teased him and drove him nuts. "It feels good... but it feels wrong..." he moaned as he watched his own mother dragging her tongue around his cock. Her expression had transformed from loving and concerned to lusty and vivid. "Sometimes the things that feel wrong also feel the best," she said and gripped his shaft, kissing along the underside, staring up at him until she reached his balls. She tenderly kissed each one, using her tongue and lips, then made her way back up to the head. Ethan had to grip the sheets. The intensity of his mother's mouth was growing to the point where she was utterly ravaging him on his bed. Suddenly his colorful bed sheets didn't seem so innocent. Everything around him felt forever tainted by this act of sin. But god he was powerless to stop it, to stop her, to stop himself. She spit on his dick and began to aggressively stroke him. "Oh mom... oh my god..." he panted. "Call me a slut," she urged him. "Oh god... I don't think I can..." he whimpered, terrified. She stroked him harder, more aggressively, even than when they were in the shower. "Do it, Ethan," she insisted. "I'm a slut. A filthy fuck slut. And I want your cock." Ethan shut his eyes. The emotional pain in his expression was apparent. He did not want to say such things to his mom. But after a second, he did. "You're a slut, mom. A big slut." Meg squealed in delight and climbed to her knees. Ethan's heart was pounding as he watched his mother open her robe. Beneath, she was dressed in her usual sleep-time attire. A t-shirt and underwear. But it was tight, straining against her breasts. Her hard nipples pressing through the fabric. Meg peeled it off. One by one she discarded her clothes on his floor until his mother was knelt before him on the bed, completely naked. His cock watch pointing straight up to the ceiling, twitching excitedly. Meg returned her hand to it, like she couldn't keep away from it for long. "This is incredible, Ethan. I've been going crazy thinking about you..." she climbed into his lap until she was straddling him. "We're going to be so happy with this new arrangement from now on..." she guided his cock toward her smooth bare pussy, and bucked her hips forward and back, wetting the head of his cock with

her essence. Ethan was horrified by what she was saying, but his eager hormones were betraying his common sense, his sense of right and wrong. All he knew were his primal and most basic urges—urges of lust and mating. He would come to hate himself later for not uttering a word of protest as Meg lowered her body onto Ethan's solid erection. She sat down on him, completely engulfing his penis with the same vagina that had made him. She was tight. Ethan was scared. But little by little, her pussy opened up and welcomed him into her body. Then they began the mating ritual that had made Ethan in the first place. He moaned as his perky, pretty elf-like mother began to ride him. The feeling was incredible. Warm soothing wetness moving steadily up and down his shaft. He stared down his body. His cock disappearing in and out of his mother. Her thick bare thighs on either side of his skinny frame. Ethan couldn't stop himself. He reached out and began to touch them, to caress them, to rub them. He followed her belly higher. Her perky tits bouncing, her hard nipples pointing straight at him. And staring back at him, the pretty face of his mom. Her mouth was open and she was exhaling each time she sank back on his cock. She was so wet. There was no denying how good it felt. Ethan's hands traveled up her legs and held her by the hips. He let it happen. Let his mother move her body with his. Ethan's hips bucked up into her each time she settled down onto his cock, driving himself deeper. 'What are you doing?' His mind asked him again and again. 'What are you doing? What are you doing? What are you doing?' But Ethan made no effort to stop. His brain and his cock in a conflict. And his cock was guiding his movements. "Oh Ethan," she moaned and purred, licking her lips. "You're so big. You're even bigger than your father was." She gasped and let her hands wander up her body, caressing herself, squeezing her breasts, then roaming up her chest, up her neck. Her eyes were shut. She ran her fingers through her own hair, and leaned her head back to the ceiling to moan. Her movements were like a dancer on Ethan's cock. Her body moving in ways that Ethan had never seen a woman move before, let alone his own mother. She started to roll her hips with movements like the ocean, a steady ceaseless back and forth. "Oh mom," Ethan cried out. "Yes baby, yes baby," her son's voice made her movements more excited, more urgent. She grasped Ethan's hands and forced them to her chest, crushing them over her firm breasts. Her hard nipples pressed into his palms, and Ethan squeezed as she held them there. Her bounces became faster, longer, rougher. Ethan couldn't stop himself. He rubbed her tits, played with them, squeezed and pinched. Each new movement sent Meg into squeals of delight. "Fuck me, baby. Fuck me! Fuck me Ethan," Meg panted, and leaned forward, hovering her bouncing boobs in front of her son's shocked face. She ran her fingers through his hair and grabbed him by the back of the head, thrusting his face into her chest. "Suck them, Ethan," she panted. She felt Ethan's lips part, then felt her nipple being sucked into his warm mouth. She cooed with pleasure, bouncing her plump ass harder on his lap. Their movements sending wet smacking sounds rolling through the apartment. Ethan licked and sucked at her nipples. Meg could feel his mouth... he was trembling. She found that adorable. The feeling drove her wild. She

threw her head back and screamed with pleasure, even as the orgasm took hold. Her body quivered and she threw her all into it. Ethan's cock a blur as she made it disappear and reappear with such fast desperate vigor. Ethan's hands went to her ass. He felt her. He hung on for his life— the entire situation out of his control. Then she leaned over her son, caressed the side of his face, and began to kiss him. Ethan could barely catch his breath or recover his wits. He was scared. Everything about what was happening felt so weird. Good, but also so incredibly taboo. He knew there was no going back to seeing this woman as his mother. The image he had of her was now forever tarnished. Her tongue wiggled into his mouth and wrestled his. There was an urgency about it. He wanted to kiss her... but not like this. He wanted to kiss a woman, but not his mother. The conflict was beyond his comprehension. The kiss so passionate, yet it felt so wrong, so unnatural. Unfortunately his lust and his cock ruled his actions. He was bucking her like crazy in his lap. He couldn't tear his mouth away from hers, and he was ashamed to admit that his tongue was playing right back with hers. Their faces so close, their breathing so fast that they were practically sharing air. Her perky breasts pressed into his chest, and her hair surrounded his face, tickling him on all sides. The bed bounced on its springs. The headboard thundered against the wall. His brain screamed at him over and over that he was losing his virginity. He couldn't believe it. And it was with his own mother! Equally as unbelievable. And it was happening in such a wild and thunderous and energetic way... the sex like a movie. He had no idea he was capable of fucking a woman like this. Beside the bed, things fell from the night stand. A photo, a stack of books, his alarm clock, the hot cocoa that had turned cold crashed, the mug broke and the mess was everywhere. Still they didn't stop. Meg's mouth and body were unrelenting... using her son for her own sexual pleasure. "Yes Ethan, yes!" She screamed against his lips. He suddenly felt his cock start to tense up. The wetness that engulfed him was moving too fast, feeling too good. He was inching dangerously close to the edge and he knew it. "Mom... slow down," he moaned against her lips. "No, baby. I can't stop. Not now." She moaned back. "Mom... I'm going to..." his body started to stiffen as he knew what was to come. "It's okay, baby. It's okay. Let it happen. Cum in me Ethan. Cum in my tummy..." He shook his head, trying to wiggle free from beneath his mother's relentless humping. His expression was alarm. "It's okay," she continued to coo. "It's okay. You can cum in my body. I want you to. I need you to. Please. Do it for mommy." Her expression lusty and desperate. Her tits shook in front of his face. Her hips were rolling and sashaying from side to side between her bounces. She was desperately milking his shaft. He tried to stop it. His toes curled. He let go of her for a moment, gripping the bed sheets and biting his own lip, trying to hold back a flood. It was inevitable. Ethan had the overwhelming feeling that something bad would happen if he climaxed inside of her. "Please," she begged. "Do it! Cum for mommy, my big boy." Ethan felt sudden panic at his mother's unnatural request. "No!" he screamed and at the last second, grabbed her hips and lifted her off of him. Despite his skinny

body, his arms were very strong, and his mother was small and light. He withdrew from her womb at the last possible moment. But his alarm wasn't enough to prevent the orgasm. There was a moment of blinding pleasure and intense guilt as the first rope of cum shot from his excited manhood. It splashed across her juicy round ass. The next ones followed shortly after. Meg moaned and writhed and threw her hair back from her face as she felt her son coating her naked bottom with his baby batter. Ethan struggled to catch his breath, and Meg was moaning out of control. His cock continued to rocket spurt after spurt from his balls, until his mother's ass was covered with a hearty coating of cum. "Oh my god," he cried out in shame. "Oh my god," Meg echoed, panting in her lusty voice, she dropped off of him and landed beside him on the bed. "Oh my god!" Ethan sat bolt upright. He cried out in horror. Meg was naked, in a post orgasm bliss that Ethan did not share. He had just fucked his mother! He'd fucked her! Not only did he not know Galloway, but he didn't know his own mother, or himself. He felt completely alone now. The people he trusted the most were strangers to him. From somewhere in the back of his brain, his mind echoed what Galloway had said to him after he'd caught her in her depraved gangbang: "That wasn't me. It was Rob... he's doing something... something that makes us do things we wouldn't ordinarily do..." Ethan had completely dismissed that remark at the time as insane nonsense from a woman who was ashamed to have her true self revealed. But as he looked at his mother, laying naked and coated with a hearty layer of his own cum, Ethan couldn't help but feel that was truer than their debauchery being authentic. "That was amazing, baby," Meg cooed softly, curling up with her head on his pillow. She draped her leg over Ethan's and slowly began to slide it back and forth like his new lover. "No! No it wasn't!" He scrambled out from beneath her and pulled up his shorts. "Where are you going?" She propped herself up on one arm. "Out," Ethan grabbed up his replacement crutches. He was unsteady on them at best, but he didn't care. He just needed to get away. "When will you be back?" Ethan ignored her. He hurried for the door of the apartment. He didn't know what he was going to do... but he was scared. He wanted his mother back. *** Hollow Pleasure to be continued... ***report

NEXT PAGE

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conflicted mess of shame and pleasure. "Mmmhmmm," Meggy managed to choke out as she swallowed Ethan's throbbing cock. His member pulsing and twitching. Then she came up for air and before Ethan could recover his thoughts, she did it again... and again. She deep throated him in fast eager plunges over and over again. Each time that she did, Ethan's voice cried out in pleasure that he'd never known before. This was his first blow job, and he had no idea the feelings it could bring to his body. Ethan's pulse beat happily through his shaft. He wanted her to stop. He wanted it to not be true— that his mother was sucking his cock. He wanted to go back to the days where he thought of her as his mother, and thought of himself as her son. Instead, all he felt was shame in the knowledge that his mother was a pervert. And as she sucked him, he realized that it felt so good... too good... he wanted it to stop, but not badly enough to stop her. It felt amazing and he wanted her to keep going, to keep sucking him, to make him cum. He felt the shame in not only his mother, but himself. Because he wasn't going to make her stop. He was going to let his mother play with him, put him in her mouth, and do whatever she wanted. "Oh mom," Ethan moaned, his head thumped back hollowly against the headboard. He propped his body up on his elbows so he could see. "Uh huh," she moaned and gagged around his member. "Mom... this is... ahhhh..." he grunted between words. Meggy wasn't slowing down. She was taking long eager pulls at her son's cock with her mouth, and he could barely find the words without moaning. "This is... this is... so wrong..." Meggy deep throated her boy once more, then came up to the top of his shiny engorged cock head. She kissed it warmly and slid her tongue in circles around it. "But doesn't it feel good?" Her hot breath teased him and drove him nuts. "It feels good... but it feels wrong..." he moaned as he watched his own mother dragging her tongue around his cock. Her expression had transformed from loving and concerned to lusty and vivid. "Sometimes the things that feel wrong also feel the best," she said and gripped his shaft, kissing along the underside, staring up at him until she reached his balls. She tenderly kissed each one, using her tongue and lips, then made her way back up to the head. Ethan had to grip the sheets. The intensity of his mother's mouth was growing to the point where she was utterly ravaging him on his bed. Suddenly his colorful bed sheets didn't seem so innocent. Everything around him felt forever tainted by this act of sin. But god he was powerless to stop it, to stop her, to stop himself. She spit on his dick and began to aggressively stroke him. "Oh mom... oh my god..." he panted. "Call me a slut," she urged him. "Oh god... I don't think I can..." he whimpered, terrified. She stroked him harder, more aggressively, even than when they were in the shower. "Do it, Ethan," she insisted. "I'm a slut. A filthy fuck slut. And I want your cock." Ethan shut his eyes. The emotional pain in his expression was apparent. He did not want to say such things to his mom. But after a second, he did. "You're a slut, mom. A big slut." Meg squealed in delight and climbed to her knees. Ethan's heart was pounding as he watched his mother open her robe. Beneath, she was dressed in her usual sleep-time attire. A t-shirt and underwear. But it was tight,

straining against her breasts. Her hard nipples pressing through the fabric. Meg peeled it off. One by one she discarded her clothes on his floor until his mother was knelt before him on the bed, completely naked. His cock watch pointing straight up to the ceiling, twitching excitedly. Meg returned her hand to it, like she couldn't keep away from it for long. "This is incredible, Ethan. I've been going crazy thinking about you..." she climbed into his lap until she was straddling him. "We're going to be so happy with this new arrangement from now on..." she guided his cock toward her smooth bare pussy, and bucked her hips forward and back, wetting the head of his cock with her essence. Ethan was horrified by what she was saying, but his eager hormones were betraying his common sense, his sense of right and wrong. All he knew were his primal and most basic urges—urges of lust and mating. He would come to hate himself later for not uttering a word of protest as Meg lowered her body onto Ethan's solid erection. She sat down on him, completely engulfing his penis with the same vagina that had made him. She was tight. Ethan was scared. But little by little, her pussy opened up and welcomed him into her body. Then they began the mating ritual that had made Ethan in the first place. He moaned as his perky, pretty elf-like mother began to ride him. The feeling was incredible. Warm soothing wetness moving steadily up and down his shaft. He stared down his body. His cock disappearing in and out of his mother. Her thick bare thighs on either side of his skinny frame. Ethan couldn't stop himself. He reached out and began to touch them, to caress them, to rub them. He followed her belly higher. Her perky tits bouncing, her hard nipples pointing straight at him. And staring back at him, the pretty face of his mom. Her mouth was open and she was exhaling each time she sank back on his cock. She was so wet. There was no denying how good it felt. Ethan's hands traveled up her legs and held her by the hips. He let it happen. Let his mother move her body with his. Ethan's hips bucked up into her each time she settled down onto his cock, driving himself deeper. 'What are you doing?' His mind asked him again and again. 'What are you doing? What are you doing? What are you doing?' But Ethan made no effort to stop. His brain and his cock in a conflict. And his cock was guiding his movements. "Oh Ethan," she moaned and purred, licking her lips. "You're so big. You're even bigger than your father was." She gasped and let her hands wander up her body, caressing herself, squeezing her breasts, then roaming up her chest, up her neck. Her eyes were shut. She ran her fingers through her own hair, and leaned her head back to the ceiling to moan. Her movements were like a dancer on Ethan's cock. Her body moving in ways that Ethan had never seen a woman move before, let alone his own mother. She started to roll her hips with movements like the ocean, a steady ceaseless back and forth. "Oh mom," Ethan cried out. "Yes baby, yes baby," her son's voice made her movements more excited, more urgent. She grasped Ethan's hands and forced them to her chest, crushing them over her firm breasts. Her hard nipples pressed into his palms, and Ethan squeezed as she held them there. Her bounces became faster, longer, rougher. Ethan couldn't stop himself. He rubbed her tits, played with them, squeezed and pinched. Each new

movement sent Meg into squeals of delight. "Fuck me, baby. Fuck me! Fuck me Ethan," Meg panted, and leaned forward, hovering her bouncing boobs in front of her son's shocked face. She ran her fingers through his hair and grabbed him by the back of the head, thrusting his face into her chest. "Suck them, Ethan," she panted. She felt Ethan's lips part, then felt her nipple being sucked into his warm mouth. She cooed with pleasure, bouncing her plump ass harder on his lap. Their movements sending wet smacking sounds rolling through the apartment. Ethan licked and sucked at her nipples. Meg could feel his mouth... he was trembling. She found that adorable. The feeling drove her wild. She threw her head back and screamed with pleasure, even as the orgasm took hold. Her body quivered and she threw her all into it. Ethan's cock a blur as she made it disappear and reappear with such fast desperate vigor. Ethan's hands went to her ass. He felt her. He hung on for his life— the entire situation out of his control. Then she leaned over her son, caressed the side of his face, and began to kiss him. Ethan could barely catch his breath or recover his wits. He was scared. Everything about what was happening felt so weird. Good, but also so incredibly taboo. He knew there was no going back to seeing this woman as his mother. The image he had of her was now forever tarnished. Her tongue wiggled into his mouth and wrestled his. There was an urgency about it. He wanted to kiss her... but not like this. He wanted to kiss a woman, but not his mother. The conflict was beyond his comprehension. The kiss so passionate, yet it felt so wrong, so unnatural. Unfortunately his lust and his cock ruled his actions. He was bucking her like crazy in his lap. He couldn't tear his mouth away from hers, and he was ashamed to admit that his tongue was playing right back with hers. Their faces so close, their breathing so fast that they were practically sharing air. Her perky breasts pressed into his chest, and her hair surrounded his face, tickling him on all sides. The bed bounced on its springs. The headboard thundered against the wall. His brain screamed at him over and over that he was losing his virginity. He couldn't believe it. And it was with his own mother! Equally as unbelievable. And it was happening in such a wild and thunderous and energetic way... the sex like a movie. He had no idea he was capable of fucking a woman like this. Beside the bed, things fell from the night stand. A photo, a stack of books, his alarm clock, the hot cocoa that had turned cold crashed, the mug broke and the mess was everywhere. Still they didn't stop. Meg's mouth and body were unrelenting... using her son for her own sexual pleasure. "Yes Ethan, yes!" She screamed against his lips. He suddenly felt his cock start to tense up. The wetness that engulfed him was moving too fast, feeling too good. He was inching dangerously close to the edge and he knew it. "Mom... slow down," he moaned against her lips. "No, baby. I can't stop. Not now." She moaned back. "Mom... I'm going to..." his body started to stiffen as he knew what was to come. "It's okay, baby. It's okay. Let it happen. Cum in me Ethan. Cum in my tummy..." He shook his head, trying to wiggle free from beneath his mother's relentless humping. His expression was alarm. "It's okay," she continued to coo. "It's okay. You can cum in my body. I want you to. I need you to."

Please. Do it for mommy."Her expression lusty and desperate. Her tits shook in front of his face. Her hips were rolling and sashaying from side to side between her bounces. She was desperately milking his shaft. He tried to stop it. His toes curled. He let go of her for a moment, gripping the bed sheets and biting his own lip, trying to hold back a flood. It was inevitable.Ethan had the overwhelming feeling that something bad would happen if he climaxed inside of her."Please," she begged. "Do it! Cum for mommy, my big boy."Ethan felt sudden panic at his mother's unnatural request. "No!" he screamed and at the last second, grabbed her hips and lifted her off of him. Despite his skinny body, his arms were very strong, and his mother was small and light. He withdrew from her womb at the last possible moment. But his alarm wasn't enough to prevent the orgasm. There was a moment of blinding pleasure and intense guilt as the first rope of cum shot from his excited manhood. It splashed across her juicy round ass. The next ones followed shortly after.Meg moaned and writhed and threw her hair back from her face as she felt her son coating her naked bottom with his baby batter. Ethan struggled to catch his breath, and Meg was moaning out of control. His cock continued to rocket spurt after spurt from his balls, until his mother's ass was covered with a hearty coating of cum."Oh my god," he cried out in shame."Oh my god," Meg echoed, panting in her lusty voice, she dropped off of him and landed beside him on the bed."Oh my god!" Ethan sat bolt upright. He cried out in horror. Meg was naked, in a post orgasm bliss that Ethan did not share. He had just fucked his mother! He'd fucked her!Not only did he not know Galloway, but he didn't know his own mother, or himself. He felt completely alone now. The people he trusted the most were strangers to him.From somewhere in the back of his brain, his mind echoed what Galloway had said to him after he'd caught her in her depraved gangbang: "That wasn't me. It was Rob... he's doing something... something that makes us do things we wouldn't ordinarily do..."Ethan had completely dismissed that remark at the time as insane nonsense from a woman who was ashamed to have her true self revealed. But as he looked at his mother, laying naked and coated with a hearty layer of his own cum, Ethan couldn't help but feel that was truer than their debauchery being authentic."That was amazing, baby," Meg cooed softly, curling up with her head on his pillow. She draped her leg over Ethan's and slowly began to slide it back and forth like his new lover."No! No it wasn't!" He scrambled out from beneath her and pulled up his shorts."Where are you going?" She propped herself up on one arm."Out," Ethan grabbed up his replacement crutches. He was unsteady on them at best, but he didn't care. He just needed to get away."When will you be back?"Ethan ignored her. He hurried for the door of the apartment. He didn't know what he was going to do... but he was scared. He wanted his mother back.*** Hollow Pleasure to be continued... ***report

END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment contains themes of

hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, voyeurism, rough sex, and incest. You've been warned. This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Hollow Pleasure chapter 10

2B It was late, but Kate Galloway sat at her small kitchen table, resting her head on her hand and staring at her coffee mug without really seeing it. Mentally she was a million miles away, in a land of self-reflection and self-loathing. She had spent over an hour in her shower, scrubbing away the mess that she'd allowed those vicious thugs to make of her body, and changed into clean gym shorts and a loose fitting tee. But that didn't matter, she hardly felt clean... She had royally screwed things up and wrecked everything. She gave in to this bizarre new fetish of being turned on by violent and dangerous men, willingly allowed them to violate her. And violate her, they had. They'd fucked her every way imaginable (she was still sore in many places, and her wrists had bruises from where they'd used her own handcuffs on her). They'd stolen her gun and equipment. They'd taken her dignity and pride. ...Well... the latter wasn't entirely true. Galloway had surrendered that. Just like she'd surrendered her friendship with Ethan. That poor kid... "I- I don't know you!" His words echoed in her head again and again. Each time she heard them, they broke her heart all over again. A knock at her apartment door startled her. She blinked at it, uncomprehending. "What now?" She was genuinely concerned, but emotionally drained. At this point, she figured whatever was about to happen couldn't possibly destroy her more than she'd already been. Resigned, she climbed from her chair and answered. The last person she expected to see at this point was Ethan. He was standing in the hall on wobbly crutches that were too short for him, dressed much the same as Galloway- in baggy shorts and a t-shirt with the logo of a video game. His expression matched Galloway's- a faraway look of shame and horror that said 'What have I done?' Galloway's heart broke. She opened her mouth to speak, "Ethan? I-" Ethan snapped out of it. He suddenly threw his arms around her and hugged her tightly. "I did something... I did something really bad. Oh god." He sounded tremendously young and afraid, in need of soothing. Galloway hugged him back, softly stroking his hair. "I'm so sorry," Galloway said over and over again. "I'm so sorry about what you saw-" "No, it's not that..." Ethan didn't want to let go of her. "I- I did something awful. At least I think it was me. Oh god... oh god... I- I had sex with my mother." Galloway was shocked. Between what Chris was saying, then her encounter with the punks who had gang banged her, and now this. It was true. It was all true. Something was going on in this apartment that none of them could control. "There's something weird happening," Unable to hold back any longer, Ethan began to cry. Galloway nodded. "I know." She led him inside.

***They sat at the table. Steaming mugs between them, neither of them touched the drinks though. Ethan told her about his mother's unusual behavior, the behavior that he'd been noticing for a while.

The gradual slow buildup of little revealing outfits and flirtatious remarks that soon turned into sexual advances. He told her about the way she kissed him, masturbated in the doorway of his bedroom, joined him in the shower, and finally waking up to her sucking his cock. He was red in the face, could barely make eye contact, and stared at the ground in shame as he explained it. Somehow, he managed to power through the story, despite all of the embarrassment. Galloway listened quietly for a long time, digesting this. When he was done, Galloway told her story. About the tragedy at her old job. About the sudden inexplicable dreams, and the odd fantasies she'd had about bad men—the complete opposite of what she looked for in a sexual partner. The odd and inappropriate things that aroused her lately, and the ways that her body responded. She told him about Rob calling her "Wild Cherry"—the same nickname from her nightmares. She told him what Quinn had said, about his accident. And she told him everything that Chris warned her about. "It sounds fuckin' nuts," Ethan just blurted out the curse word without thinking. It sounded foreign to such a polite young man. Galloway couldn't help but smile in amusement. Her mannerisms were starting to rub off on him. "It does," she agreed. "It makes no sense," Ethan threw his hands up in the air. "It makes all too much sense," Galloway said dryly. "What I did with those guys... did you think that was me? Did you think I was in control of myself?" Ethan shook his head, his eyes looking to the table. He felt guilty. "I'm sorry about what I said to you." "I know you are," Galloway assured him. "It's okay." "That's not something you would ever do." "Never," Galloway admitted. "But I think I was lucky. I was aware, I knew what I was doing, I had some degree of control of myself, but not fully. When I saw those guys, when I heard them, and the way they talked, my mind just sort of ran on autopilot. Like Pavlov's Dog, drooling uncontrollably. I'm able to remember it, which is surprising. Chris Berger had said that when Rob did things with his wife, TJ had no memory of it afterward. Rob wiped her memory." "Why would he do that with her and not with you?" Ethan asked. "Because he wanted me to feel shame afterwards. That was a mind fuck, meant to break me, make me question my moral integrity. If I'm feeling guilty, feeling hatred for myself, questioning myself, I'm less of a threat to him. I'll be more malleable to whatever sickshit he wants to cook up. Chris thinks Rob's afraid of me." "He should be," Ethan said. Galloway nodded. Ethan hesitated with the next part. "What about me? I— I didn't feel like he was controlling me. I felt like my normal self. I didn't want to have sex with my mom. I really didn't. But she started coming onto me... and I started feeling weird, and I got turned on and I just let it happen. I resisted a lot. And even at the end tonight. She wanted me to... to... do something specific, and I refused. And that was when I ran here. I feel like if he was controlling me, I wouldn't have been able to stop myself." Galloway chose her next words carefully. "I think you're right. I think Rob wanted to put you in that situation... to see what would happen. That's what makes it fun for him. He was definitely controlling your mother. You were just struggling with your hormones. You were put in an impossible position." "I could have said

no," Ethan looked down at himself with a sense of disgust. "Then he would controlled your mind, and made you do anyway. Only you wouldn't have had the free will or self awareness afterwards. You would have been a slave for his entertainment. In a way, you're lucky." "I think I would rather that, the living with the knowledge that I willingly had sex with my mother. I don't feel lucky." "Hey," Galloway reached across the table and took his hand. "You are not alone in this. So stop beating yourself up. You saw the things I did. Do you think I feel good about that? We're in this together. And we have Chris on our team. Do you think he wanted to just stand idly by and watch that creep have sex with his wife? And we have Quinn. That's four people working together." Ethan looked reassured by this. "How did that weirdo upstairs even get this power?" Galloway shrugged. "Chris thinks it has something to do with his computer. He types things and they come true. Sort of like a weird Twilight Zone episode. Personally I think there's more to it than that. Remember the voices in the basement?" Ethan nodded. "My old Casino job... weird things used to happen there from time to time. You'd hear a voice, or feel a pull on your pocket, or even have your hair tugged— and not in a fun way. The voices in the basement, the cemetery out back... I think there's something paranormal going on with this place. It just screams of 'haunted house'." "Oh god," Ethan said. "I don't know though. We'll have to do some research. My boss might be able to help with that. First thing tomorrow." "What'll we do until then?" Ethan hugged himself as though he was cold, and threw a glance to the doorway. "I don't want to go home." "You're not going home," Galloway said with finality. "You're going to sleep here. I'll make you a bed on the couch." Ethan looked relieved with this response. But his expression was still somewhat haunted. When he caught Galloway looking at him with that ice-blue unyielding stare and that quizzical expression, he felt a moment of unease. "Try not to think too hard about what happened tonight," Galloway said. "The guilt and embarrassment will destroy you if you do." Ethan knew she was right. He shrugged and tried desperately to make light of it. "I guess it figures that a loser like me's first time would have to be with his own mother." He laughed lightly, hoping that if he dismissed it as a joke, the mood would lighten. "Stop it, Ethan!" He looked up sharply, a little startled by her sudden outburst. "I'm so sick of you guys beating yourselves up. Between you and Quinn. You are the best people I've ever met. And you act like I'm doing you both a favor by being your friend. I'm not some fuckin' goddess who's taken pity on the two of you. I get way more out of our friendship than you think I do. If I didn't have you as a part of my life, I'd be a fuckin' mess right now! You're both keeping me afloat. I swear to god, if I hear anymore talk about how you think you're some loser, I'm going to scream. I'm the loser." They sat in silence for a long time. Ethan looked stunned by her tirade. It was the first time that she had lost her cool in front of him. Galloway was suddenly terrified that she'd overreacted. She meant every word and she was afraid she'd just sent Ethan running for the hills. After what felt like an eternity, Ethan managed to say, "Okay. You're not some

goddess. But you're still pretty hot though." He managed a goofy smile, his eyes big and nervous. God dammit. That made her laugh. He'd brought her back from the brink yet again. With the matter settled, Galloway retrieved some blankets from the closet and made him a spot on the couch. She let Ethan use her shower to wash off the dirty feelings of sex with his mom. This time he didn't stress about a shower bench. He had no qualms about sitting on the floor. Afterwards, they took turns brushing their teeth and getting ready for bed. It was almost relaxing... like a slumber party, although under very perverse conditions. Frankly, Ethan didn't think he'd be able to sleep. He was paranoid. Terrified of what sort of twisted things the author upstairs might cook up for them in the coming days, and how they would fight back. He thought about suggesting that they just move out, but decided against it. He knew Galloway would dismiss that instantly— the next people who moved in would become Rob's newest victims and playthings. She wouldn't allow that. He propped his back uneasily against the arm of the sofa and picked at a hangnail. Galloway dimmed the lights and plopped down on the couch beside him. When he looked up at her, she smiled softly. "You know, you look the way I feel right now." He laughed slightly. "So you're not tired either?" "No. I think I'm going to need to process a lot of bullshit, so I may as well get started now." "I know what you mean," Ethan admitted, still focused on his hands. Her brow furrowed. "Are you alright, kid?" He shrugged absently. "I'm just freaked out. I'm going to be for a long time." "Me too." She let the silence settle, staring at the dark living room. The glow from the stove light was relaxing to both of them. Finally Galloway posed a question that nagged at her. "Did you mean it, when you said your mom was your first?" Ethan sighed, disgusted. "Yes. My first real kiss, my first blow job, my first everything." He groaned, and leaned his head back, staring up to the ceiling. "I mean, I know my mom is hot, but she's still my mom. Fuck, what an awful memory." Galloway's heart broke for him. First times were nothing special. Her first time had been in the driver's seat of her boyfriend's car. She was bouncing so hard, her ass had accidentally honked the horn. But for such a sweet guy like Ethan, who'd already been dealt a shitty hand at life... for his only memory of sex to be something like that wasn't just traumatic. It was absolutely tragic. He would forever look back at his introduction to manhood in shame, embarrassment, and self hatred. It was a complete affront to the nicest, sweetest, most thoughtful guy that Galloway knew. Ethan deserved better. Much better. When Ethan finally glanced up from his hands, Galloway was staring him dead in the eyes. Those ice-blue eyes again made him shiver. There was always something so powerful in her stare that made him nervous, at a complete loss for words. The gears were churning in her head, and he didn't know why. Finally Galloway said, "I'm *not* accepting that." "Not accepting what?" Ethan asked. Galloway's mind was made up. Her voice was firm. "She is *not*, and never will be your first." Before Ethan could ask her what she meant, Galloway grabbed Ethan on either side of his head and pulled him to her. Then her lips found his and she was kissing him. He nearly did a double take before the reality of it set in. Holy

shit, she was kissing him! Ethan felt a surge of panic, confusion, and excitement all at once. This was Kate Galloway, and she was kissing him! Good god, why? He wasn't even sure he truly believed it was happening, even as her lips parted and he felt her tongue slip out for a taste of his lips. Ethan's whole body was tense. His mouth trembled against hers. Finally she pulled her warm lips away from his. Her eyes were half shut, dreamy and sexual. "I'm going to be your first," she assured him. "And any time this comes up, you think of me, and only of me, got it?" Ethan could barely breathe, his heart was pounding so hard. He managed a fast jerky nod. Then Galloway pulled him back to her and resumed her kiss. This time Ethan let his lips part and Galloway's tongue found his. The feeling was electric. He didn't want it to end, but a new and horrifying thought needled its way into his brain. He couldn't do this... not unless he was sure about something... "Galloway... if this is Rob controlling you again... I can't do this." He mumbled around her full juicy lips. "I don't want to do this unless it's real. It has to be real..." he stammered. Galloway's hand sought his out, and when she found it, she laced her fingers through his and gave him a reassuring squeeze. "It's real," she assured him. "I promise." He felt a little better but... "I've wanted this so badly," he admitted around her lips. Her kissing becoming more aggressive. More eager. "But not out of pity." Galloway didn't slow in her aggressive kissing. Her mouth slid across his cheek and went to his ear. Her hot breath in his ear as she started to nibble at his lobe. It gave him goosebumps. "I told you already," her voice was lusty and hungry. "I'm with you because I want to be. I'm getting just as much out of this, if not more." She knelt on the sofa beside Ethan, not going anywhere. She took his hand and slid it between her thighs until he could feel the warm wetness in her gym shorts. "Does this feel like it's just pity sex to you?" Ethan gasped as she pushed his hand back and forth along her slit. Her hips moved, she humped herself against his hand. "If I'm still able to get this turned on after everything that happened. That should tell you something," she purred in his ear. Ethan could barely breathe. Her logic made sense. She wouldn't do this if she didn't want to. "What about Quinn?" He asked. Galloway sat back on her heels and offered Ethan a sexy little smile. "You keep trying to get out of it, and I'm starting to think you don't want to have sex." Ethan immediately reddened. "No, no... I'm just making sure this is cool." "Would you rather just cuddle? Keep our distance?" She was teasing him. "No!" He blurted out almost too loudly. "I definitely want to with you. I just have so many questions." Galloway rolled her eyes. "Fuckin' virgins, always over-thinking things. Quinn and I have never been exclusive to each other." "But I thought—" "I love Quinn, and he loves me. And we'll always go back to each other, because me and him run very deep. We have no problems sharing, and we never did. He would understand. He likes you." Ethan's jaw was hanging open. Galloway only sat and smiled at him, watching the gears turn on that innocent face. It was cute and endearing. "I— I had no idea that..." "I'm so bad?" Her eyebrows lifted. Then she bit her lip, reached down, and pulled her shirt off over her

head. Her wild hair cascaded freely down her shoulders. She leaned forward, her lips coming within inches of his. "Just because I wear a badge, I never said I was a good girl." Ethan was trembling as their kissing resumed. Maybe more so now that he knew it was all real. She wasn't doing this under some spell, or because she felt bad for him. She wasn't cheating on Quinn. She was doing all of this because she wanted to. That thought made his heart flutter. Galloway ran her fingers through Ethan's hair as their tongues wrestled playfully. She held his face tightly to hers, not wanting him to escape with more questions. She could feel Ethan trembling and it only fueled her lust for him. It showed her how badly he wanted this, how afraid he was because now his fantasies were coming true. She eased herself back on the couch, pulling him with her, until they were laying together. Ethan's hands were restless, afraid of what to even do with them. This was vastly different than when he was with his mother. No, no, no. He needed to not think about that. Galloway told him not to. Thankfully, his indecision didn't last long. Galloway took his hands and brought them to her bare breasts. She moaned softly as he touched her. Up close, her body was much more impressive. Her boobs big and inviting. Her nipples pink and puffy, a lot like her full lips. With shaking hands, he squeezed and massaged at them. He wanted to drink her in with his eyes, but he couldn't stop kissing her. He was pretty sure he'd never stop. They were panting excitedly, breathing into each other's mouths. Finally Galloway broke the kiss, she put her hands on the top of Ethan's head and gently eased him down. He took the cue— her body was his. She wanted him to explore her. Ethan tentatively worked his way down her neck, like a kitten venturing out into the world for the first time. She pet and played with his hair. She moaned at the way his lips tickled her skin. His mouth roamed over her chest and eventually came to rest on one of her aroused nipples. He began to suck, and Galloway felt a shiver run through herself. She normally enjoyed it rough. She was experienced. But Ethan was so wonderfully different. He was gentle, shy and tentative. It was him, and that's why she was so excited. He suckled at her nipple, pulling gently with his lips, moving his tongue in fast little circles. "You feel so nice," she murmured in a dreamy lusty voice. Ethan didn't trust himself to speak. He glanced up at her and saw that she was staring back at him, meeting his eyes. He reddened and continued on, devoted equal attention to her other breast. report

NEXT PAGE

She arched her back, moaning louder as he grew more confident. Her stomach moving easily, abs flexing with each deep breath. His eyes traveled over her body, taking in every inch. Her tattoos, her battle scar, her muscles, and her curves. Fuck, she was hot. The entire room felt foggy, like there was no way this could possibly be anything but a dream. But the warmth of her skin, the soapy smell, and the taste... that was all very real. 'This is Galloway, this is Galloway' his heart seemed to say with every thump. Eventually Galloway couldn't take much

more of the teasing from his soft mouth. She laced her fingers through his hair and pulled him back up until they were face to face. She locked her legs through his, pulled him tight, and still kissing, she rolled the two of them over. It was a grappling move taught to her during training. But it had other applications as well. She rolled Ethan easily onto his back. "Get this off," she pulled at his t-shirt. Galloway knelt over him, smiling as he clumsily scrambled to tug it off. At one point, it tangled around his arm and shoulder, and she resisted the impulse to sputter laughter. Then he was shirtless, and Galloway regarded his strong arms and skinny torso. "Not bad at all," she admired. "I can definitely work with this," she leaned forward and for a moment, Ethan thought she was coming back in for a kiss. Instead, she slid off her gym shorts. Now she was completely naked in front of him, without a hint of self-consciousness about her. "Oh my god," he breathed as he admired her. Her body was completely smooth, and hard, and firm, and toned. She leaned forward and planted a warm wet kiss on his chest. Then another. Then another. She started to work lower and lower. Ethan watched her wild hair fall across his chest, sliding ever downward. He'd dreamt about this from the second they met. Everything felt impossible. He shivered again, knowing where she was going with that mouth. Then he felt his gym shorts being pulled down. Ethan had a moment of panic. Galloway was going to see his penis for the first time. What if she found it disappointing? His shorts slipped off and he heard a pleasant gasp. "Oh my, Ethan," she cooed. "All the time we've been friends and you've been hiding this nice dick? I'm so disappointed in you. I would have fucked you long ago if I knew this is what you had." She smiled up at him and grasped his cock, holding it up like a magnificent find. He stared down at her in disbelief as she held his manhood up in front of her face. Ethan was already hard. How could he not be? He'd just made out with Kate Galloway, the biggest crush in his entire life! He was already pretty certain his cock would stay hard for the rest of his life. But to see her holding it in front of her face, running her tongue around her lips as she marveled at his size was a feeling beyond words. She inspected it intensely, her eyes slightly crossing adorably as she kicked her feet back and forth playfully behind her. "R-really?" He asked. "Yes, really," she wrapped her fingers around it and stroked him slowly up and down, watching the way it responded to her touch, the way it throbbed and twitched happily. "I was promiscuous as hell, so I've seen a lot of them. You're definitely far above average." "Thanks," he stammered, watching her. His body was shaking uncontrollably in excited anticipation. Then she hovered her head over his lap, parted her lips and plunged him into her mouth. Ethan instantly felt the warm wet embrace of Galloway's mouth. The feeling was incredible. "Oh my god," he moaned softly. Galloway regarded him with those sexy piercing eyes the entire time that she bobbed her head. She worked slowly at first, savoring the taste of his thick bloated head, playing her tongue in little circles around it, making sure to taste every inch of his skin. Then she sank her mouth lower and lower along his shaft. He could feel her tongue dancing as she

went."Mmmmm..." she moaned deliciously against his shaft. Her mouth started to move in hungry bobs. All the while, she could feel his cock throbbing excitedly against her lips. Galloway couldn't stop herself. She climbed to her knees to better hover her face over Ethan's rock-hard member. One hand slipped between her own legs. She needed to touch herself as she did this. She couldn't resist any longer. When she began to run her fingers over her slit, she found that she was positively drenched. And her arousal was authentic, unlike the incident with the burglars. Galloway was quivering with excitement. Her fingers set to work, rubbing in frenzied little circles around her clit while her mouth bobbed up and down Ethan's length. "Oh god... oh my god," Ethan moaned with each plunge of her head. He was dumbstruck. "That feels so good." The words escaped his lips. "Uh huh," she moaned around a mouthful of his cock. She stroked him into her mouth, her hand twisting and turning expertly as her lips puckered and kissed and sucked, and her tongue lapped and tickled and provoked him further. Ethan held tightly to the sofa cushions. At one point, Galloway's mouth came off his dick with an audible pop—her lips reluctant to let go of him. "How are you liking your first blow job so far?" She asked before taking a long sexual lick. "It feels amazing..." he paused before adding, "...because it's you." Galloway let go of his shaft, seeking out his hand. When she did, she squeezed it lovingly. "If you think that felt good, just you wait," she smirked dangerously, then plunged her head down until his cock hit the back of her throat. Ethan's eyes popped as he felt Galloway take him down as far as she could. "Oh fuck... oh my god," he moaned, squeezing her hand. She squeezed back, swallowing him, holding in back there, not wanting to lose an inch of him from her mouth. Ethan was worried he was choking her. But her tongue kept up its teasing and tickling, moving up and down his shaft to let him know that she was having fun. Finally, when he began to get nervous, she came up for air, panting and quivering with excitement. She wiped drool from her bottom lip, and sat back, showing her wet pussy to him. "Look at what you did to me, Ethan," she said in a lusty whispery voice. "You got me so fuckin' wet." "I did?" Ethan's expression was one of disbelief. Galloway couldn't resist. She brought her wet finger to Ethan's face and ran herself over his upper lip in the gesture of drawing a mustache. "Duh dummy. It wasn't anyone else getting me like this," she smirked. Ethan stared back for a second, and they both suddenly sputtered into a fit of laughter like they always did. They always had a way of laughing together. Then Galloway fell back across Ethan's body, straddling him, and her lips went right back to his. They kissed for a long time, their bodies moving together, thrusting softly, even with Ethan's cock resting warmly against her thigh. Eventually she couldn't wait any longer. She grasped his manhood and eased him against her soaked pussy. Ethan was shaking as he felt her warm folds envelope his head. Then she was easing herself down on him, and his cock was pushing into her pussy. "Oh my god," his voice was barely a whisper as he realized that he was inside of his friend. "Ohhhh god," Galloway echoed, throwing her head back, tossing her hair out of her face as she braced against his

chest with her arms and sank Ethan deep into her body. Eventually she felt his balls come to rest against her ass. He was completely inside of her. Galloway leaned back, sitting upright and froze in that position. "Ohhhh godddd!!" She cried out again, her head tilting back, her eyelids fluttering, and her whole body shook. Ethan felt her pussy clench on his cock, and it took him a moment to realize what was happening. Then it hit him. She was having an orgasm! So soon, just from him being inside of her. The realization struck him, as did his own thrill. She was so excited to fuck him that she was cumming prematurely on his dick! In an burst of impulse, Ethan grabbed her and pulled her to him, holding her tightly and finding her lips with his as she quivered and shook and moaned in pleasure. They kissed in a frenzy as she whimpered and cooed against his mouth. Finally her orgasm subsided and she caught her breath. "Sorry," she whispered, and for the first time since meeting her, Ethan saw Galloway legitimately blush. "It's okay... I just... wow. I had no idea. Is this going to be a common problem, you being a one-pump chump?" He couldn't resist. She propped herself up and smiled at him. "Shut up, asshole," she giggled. Then they both started to move their hips. Ethan's cock pumped in and out of Galloway's body. The entire time, he couldn't stop feeling the way her body moved with his. The smoothness, the power, the muscles flexing and loosening. He ran his hand curiously down her back, over her ass, around her hips, to the sides of her breasts, up her shoulders, and through her hair. He couldn't get enough of touching her. He doubted he ever would. She moaned against his mouth. Her cries of pleasure muffled and muted. "Mmmm... mmmm... mmmmmmmm..." she panted and purred as their tongues danced and teased. Eventually their movements grew more eager. Ethan's thrusts deeper, harder. "Yes... yes..." she panted against his mouth. "Harder Ethan. Fuck me harder," she whispered to his lips. Ethan was happy to oblige. Galloway leaned back and pivoted her hips, swinging them softly from side to side as she bounced on Ethan's lap. He held onto her hips as she rode him, but eventually he grew bold. He gave her ass a tentative slap. It earned a grin from Galloway. "Look at you being bad," she giggled. "You're the bad one," Ethan moaned, and spanked her big perky butt again. She squealed. "Ooh! Yes! Yes I am!" She tossed her head back and moaned at the ceiling. Her body pistoned up and down Ethan's length. She put her all into it, riding her friend with the same amount of reckless lust that she showed those bad men. Only this time, it wasn't a hollow gesture. She could feel her body tense and shiver again as another orgasm wracked her body. "Yessss... ohhhh yes Ethan!" Her voice rose to a high shrill scream as she fucked him through her second orgasm. She shut her eyes and could see bursts of color in the darkness. It was dazzling. Ethan bucked his hips, desperate to keep up with Galloway's expert riding. The couch shook beneath them. The old floor of the mansion made steady creaking sounds. Throw pillows toppled off either end of the couch, leaving just the two of them in the throws of raw passion. Sweat poured down their bodies, but still they didn't stop. Galloway's body swallowing up Ethan's manhood again and again. Ethan's hands ran up and down her figure, confirming to himself again

and again that this was real, that this was really happening. His cock was throbbing like crazy now. Both he and Galloway felt it. "Not yet," she begged him. "Not yet." And reluctantly, she began to slow her feverish pace. Eventually she collapsed beside him, changing positions until she was on the bottom. She spread her legs willingly as Ethan clumsily clambered over her. "Show me what you got, tiger," she smirked, beckoning him to her. He lay over her and it required some clumsy groping to return his cock into her body. But when he slid it back in, it was as though it was meant to be there. He braced himself over her. She moaned and squirmed beneath him like a goddess. Her eyes were shut, her lips parted cutely and soft moans escaped her lips with each thrust. His body slid along hers as he plunged deep, over and over again. Ethan couldn't remember a time in his life he felt so thrilled or so happy. He opened his mouth and the words just started to fall out. "Galloway... I... I..." She shushed him before he could say anything more. "I know. Just keep going. Don't stop." Ethan's pace quickened, but he couldn't help but feel slightly dejected. She cracked one of her eyelids and peered at him. Then she folded her legs around his waist and locked her feet behind his back. "I love you too, kid." She used her legs as leverage and pulled him deeper into her body again and again. "Oh god!" He moaned out in ecstasy. Galloway's hips were moving with his. "Yesssss," she moaned and she felt what was happening. "Do it, Ethan..." she urged him on. "Fuck me... fuck me..." "Oh Galloway, I'm going to..." "Yes you are. Finish inside of me. Do it!" She clung tightly to him. This time he didn't panic and pull away, like he had with his mother. Ethan bucked his hips. His body gave one final spasm, and then it was happening. He was climaxing inside of Galloway's body— his first time cumming inside of a woman. The feeling was like no other, the pleasure intense, and the feeling like it was the most natural thing in the world. His cock jumped and spasmed as each rope of hot semen shot deep into her. "Yesss, god yessssss!" She writhed on the pillows, clutched his arms and held on as her own orgasm took hold. They came at the same time, gasping and kissing and locked together. His cock continued to lurch and jump, even long after his balls had drained and her pussy was thoroughly filled with his cum. They lay like that for a while, panting, kissing gently again and again, and their hands holding and squeezing each other's. Eventually Ethan managed to regain his composure enough to swallow. "How was I?" She smirked. "I think you lied about being a virgin. I feel like you've done this before." Ethan reddened. She had just made a joke about his mother. "But I thought you said—" "Too soon?" She giggled. A second later he joined in and they shared the laugh. "I'm sorry if I wasn't very good or if I wasn't very exciting—" She glared harshly at him. "Ethan, shut up. It was fuckin' awesome," she told him, and gave him a soft sweet kiss on the cheek, and a fuller, much deeper one on the lips. "And that's because it was you." "Not to let my inexperience show... but what usually happens now?" He asked, still blushing, sure that the heat would never leave his face. "It's not like the movies where we fall asleep like this. You left quite the mess in me. In real-life there's this move called the

'tuck and run'." She wiggled out from beneath him and hurried to the bathroom, her hand beneath her to catch the semen as it ran down her legs. Ethan couldn't resist chuckling at her clumsy awkwardness. She came back a few minutes later. Ethan had managed to pull up his shorts. "Are you running out on me?" She asked, seeing him redressing. "Just wham, bam, thank you Galloway?" Ethan stammered, caught off guard. "Well I just thought... since we did that... I thought we were going to bed." Galloway came over and took his hand. "Oh we are," she assured him. She helped him with his crutches and was practically pulling him to the bedroom. "We'll do that in the bedroom. But don't expect much sleep," she winked at him. Despite their exhaustion from the day, the night didn't end with just that one session. Galloway made sure to spend the rest of the night rocking Ethan's world. He needed it... they both did.***3A Things had worked better than he planned. Rob had never officially tested Galloway. Those burglars were authentic. A complete and happy accident. Rob had come across them while checking the cameras and plotting his next move. The Bergers had been out all day- from what he gathered, they were visiting Tara Jane's mother. But apparently some lucky opportunists had happened across the empty apartment and decided to break in and loot it. Such was the risk tenants took when it came to ground-floor apartments. There were three of them. They were punks. Young and cocky, tattoos and trouble written all over them. Rob had merely watched and recorded, contemplating on what to do with the burglars. Then the kid with the crutches had come home and walked right in on the burglary. They didn't hurt Ethan. Rob wasn't completely heartless. He made sure their treatment of the boy, while rough, wasn't brutal. He'd been deciding what to do after that, but eventually the solution presented itself. Officer Wild Cherry. He was positive she would take an interest in the goings-on of her building. Especially if they were illegal. And thanks to Rob, her interest weren't quite the actions of a true blue hero. For weeks, Rob had been tip toeing around Galloway. He'd been using his new powers of mind control and manipulation very lightly with her. Nothing direct; he'd been merely planting ideas in her head- particularly while she slept. He'd been tinkering with her dreams. Tinkering with her libido. Tinkering with her invasive thoughts. Basically, he'd planted a whole new fetish in her head. Criminals. She would be turned on by criminals, submissive to their desires. What could be more conflicting for a woman cop than to be attracted to the worst kinds of men? Rob had intended this plan as a fail-safe in case she ever came after him. But he'd never put it to the test. That is, until she had walked in on the burglary. She'd had those men dead to rights. She had her gun drawn and pointed squarely at them. But then something miraculous happened. She had put the gun down and allowed them to overtake her. What Rob had been treated to following that was literally two solid hours of the roughest, most brutal, and most humiliating gang bang he could have imagined for the female officer. And she'd taken it all with the happy eagerness of a dog greeting its owners. She'd been violated in every way imaginable, all while moaning and screaming and begging for more. Even Rob was forced to admit, it

was tough to watch at times. But it had worked. For that reason, he was elated. Although... poor Ethan. Rob actually felt bad about that. There was something about the kid with the crutches that Rob related to. He felt a kinship with the shy quiet boy. Ethan had been born into an unfortunate situation, much like Rob had, and Ethan had felt true anguish and heartbreak seeing Galloway unleash her inner slut. Rob knew that Ethan was in love with the rebellious officer. Heartbreak was rough. But if the kid thought there was a chance he was going to get together with a woman like Galloway, he was barking up the wrong tree. Better to pull off that band aid fast and brutal so he could move on. Ethan returned to his apartment after the incident, shaken, hurting, and miserable. Rob decided the kid needed a thrill— something to take his mind off of seeing Galloway act like a complete two-timing slut. It was finally time to send his mother into his arms. And Ethan had gone for it. "I did that for you, little buddy," Rob smiled as he watched Ethan over the camera screens becoming a man for the first time with his hot sexy little mommy. "Enjoy." Then Rob turned from the computer array. Watching the rough sex that Galloway had performed had given him certain... needs. He stepped into the bedroom. Kelsey was waiting patiently. Tonight Rob was feeling in a rough and corruptive mood. "H-how do I look?" Kelsey asked. Her voice was timid, her behavior embarrassed. "Stunning," Rob smiled. She lit up at his answer. Her smile peeling back, giving him a flash of those cute chipmunk like teeth. God she was cute. Tonight, Rob had made his neighbor and favorite plaything dress up. She was wearing a superhero costume— Supergirl, to be exact. The bright blue spandex top strained against her full DD tits, and snugged flush against her flat tummy. Her bright red skirt was playfully short. Kelsey's smooth legs went up forever, it seemed. Rob had never given much thought to her legs before he'd been gifted his magical mind-control computer. She had never really shown them off, and much of Rob's focus was on Kelsey's giant rack, and her cute endearing face with the slight over bite and cheerful smile. But she had legs like a model in an 80's beer commercial. Rounding out the costume, the boots were a nice touch, stopping at the knee. report

NEXT PAGE

She looked ridiculous in the costume— hardly the superhero type. She was too cute and too meek for that. But Halloween was inching closer... and violating strong women seemed to be the theme of the evening. Speaking of, Rob pulled the ski mask down over his head, and glared at her through the eye holes. Kelsey looked a bit uneasy as she regarded him, tugging cutely at the hem of her skirt. Rob typed away for a minute on his keyboard. "Tonight," he narrated, "Supergirl is going to try to arrest me. But she's going to lose that fight..." He allowed an evil smile behind his mask. As soon as he put the keyboard down, Kelsey played the part exactly as he had typed. She sprang at him, trying to sound commanding and authoritative. "Halt criminal." It wasn't much of a fight, really. Rob grabbed at her and tossed her

lightly onto the bed, cackling as he did. Before Kelsey could try to get up, Rob was on her, pinning her to the bed, and tying her hands to the headboard. "Oooh, don't hurt me," Kelsey whimpered out. Even under some sort of magical hypnosis, she wasn't the best actress. "Shut up, super bitch," he snapped back at her. When he was certain that her hands were bound, he sat back for a moment to admire his handiwork. Ropes and ties had never been at the top of Rob's fantasy list. But for most of his life, his fantasy list was just to have a girl who was as attractive as Kelsey. He would have taken sex with her any way. But now he had her, and he could explore all avenues of fun with her. There was no denying how hot she looked tied to the bed, looking so sweet, and innocent, and helpless. He walked around the bed, leering at her from behind his criminal mask. "Mmmm... I finally caught the infamous Supergirl... now what should I do with her?" Kelsey whimpered and squirmed. Her voice soft and playing the part of fearful and cute. It drove Rob wild. He was already feeling his cock swelling in his pants. That innocent little face of hers always got to him. "It'd be an awful shame to waste a body like this," he says and ran his hand over one of her big round breasts. Her costume was skin tight and her flesh warm and yielding beneath. He gave her tit a rough slap, making it jiggle. A whimper escaped Kelsey's lips. "A real shame," he continued, moving around her body. He grabbed her by the ankles and forced her legs apart. "Ohhh, please no..." she cooed out, but clearly her heart wasn't in it. She sounded like a slut just waiting for her punishment. Rob reached beneath her skirt and felt for her panties. When he grasped them, he gave a hard yank and snapped them right off. Kelsey cried out again, and before she could recover from the thrill, Rob stuffed her panties right into her mouth. "This is so you can't call for help, super slut," he snarled at her. Then climbed up onto the bed and knelt on her stomach, his legs on either side of her body. He eagerly pushed her top up over her enormous tits until they spilled out. Kelsey whimpered and squirmed as her breasts were revealed. Rob licked his lips. He gave each one of her tits a little slap, making them jiggle. But he couldn't resist. He had the overwhelming urge to put his cock right between those big juicy melons. He inched his hips up her body and released his throbbing manhood from it's prison. Fuck he'd been hard as a rock ever since he witnessed the crude violation of Officer Galloway. Now it was time for his own reward. He slapped his cock on each of Kelsey's boobs. She moaned and writhed at the soft flesh on flesh slaps that jiggled them and hardened her nipples. Then he rested his ten inches of solid meaty cock in the valley between her tits. He spat on them crudely, in the same way that the trio of burglars had spat on Galloway. There was a disrespect to the gesture that would have made Rob cringe in his younger years. Now he found he rather enjoyed it. He spat over and over again on the chest of his biggest crush— now personal slut— until his cock and her tits were good and coated. Then he wrapped her boobs tightly around his shaft. He moaned as the pleasant warmth made his cock all but disappear. "Look at these big fuckin' melons," Rob grunted at Kelsey as he started to thrust his hips. "You just like showing them off, don't you Supergirl?"

You could easily wear a metal chest plate, or kevlar or something to hide this body. But you don't. Because you love the attention." He grunted, pushing his cock deeper, the head popping out her cleavage and poking her in the chin again and again. "You're just a thrill seeking slut for attention." Kelsey moaned and whimpered around the wadded up panties in her mouth. Rob gripped her tits, pulling them into his thrusts. "Yes... yes... yes... so big and soft." He was grunting like an animal. The bed began to shake as he aggressively fucked her chest. His cock jabbing her in the chin again and again. His balls rubbed back and forth across her silky skin. "Yes... ugh... fuck yes..." He slapped her tits again, getting lost in the rough fantasy. "You like my big cock between these fuckin' udders," he grunted. Kelsey could only meekly nod her head. A muffled "Mmmhmm" cried out from behind the gag. "Of course you do," Rob grunted, fucking harder between her big round pillows. He slapped her tits again, and couldn't resist reaching down and tugging her hair. She cried out but continued to gasp and moan like his little slut. "Mmm! Mmm! Mmmm!" "That's it, you big tittied bitch," Rob grunted, taking a cue from the burglars and the way they treated Galloway. He yanked the gag out of Kelsey's mouth, and grabbed her by the bouncy playful hair. He yanked her head until she was facing down toward his thrusting manhood as it plowed in and out between her plump juicy tits. "Open your cocksucker. We'll put that mouth of yours to good use," he said. Kelsey obediently opened her mouth, her eyes big and innocent looking. Just the right blend of scared and whorish, that made Rob want to violate her in every way. He thrust his cock into her open mouth and stuffed her deep, practically sitting on her chest now. Kelsey's cheeks puffed out cutely as Rob fucked her mouth. He held her firmly by the hair. "Swallow this cock, baby. Swallow it." He grunted. Kelsey's sweet muffled moans echoed throughout the bedroom. "Yeah, you're lucky I didn't send you downstairs to those robbers. They would have had a feeding frenzy over this sweet face," he moaned, enjoying the way her eyes widened and teared up at the suggestion. Her lips tightened around his shaft, her tongue darted tentative tastes of his skin, her cheeks puckered with the effort to suck him. When Rob had his fill of violating her mouth, he pulled out. Kelsey let out a sigh, able to breathe. Streamers of spit and drool clung from her lips to his cock, and left wet lines of saliva across her bare tits. Rob felt powerful, he felt in control, and each time that Kelsey whimpered or looked nervous, his cock jumped excitedly. Nobody had ever regarded him with fear before, and it was sort of intoxicating. There was nothing gentle about the way he took Kelsey when he climbed between her legs. He enjoyed the sound of her gentle grunts. There was something intoxicating about the reverence in her expression. He grabbed her legs, and wrapped them around his waist. "You're going to get used over and over again, Super Slut," he commented. He reached beneath her, grabbing her by the ass and lifting her into his thrusts. She squealed as he impaled her with his throbbing staff. "Ohhhhhhh!" She shut her eyes and pulled against the ropes that held her to the headboard. Rob's grip tightened. He moved his hips quickly, turning them to a blur as he pounded her pussy. Her

pink womanhood violated so deep and rough by the horny author. The bed beneath them squealed its protests to the way that Rob bucked his hips, but he didn't care. From behind his ski mask, Rob looked at Kelsey's big bare boobs, and decided he wanted to make them bounce completely out of control. He thrust harder, deeper. Her tits wobbled and shook, falling into a steady rhythmic circle motion. Each time he thrust into her, they bounced high, smacking her in the chin. Kelsey's innocent pixie face was a mask of pleasure and worry. She could do nothing but moan pathetically as Rob took her by force, his libido on overdrive, and his mind still fixated on the rough pounding that Galloway had taken. "Ohh! Ohhh! Ohhhhh!" Hearing her normally innocent voice moaning in such a mindless sexual way made her sound all the more like a slut. Kelsey's eyes fluttered and she shut them, straining against her binds and arching her back as she started to cum on Rob's cock. He slapped her across the cheek, turning her face red. "Look at me when I fuck you, slut!" He roared in a voice that he barely recognized. Kelsey obeyed, opening her eyes and staring at him with that same stormy conflict of fear and reverence. "That's right. Look at your master. I'll keep you tied to this bed, and fuck you forever, Supergirl," he grunted. "Again and again and again!" The bed shook, the headboard beat steadily on the wall. Kelsey's large heavy tits worked in circles like google-eyes, smacking together, smacking her chin in heavy fleshy sounds. Rob's cock plowed and pulverized her sweet little sex hole. "Ohhh... ohhh!" Kelsey's mindless moans only urged him on. "I'm going to fuck that pretty little brain out of your head," he grunted like an animal. "Yes sir!" "That's right. Just remember how you called me that!" He screamed. "You're not so strong and independent now, are you, super hero whore!" He spat at her, slapped her, yanked her hair and barked orders and insults at her. And he wasn't going to stop at just one orgasm. He was going to do this again and again and again until he was tired. Supergirl, aka Kelsey, was at his mercy until then. The bed thundered against the wall long into the evening hours. Kelsey and Rob's moans of lust echoed throughout the house like ghostly wails. Rob dumped cum load after cum load on his perfect little fuck toy. Sometimes in her pussy, sometimes on her tits, sometimes on her tummy. Each time, he made no effort to clean her up. The cum was to mark her as his territory. The entire time, Kelsey was amazing—the perfect distraction. And that distraction was the exact reason that he didn't see what happened next, and therefore had no control over it... ***1ADanni Esposito was experiencing a bit of a fog. She wasn't sure what had been going on in her life lately, but there were time gaps where she simply couldn't recall what-so-ever. And she wouldn't have noticed it, or given it any thought, but one glance the clock, and she saw that she was due for a face time call with her brother soon. That was when it hit her. She couldn't remember the last time she'd spoken with Bill. That was totally abnormal. She always talked to him daily. Always. But she couldn't remember what they talked about last night (or if they'd talked), or the night before that, or the night before that... When she sat down and tried to work out the numbers, it was all a strange blur. That made no sense to

her. She was meticulous about keeping in touch with her brother, especially with him being on deployment. She really had to fight hard to remember, and each time that she did, her mind grew fuzzy and there was nothing but blankness. Why couldn't she remember? Bill normally had such good advice, and Danni always took it to heart, the things he said. For one heart stopping moment, she suddenly had this horrific fear that something had happened to him. Maybe they had been missing their face time calls for some awful reason. Was Bill hurt, or worse? No. Danni might not remember her calls to her brother, but she would certainly remember news of that nature. Something else had to be going on. Danni just couldn't fathom what. She waited tensely by the tablet until it was that time, running her hand nervously through her hair. Oh god, what if he didn't call? What if he'd just gone radio silent and her not remembering was some weird psychological response to the stress— her brain blocking it out to spare her the pain? Suddenly, the tablet lit up with the familiar ring, and Danni sagged with relief. "Oh thank god," she smiled, and hit the answer button. The screen changed and Bill's bright smiling face filled the screen. He was in his tent, lounging on his cot, with the familiar pin-ups on the wall behind him. He was shirtless, which was a little odd, since he usually wasn't so casual with his body, but Danni didn't give it any thought. She was just glad to see him. "Hey Bill. Thank god. It's so weird, but I feel like I haven't talked to you in forever," She just blurted out in her soft squeaky voice. Bill's smile grew brighter. "I know baby. I've missed you so much since last night," his voice was dreamy and lusty. Danni was confused. Baby? "I can't stop thinking about you." Bill said, and suddenly the camera moved down his body. Danni gasped. Her brother was completely naked! His massive swollen hardon was in his hand and he was stroking himself in long eager pumps. "Bill, what are you doing!?" Danni was horrified. "Sorry for jumping the gun, Danni, but every time I think about you, I can't stop myself. Can't wait until I'm back and we can finally do this for real. It's fuckin' torture only being able to imagine it." He moaned as he stroked himself. His cock throbbing and jumping. A drop of precum oozed from the head and rolled down his shaft. Danni was frozen. What the hell was he saying? This was her brother! And he was saying the most perverse stuff while showing his dick to his own sister! "Show me that hot little body of yours, Danni. God I love your perky tits," Bill stroked faster. "Bill! What the fuck???" Danni's voice grew loud, shrill and horrified. Bill stopped, like someone had pulled the needle off a record player. The camera swung up his body and Bill's expression was of confusion. "What?" He asked. "You're naked, and jerking off!" Bill's face flushed red as it dawned on him that something was very wrong. But the confusion remained. "Danni, we've doing this every night for weeks now? What's wrong? What's gotten into you?" "What's gotten into me???" She nearly shouted. "What's gotten into you? I'm your sister and you're jerking off to me!" "But we've been..." Bill's face was a mixture of genuine horror and confusion. Was somebody playing some overly elaborate prank on him. "I mean... I thought we've been... you said... you've been doing this too..." "No, I haven't! Jesus Christ,

Bill!" But even as she said it, she remembered the fog— she honestly didn't remember their last face time calls. There were far too many gaps in her memory. The horror dawned on her. Oh god. What have they been doing?"I uhh... I don't know what to say, Danni," Bill's face was equally confused and horrified. His mind going in a million different directions. How did his sister not remember everything they'd done? Had she been on drugs? Was this the early stages of dementia? Did she have some split personality disorder? Or was all of this some fucked up and twisted prank? Bill felt complete panic."I gotta go," Danni said. Her eyes were wide. Her expression genuine horror. "Oh my god, I have to go." She hung up before Bill could reply. What the fuck was going on?***OUTSIDE HELPGalloway led Ethan into the upstairs office. It was rather unremarkable, cluttered, and piled high with books. He instantly loved it the second that he saw it, and though he didn't know who it belonged to, he held them in high regard. There was no pretense to a room like this. No overly inflated sense of self importance that was trying to be conveyed to visitors. And likewise, it wasn't sterile like the billions of office and cubicle type settings – with gray bland carpet and lifeless metal desks. This room had age and character. The old wooden floor and cracked plaster walls gave it warmth. And the books and disorganization told a story about who it belonged to— one of practicality and not taking oneself too seriously. As they entered, Galloway drawled out a few lines from a song that she listened to regularly. She sounded like a drill instructor shouting cadence: "Hellfire, hellfire, take my soul..." A woman's voice responded from behind the desk, dry and humorless. "You call me 'Hellfire' again, Red, and you and I are going to have a problem." Ethan saw that the woman who owned the office was younger than he imagined. She was maybe only a couple years older than Kate Galloway, about 30. She was naturally pretty, without makeup on her sharp features. Her chestnut brown hair was worn in a simple ponytail. A loose swoop of hair covered one eye. Her clothing was equally casual— jeans and a slightly military looking jacket that was more for style than warmth. There was something about her that Ethan couldn't quite place. She seemed somewhat cold and emotionless— like a lady-cop or something. The only emotion he detected was thinly veiled sarcasm. Galloway introduced them. "Ethan, this is my boss, 'Hellfire Halley Hargrove'." "Hailey?" Ethan asked. "Halley, like the comet," she got up from her desk. Ethan noticed she was wearing tattered old Chuck Taylor sneakers. She didn't have Galloway's figure, but she was cute, and compact. Her boobs were perky beneath her shirt, and her hips gave her ass a perfect round shape. But it was the face that drew him in. Galloway might resemble Neve Campbell, but Halley's face reminded Ethan of a cheesy B-movie actress. What was her name? Angela di Pasquo, maybe? Regardless, there was something about her that Ethan found sexy. He sensed a lot of interesting and quirky depth behind her stoic mask. Galloway grinned from ear to ear. "Ethan, just call her 'Hellfire', if you really need to get her attention." Halley's expression didn't change but registered annoyance with Galloway. Her eyes flicked to Galloway, then back to the nervous boy with the

crutches. "I see you traded in Quinn for someone more mature and better looking," Halley said after a beat. She was being serious. Ethan couldn't help laughing quietly. He resisted the urge to quip 'being either of those isn't very hard,' but he thought the better of it. "Ethan's my neighbor. We watch out for each other in this crazy apartment that I apparently moved into," Galloway explained, resting her hand on his shoulder. "I see," Halley Hargrove's eyes inspected Ethan closely, and he suppressed a shiver. He felt like he was walking through an X-ray machine. She was looking right through him. "Right, just neighbors," she said with a ghost of a smile at the corner of her lips. Ethan blushed, and Halley's hint of a smile widened. She knew in an instant. "Are you good with computers?" Ethan answered nervously. "Um... so so, I guess." She looked thoughtful. "Too bad. I'm always in the market to hire one of those genius kids who can hack anything online." "Is she being serious?" Ethan glanced at Galloway. Galloway only shrugged. Halley didn't miss a beat. "Learn. Come back when you can impress the hell out of me, and I'll make you one of those guys like in the movies who sits in the van at the bank of computers watching monitors and talking on radios." Again, Ethan wasn't sure if she was kidding or not. Unlike Galloway, this woman was very hard to read. Halley led Galloway and Ethan out into the hallway, giving a brief tour—apparently for Ethan's benefit. Along the way, Galloway explained the events occurring at the apartment. To Ethan's surprise, Halley didn't look doubtful. She considered everything thoughtfully. Even to Ethan, some of Galloway's stories sounded crazy. These women must either really trust each other, or Halley had an excellent poker face. report

NEXT PAGE

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sighed, "We haven't yet wasted enough money training you that I won't hesitate to cut you loose." "Graver likes me," Galloway shot back. "Graver's an idiot." "Yeah, but you're marrying him," Galloway teased. "That'll be my biggest secret. I'm staying Hargrove." Ethan was blown away by their natural banter. It was starting to make sense that these two got along dangerously well. They left the vault behind and stepped into the investigative main office. It wasn't as impressive as Ethan had hoped. He had been picturing something like Mission Control at NASA. Instead, he was greeted to an office little larger than a living room. Two long desks faced each other, computer monitors dividing it. Around the perimeter of the room were counters where various equipment were laid out, charging, or being worked on. Halley explained that this was their research room, and that half of her company was devoted to investigations. Due diligence and insurance injuries were part of that. Most of it sounded boring. But then Halley talked about surveillance, well placed hidden cameras that looked like tree stumps, or utilizing men in the field. She grinned, the first actual smile he'd see on her face, and it was slightly wicked. "You don't have a smart phone, do you Ethan?" He shook his head. "Good. Good for you." She pulled up a seat at a computer desk and turned the monitor to face them. "The fourth amendment is dead. And it wasn't the government with some anti-terrorism act that killed it. Cell phones and social media killed it. And instead of protesting, the American people were all too happy to pay to give it away. Check this out." Halley brought up a map of the region. It looked like a Google map that people use for directions. "The internet is voluntary public domain. In other words, if you snap a picture of something with your phone, and stick it on your facebook or twitter, it belongs to the public. Anyone can see it." Halley turned to an assistant working at a terminal. "Alex. Take a picture of Galloway's boots and post them to your twitter." While her assistant did, Halley zoomed in on the map—until the industrial park where her office was located became discernable. Within seconds a little bubble appeared in real-time. Halley clicked it and the photo of Galloway's weathered combat boots opened up and linked to Alex's twitter page. "This is in real time," Halley explained, then began to zoom out. One by one, little bubbles began to appear at random all over the map. Ethan leaned forward. His face registered shock when he saw what each of them was. The program was monitoring open social networks in any area of the country, and it showed Halley all the things that were being uploaded live, where they currently were, what the postings were, and who was uploading them. "This isn't even something that only I have access to," Halley said. "Anyone with a credit card can subscribe to this. It doesn't have to be live. Give me a zip code, and a date, and this baby will show me all of the wonderful things that unsuspecting people have made public on the world wide web last week, last month, last year, on Christmas Day 2015, or Spring Solstice 2017, and so on." Ethan was in awe. "Hypothetically, how would this be helpful?" "Let's say there's a car accident and we need witnesses to tell us who's at fault, but nobody is around when the police arrive to interview. Then we pull up

the intersection on the map at the date and time, and see if anyone might have been live-streaming video or photos of it. We check their social media account, and bingo, we have a name of a witness to contact, as well as their material." "Scary, huh?" Galloway smirked. "And it's perfectly legal, because people are voluntarily doing this- giving up their privacy to show me where they're having dinner, or who they're hanging out with. That information was already out there and available if you knew how to find it. The only thing this program does is organizes it in a practical way." "I meant... how does this help us with what's going on at our apartment?" A corner of Halley's mouth twitched. Galloway just shrugged at Halley. "He's practical, what can I say?" "The kid's sharp," she agreed. "Fine, you caught me. It doesn't," Halley admitted. "I just wanted to show off. The point is, you guys have all of my resources and support at your finger tips. Research archives, camera equipment, surveillance gadgets, computer software, Graver and his tactical division, whatever you need to stop this guy, you have my support. Under two conditions." She ticked them off on her fingers. "If this lunatic is as twisted as you say he is, my team gets to take partial credit for apprehending him. My firm needs the publicity." "What's the second condition?" Ethan was curious. "We're doing this covertly. Because if this goes tits-up, and it'll probably go tits-up, we don't get any of the blame for your shenanigans." Halley patted Galloway on the shoulder and locked eyes with Ethan for a moment so prolonged that he self-consciously wanted to look away. She winked, the ghost of a smile still lingering at the corner of her mouth. As she walked away, Ethan couldn't help but watch her go. Galloway caught him looking and couldn't resist smiling. "She is the coolest boss I've ever had. And she's now in our corner." Ethan met her eyes and shook his head astounded in that woman. "'Hellfire, hellfire, take my soul'," he repeated Galloway's earlier song like he was swooning over love at first sight. Then they both started giggling, delighted in each other. *** Hollow Pleasure to be continued... ***report

NEXT PAGE

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END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment contains themes of hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, voyeurism, rough sex, gangbangs, cheating, and incest. You've been warned. This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. ***Hollow Pleasure chapter 11***THE ALLIESThey had

spent the afternoon conducting research at the office of Galloway's boss and leading investigator, Halley Hargrove. Halley had actually proven to be a talented researcher (which was a relief because Galloway might have bravery and boldness on her side, but she was lost after a few basic Google searches and had begun to idly check her email instead). Though they hadn't uncovered anything to explain the magic powers of Rob's computer or its power over the mind, Halley had managed to procure a complete history of their suspect— Robert Bradford. They found no criminal history, merely biographical information of his writing successes. That made sense, they supposed that a noted author wouldn't have anything in his history to tarnish his career— especially at this day and age where ruining people's lives with the scarlet letter of their past was all the rage. More interesting than Rob, Halley had found a history of the Connelly house, where they lived. Everything she found fit the symptoms of classic haunted house. "Did you know that the cemetery behind it had to be relocated so they could lay the foundation for the house where you two live?" Halley had browsed article after article. Galloway snorted. "That makes sense. Nothing pisses off a spirit like having its eternal resting place dug up and moved." "I didn't realize the cemetery is that old," Ethan admitted. Halley continued to go through her findings. "While there's nothing specific, the house has reports of haunted activities. The historical society had an interest in it for a while, and used to host candle-lit ghost tours around the town during Halloween— before the current management bought it out and requested that they stop including the mansion as part of the tour. I guess the landlord had a hard enough time keeping tenants. Renters had a notoriously high turn-over rate." Ethan was intrigued. "Does it say what was happening? Like what kind of ghost? What was it doing? Was it a demon?" Halley merely shrugged. "It doesn't say, kid. Your guess is as good as mine." It was a dead end. Thoughts of ghosts were fresh in their minds as they left the office. "Well at least it sort of explains why Rob can suddenly make weird things happen with the tap of his keyboard," Ethan shrugged, as Galloway drove them home. "Does it though?" Galloway asked. "Plenty of places are haunted. I've never heard of mind control abilities." "We can tangle ourselves up in the details all day," Ethan said, "But the fact is that it's happening for some reason. So what are we going to do about it?" Galloway gave him a sideways glance from the corner of her eye. A little smile formed across her lips. "Starting to sound like me, now." "You're a bad influence, I guess," Ethan blushed as he said it. Galloway couldn't stop the wide proud grin from spreading. "Still sore, are you?" Ethan smiled guiltily. His face only grew redder. "A little, yeah. Are you?" "Oh god yeah," Galloway laughed. "You're ummm... very gifted." She let her eyes wander down to Ethan's lap. His face was bright red, and he had to look away when he felt his crotch tensing beneath her stare. "So umm... going back to my last question," he hurried to change the subject. After everything that happened, their wild night together, their passionate sex sessions, seeing each other completely naked and all of it... he was still shy. It was so cute. "What are we

going to do about this?"Ethan wasn't happy with Galloway's answer. She dropped him in front of the apartment, before heading right back to the office."Why?" he asked her, feeling like she was dumping him off."Because I need to coordinate something with Halley, Captain Graver, and some of the other officers. And I need to do it without you there.""Why?" Ethan asked. "I thought we were all on the same team.""We are," she assured him. "But what we're going to be discussing isn't completely legal. And if this goes horribly wrong in a way that gets us into trouble, I don't want you to have any prior knowledge, so you don't get charged with something." There it was. She was trying to protect him.Ethan hated it. He was the man. He felt like he should be the one protecting her. But as he appraised Galloway, he realized that she was the type of woman who'd never need protecting. That was just her nature."Fine, but what do I do until you get home?" Ethan asked."I don't know. Make me a nice a dinner?" She smirked."Fuck you," Ethan said. "I'm not your mother." And they both laughed."It'll be that much easier to get me out of my pants again tonight if you do," Galloway batted her eyelashes at him."That sounds fun but could we maybe... you know... just sort of cuddle and kiss for a while? I remember a lot of kissing and hand holding last night. That was nice." Ethan reddened."You are such a girl," Galloway laughed.Ethan responded with another "Fuck you."Regardless, Galloway reached over and gave his hand a squeeze. "Fine, but I can't promise I won't try to rock your world again."They settled on that deal. So when Galloway left Ethan in front of the house, he was surprised to see someone sitting on the front steps.Ethan didn't know the name of the college girls in 1A, but had seen each of them in passing at some point or another. This particular one was the tall slender girl who was built like a supermodel. She had long straight dark hair, big eyes, and a sincere face. She would have been Ethan's biggest crush of the three college girls, if it wasn't for a very high-pitched squeaky voice that bordered on annoying.Ethan wasn't sure what she was doing on the front steps, but she looked shaken and upset. Her eyes were haunted, and she was drowning in a hooded sweatshirt emblazoned with the eagle, globe, and anchor of the US Marine Corps. She was chewing one of her finger nails and staring off into space, seeing things within her own head.Ethan started up the front steps, mindful of his crutches as he squeezed past her. She didn't even acknowledge him, too lost in her own thoughts. As he stepped up to the front door of the apartment building, he glanced back one last time and felt sorry for her. A memory flashed in his brain— one of him reading books on the front steps because he'd locked himself out of his apartment, and didn't want to ask anyone for help. That had been the day he'd met Galloway.That was why he found himself blurting out "Hey you," in exactly the same way that she'd called out to him on that very first day.She looked up, the surprise apparent in her expression. Her eyes had grown large, as she snapped out of her trance. "M-me?" She asked, in that high-pitched Minnie Mouse voice."Yeah, you. Is everything alright?" "Oh, I'm okay," her answer was almost too quick. Ethan had never been good at reading people— too shy and self conscious for his

own good. But he knew immediately she was lying. And although the old him would have accepted that answer, and he would have retreated back into his comfort zone, this time he didn't. "Are you sure?" he pressed. "Yeah, I'm good," she tried to smile but it felt short on quivering lips and nervous eyes. Then to her shock, Ethan came back, and shuffled himself into a sitting position beside her. He rested his crutches up on the railing. "I always sort of noticed you," he admitted, "But I never caught your name?" Deep down, even as he asked it, he wondered where the hell those words had come from. He was never the type to approach first. Especially not gorgeous women like this one. Was this what it felt like to have self-esteem? The way he and Galloway had made love last night was certainly fresh in his mind. He felt good because of it. He felt like deep down, everyone was just as shy and afraid as he had been, and there was nothing to be afraid of. "Danni," she smiled timidly. "I'm Ethan," he said. Then he tilted his head to his crutches. "Better than Tiny Tim, right?" At first she didn't react, as though she wasn't sure if it was okay for her to giggle at his lame joke or not. "Nice to meet you," she said, finally. "Tough crowd, huh?" Ethan said. "I'm sorry, I'm just so out of it right now. I'll just warn you Ethan, that I'm going to be really terrible company. I don't mean to bring you down too." Ethan just went out on a limb. "There's something weird going on, isn't there?" She scrutinized his face, and she cocked one of her eyebrows. "Missing time? People acting... weird in sort of a pervy way? You feel like you've done things that are definitely not things you'd do or say?" Now Danni blinked at him with a startled expression. "Yes!" She finally blurted out. "How did you know?" "Because I've been experiencing it too. So has my friend in 2B— she's sort of a cop. So has the married couple across the hall from you. We've all been talking and things are happening to all of us." Danni lowered her voice, glancing around as though someone might be within earshot. Her cheeks reddened her eyes looked ashamed. "I'm going to tell you something. But you promise you won't tell anyone? And do you promise you won't judge me?" "No, I would never do that," Ethan said earnestly. Danni told Ethan everything about what was happening with her and her brother. He listened intently, his face not registering any judgment, which only spurred on Danni's confession. She felt comfortable around him. When she was done, she buried her face in her hands. "Ohhh god, you must think I'm so fucked up." "I don't," Ethan rested a reassuring hand on Danni's shoulder. "There's some things I should tell you too. But it's important that you remember that you're not alone." But before they could go into exact details, Galloway pulled up and parked out front. She found them sitting side by side on the front steps, looking like a pair of frightened kids. They could have been a cute couple on a date, if they didn't look like they were trying to comfort each other. "Cheating on me already, are you?" Galloway mused, trying to breathe some humor into the situation. "This is Danni," Ethan said told Galloway. "I think we all need to have a talk." They went back to Galloway's apartment together.***3A In the afternoon, Robert Bradford sat in the turret stroking his chin like an evil villain straight out of a movie. He was

watching his computer monitors, without really watching them. The source of his distraction was an obvious one. Kelsey was moving throughout the apartment that she now shared with him, decorating for Halloween. She'd set up strobe-lights, flicker flame string lights, crime scene tape, and bubbling beakers throughout the place—especially in the turret. Rob figured if he was going to feel like a mad scientist, he may as well look the part. She was only in her underwear. A pair of maroon satin panties and a bra (that unintentionally matched the color of Kate Galloway's dyed hair). Her bra appeared to be straining against her enormous double D cup breasts. Rob wondered if she was really an E-cup, and hadn't yet realized it. And her thong disappeared in the crack of her cute butt. She really didn't have much of an ass, but her large breasts, long smooth legs, and cute face more than made up for it. Her little bunny rabbit facial features with her turned-up nose, and slight overbite. Her brown hair full of blonde highlights was tied up the way she often did it—like a turned-up feather duster that bounced and swayed as she moved. Everything about her was smooth and tight and curvy and tan. But at the end of the day, he always came back to that face. He couldn't get enough. He thought about taking her right then and there, but the fact was, he was still a little tired and sore from the rough pounding he'd given her last night. There was some bruising around her wrists from where he'd tied her to the bed, and he reminded himself to be more gentle next time. She was precious, after all. He wondered how she even had the energy to decorate today. Well... he partially knew, he glanced at his computer, and for just the briefest moments, his shoulders slumped. It's all hollow. He thought. None of this is real. Kelsey might be in the room with him, but she's not here voluntarily, and it's not her driving her body. It's him, and only him, and the weird powers of his computer. For a second, Rob felt tremendously lonely. But then he glanced back at Kelsey, and the sight of her stirred his libido into overruling his conscience. Kelsey stood on her toes as she reached to the curtain rod and hung up some fake spider webs. She was softly humming to herself as she did. It was a tune that Rob didn't know, and certainly hadn't programmed into her actions for today. "That's nice," he said to her. "What is that?" "Huh?" Kelsey glanced his way, and threw him her usual cheerful smile. "You're humming. What is that?" "I was humming?" "You were." "Oh," she blushed. "It was a song my dad taught me. He was in Vietnam, and used to listen to this Australian song about the war all the time. It's a sad one, but I love it. I can stop if it's bothering you?" "No, it's lovely," Rob said, staring at her. She smiled at him and continued her work. Rob was mystified. He began to wonder how much of her behavior was his mind control influence, and how much of it was her own personal free will. Rob had been creative with his influence over the other tenants throughout the house. Some he controlled hard, like Tina, or TJ. Others, he merely planted ideas into, and let it lead them to their own perversions, like Galloway. But watching Kelsey, Rob wondered just how it all worked. She certainly didn't act out the things that he typed with robotic precision. She injected her own personality into

it, even if her actions weren't free will."A caged bird will still sing," Rob said to himself, and again felt an overwhelming feeling of sadness. For one impulsive moment, Rob thought about undoing everything on the computer that was controlling her, and giving her free will back—snapping her out of this spell he'd put her under."What was that?" Kelsey asked him, her expression perky and cheerful, like she usually was.He swallowed. She would never be perky again... never give him another genuine smile if he undid everything and told her the truth. She would never forgive him, and she would never *ever* love him. He was in too deep. There was no going back now."Nothing," he smiled and turned back to the windows. He glanced outside in time to see Danni, the college girl on the first floor, sitting on the front steps of the building, watching the cars pass in the street. The kid with the crutches was squeezing past her in that shy way that he had. Rob could relate. He'd been just as nervous around pretty girls when he was that age, and Rob hadn't been forced to walk with crutches.But then something miraculous happened. About halfway into the house, the kid turned around, spoke with the girl, then joined her on the front steps. They sat together talking for several long minutes."Way to go, kid!" he said to himself. Maybe Ethan's little roll in the hay with his sexy mother had been the confidence boost that he needed. True, the mother/son hookup had been sexy as hell, and mostly done for Rob's dark pleasure, but truth be told, Rob wanted Ethan to have a win. And when it came to the college girls in 1A, Rob's imagination had been a bit lacking. He was too distracted with Kelsey, too preoccupied with Galloway's corruption.Maybe he ought to give these two kids a happy ending. Danni was certainly a hottie, with the exception of that squeaky voice of hers. But maybe he could give them a few nudges in the right direction.Plus... if they became a couple, that opened the door to new possibilities. Danni and Ethan could enjoy his mother together. Or Rob could fuck Danni right in front of Ethan. That usually turned him on. Hell, it was turning him on right now, just to think about. Rob returned his attention to the computer screens, suddenly eager for another dalliance with TJ and her wimp-ass husband Chris. That was always fun.But when he looked at the screens, he frowned. They still weren't back yet, and the apartment was just as trashed as the burglars had left it after Galloway's punishment. Rob wondered if this might be a good time to test how far his influence reached. If he could type something about them returning at a specific time, and seeing if his powers reached beyond the walls of the building. He suspected not, but he'd give it a try.He was about to get started, when he heard a car door slam out front. Hopefully that'd be the Bergers, back from their out-of-town trip. But when he glanced out the window, he spotted Galloway. She was talking on the front steps with Ethan and Danni for a little while. Then the three of them went inside, together. Rob followed them on the cameras until the little trio went into Galloway's apartment— the only remaining blind spot in the building.Rob sat for a while, pondering the implications of this. It could have been perfectly innocent. Galloway and Ethan were

friends, after all. And if Ethan was making friends with Danni, maybe Galloway was going to help steer these two together. That'd be nice. But Rob remembered yesterday. The incident with Ethan seeing Galloway with the burglars. It hardly seemed normal for them to just forget all about it, put it behind them, and suddenly have a dinner party for the three of them. Rob once again cursed himself for not installing cameras in Galloway's unit. Because now he desperately wanted to know what was being talked about in there. He needed to get his game face on, and start paying more attention. When he glanced at Kelsey, he saw that one of her bra straps had slid down her slender shoulder. Ugh, that would be easier said than done, because focus was not easy to come by, lately.***2BThey sat in the kitchen of Galloway's apartment. She wasn't a tea drinker so she didn't have any to offer to Danni, though she did have some hot chocolate packets. She made a mug for Ethan. Danni, on the other hand, probably needed something stronger. Galloway set a beer down on the table in front of the girl, and opened one for herself. There was a long silence as the three of them shared a quiet drink. Finally Galloway just came out and asked it. "Alright, what's going on with you?" Danni blinked, surprised by Galloway's phrasing. "Just tell her what you told me," Ethan prompted. Danni did. She went into detail about the time gaps, her fuzzy memories, and her brother's weird sexual advances, as well as when he insisted they'd been doing this for a long time now. When she was done, she looked ashamed, confused, and exhausted. Ethan patted her lightly on the shoulder. He told her everything that had happened with his mother. There was a shame in the way he spoke, but also a strange sense of pride—owning what he'd done in a way that showed accountability. Galloway went last. She shared her stories— from her bad dreams to her abrupt change in sexual desires, hurting Quinn in bed, Quinn falling down the stairs, the incident with the burglars, and finally their investigation into the house. She told them about Chris and everything he'd relayed to Galloway. report

NEXT PAGE

Danni wasn't sure how she felt, but she knew she wanted to believe them. And though it sounded utterly ridiculous, it also seemed entirely possible. She remembered the change in Tina and Lucy's behavior— their drop in grades, the way they began to dress like sluts. All of it seemed less like they were doing it of their own free will, and more like they were acting out the fantasies of a man with a perverted imagination and a high libido. Eventually she sighed. "Well it's nice to know I'm not the only one dealing with this stuff." "One of us, one of us," Ethan chanted with a dry tone of voice. "How does something like that happen?" Danni said. "Mind controlling people?" Galloway could only shrug. "We're not ruling out some sort of paranormal entity is at play." Danni folded her arms around her slim body and looked nervous. Ethan climbed from his chair, and despite the effort to put on his crutches, he retrieved her a blanket and wrapped her in it. Galloway smiled at the sweet gesture. "The fact is," Ethan

said, bringing the conversation back around, "A ghost didn't make me and my mother do... the things we did." He reddened. "You're right," Galloway said. "There's a very tangible force at work here." Her eyes flicked up to the ceiling. Upstairs, they could hear the soft creaking as someone walked around on the old wooden floor boards. "That guy is a fuckin' creep," Ethan scowled. "We'll deal with him," Galloway promised. "What did you and your boss talk about?" Ethan was now curious. Galloway smirked. "Remember yesterday when those punks took all my gear?" Ethan nodded. "Halley wants her guns back." "How's she going to get them back?" Galloway shrugged in that calm cool way that her face often reflected. "I think we'll know for sure when we go upstairs tomorrow." "You're going to just ask him?" Ethan looked shocked. Galloway smiled. "Nope." *** "This is a shitty idea. This is a shitty idea. This is soooo cool, but it's a shitty idea," Ethan was muttering over and over again. He was pacing Galloway's kitchen awkwardly with his crutches. Galloway and Danni sat at the table, watching him. Galloway's expression was suppressed amusement. Danni's face reflected Ethan's. Once Galloway had told them her plan, both of them had paled. As if it had heard them, outside, the setting sun had brought with it a chilly howling wind. It shook the Connelly House and made the unsettled boards in the little apartment creak and pop. A few minutes ago, the curtains in the living room had started moving on their own (entirely from the breeze whipping up). Of course, Danni and Ethan had been super jumpy. "Is it the ghost?" they asked. "For the love of god," Galloway sighed, "Not everything is a ghost. Old houses are very drafty. Especially when the windows are original." Their jumpiness both amused Kate Galloway, and exhausted her. She watched as Ethan paced and repeated his mantra. Finally she asked. "Are you finished?" "Huh?" He looked up, then glanced at his dinner plate. "Yes. I'm done," he said, then resumed his pacing and muttering. "I'm not your damn mother," Galloway shot back. "I meant are you done freaking out?" "Oh. No, I'm not. Because it's a shitty idea." "Yeah, I got that. What else ya got? And while we're at it, clear your own damn plate. This is my house, you slob!" They looked at each other for a long time, then they both burst out into a fit of sputtering giggles. Danni didn't understand these two. How the hell were they so jovial? "So the only thing that we have to do is get Rob out of his apartment?" Danni was skeptical. Ethan shook his head. "Easier said than done. Getting the king to leave his ivory tower? Good luck with that." "Have faith, young one," Galloway said. "We'll figure something out. Halley and her team will do the heavy lifting from there." "And do what, exactly?" Danni asked. "She and her technician will review his computers. They want the camera footage that'll help them chase down my stolen equipment. They'll also study this computer of Rob's, and find evidence to implicate him in all this bullshit that's going on here." "All without a warrant," Ethan shook his head. "It wouldn't be the first time Halley has done this," Galloway commented. "What if he comes back while they're still in there?" Danni asked. "They'll force his hand if necessary, make him confess, make him show them how he does it. And if that doesn't work, they'll destroy his computer and

neutralize the threat if necessary." "'Neutralize?' What does that mean?" Danni asked. "Make him not a threat anymore. One way or the other." Galloway's response was cold and unsympathetic. "It's a solid plan. The tricky part is just getting him the hell away from that computer while we enter. That's the real threat." "Can we do it?" Galloway grinned. "Trust me." "Oh god, we're fucked," Ethan remarked.***Danni and Ethan slept at Galloway's place. It wasn't a big apartment, but it was intimate and cozy. The three of them slept in the living room. Galloway felt like it would have been rude to give anyone the bed, so Ethan and Danni took the couches, and Galloway cozied up on the floor with pillows and blankets. It reminded all of them of the sleepovers they'd have as kids. The next morning met them with nervous energy at what was to come. "I don't know about the rest of you, but I slept like shit," Danni said with a yawn. "Personally I think this is a crappy idea," Ethan said. "I mean, the history of movies is littered with this type of thing. 'The 'Burbs', 'Rear Window', 'Psycho'. It never ends well for the person snooping." "So why are you here then?" Galloway asked, pulling on a pair of fatigue pants and her boots. She was unabashed about dressing in front of her guests. Ethan had already seen her completely nude, and Danni... it was nothing the girl hadn't seen before. Ethan shrugged. "Morbid curiosity. You're kind of a wildcard, so I want to see how this goes down." Galloway playfully cocked her eyebrow. "If you really don't want to be here, I suppose you could go home and fuck your mother some more." Ethan reddened and frowned. Even though he told both Galloway and Danni, it was still embarrassing. Galloway must have read his expression. "I'm sorry, are we not at the point where we can laugh about this yet?" There was that smart ass tone of hers. "Too soon, Galloway. Too soon," Ethan said. Despite this, they both snickered. Danni looked at them like they were crazy. Eventually Halley Hargrove arrived with her investigative assistant Alex (the kid with the ponytail who had assisted them with research the previous day), along with two men dressed like commandos— military fatigues, boots, vests, and caps. They were dressed like Galloway during her training. Halley was similarly attired, in boots and equipment. She introduced the men as Officers Alvarado and York. They were part of Graver's tactical division. They nodded at Galloway. "Boys," she replied. And they regarded Ethan and Danni with curious interest. Halley unpacked a few things on the kitchen table. Small plastic cases filled with shiny metal instruments that could have been dental tools. "For an old building, these locks are pretty new and up-to-date," she explained. "This could be a good teaching moment," Halley handed them off to Galloway and walked her through how to use them. Danni and Ethan watched as Halley narrated the finer points of lock picking. "The hard part is not letting the thrill of what you're doing make you lose focus," Halley stood back as Galloway managed to pick the lock on her home several times, over and over again, under her direction. "I think I got it down, thanks Hellfire." "Don't mention it. Ah, I remember my first time breaking into a house without a warrant. I had to climb through a second story window." Halley smiled to herself. Then she

snapped out of it. "Alright, if everyone is done dicking around, let's get this show on the road."***The initial pretext that they had planned to lure Rob out of his apartment was a moot point. Nobody seemed to be home. Officer Alvarado went up the fire escape and checked the windows of both third floor apartment units. "No sign of movement," he reported over the radio. Officer York, and Techie Alex sat on the top floor landing and ran a fiber optic camera beneath the door, snaking it around for a while. "Looks clear, boss," he said to Halley. Halley shrugged. "Just made our jobs a lot easier." Galloway stood by with Danni and Ethan on the top landing, watching tensely as Halley fiddled with the lock picks. Her nose was nearly touching the brass knob. Her nimble fingers worked the lock picks, feeling for the tumblers. "Nervous?" Halley asked, not looking up. Her face was calm and determined. She wasn't blinking. "You know we are," Ethan answered for them. "Well hold it together, because you're distracting me." She twisted one of the picks, but the lock didn't give. "I don't think this guy is going to be gone long," Galloway said, glancing down the stairwell. "You may be right." In fact, she most likely was. Rob didn't leave the house often, and when he did, it was for short periods of time-- to be expected from a shut-in. Finally the lock clicked and the door gave way. "Holy shit," Danni said. She hadn't been expecting them to actually succeed. "We're in. Your services will no longer be required," Halley said. "Do you need me to be the lookout? You know, in case he comes back we can warn you?" Halley shook her head. "Get the kids out of here. They don't need to be accessories to this. And you should bail too," she told Galloway. "If my team gets caught, we're strangers to this guy. If you get caught, he knows who you are. And alas, you're tied to me, so I'm responsible for you. It's just less messy. Get the hell out of here. We'll call you when it's done." Galloway, Danni, and Ethan retreated down the stairs, slightly dejected at having been left out, but also slightly relieved. When they were out of earshot, Danni remarked, "Man, she is surprisingly chill about this." "Looks are misleading. Halley is definitely the coolest boss I've ever had," Galloway admitted. "She's not the stoic bitch that she first comes across as. She's actually very laid back." "Think they'll put a stop to all of this?" Ethan asked. "If anyone could, it's Halley."***3A Halley and her team stepped over the threshold into apartment 3A. It was dead silent within. "Keep your weapons holstered," she cautioned the two officers in the group. They checked each room. It didn't take long, it wasn't a big apartment. "Clear," York called from the bedroom. "Clear," Alvarado echoed from the bathroom. Otherwise, there was nobody. Halley kept her mouth set in a tight line as she looked around. But despite her outward appearance, her heart was pounding. She didn't make this sort of thing a regular practice. In actuality, Halley was a very hands-off type of personality. She had spent the majority of her twenties as a field investigator, which mostly entailed surveillance. That meant that she was a shadow and nothing more. If she had interactions with people, got out of her vehicle or made her presence known, it was a rarity. And she preferred to keep it that way. But for Kate Galloway, Halley

would make an exception. Despite their banter, she liked Galloway. Galloway was sort of a spunkier version of herself, and if it wasn't for the fact that she was still in training, Halley would have no problem delegating situations like this to her. Rob's solitary lifestyle could best be described as 'bachelor who never outgrew the video gaming nerd phase of a college boy.' His furniture was cheap and mismatched. His entertainment system would make the most socially outcast teenage boys drool with envy-- huge speakers, an even bigger TV, and shelves arranged with every generation of video gaming platform that had existed. She even spotted a few collectibles and action figures posed on the shelves. All of it was layered with seasonal Halloween decorations, lights, and fake cotton spider webs. York called her into the bedroom, and Halley startled at some of the findings. Women's clothes were strewn about. Not just clothes, but costumes. They were almost all sexual by nature and ranged across a multitude of fetishes. Nurses uniforms, school girl skirts, cheerleader uniforms, and even a few superhero costumes. Halley spotted conventional lingerie, and the less savory leather corsets, and thigh high boots. Likewise, sex toys littered the floor. York nudged her and pointed to the bed. Ropes on the headboard. Was it part of a consensual sex game? Or something more sinister? "We're not here for this," she said at last. They left the bedroom and moved onto the turret. Technician Alex was already down on his knees in front of what looked like a very elaborate computer array. He was inspecting wires beneath it all. Halley took in her surroundings. A camera was set up on a tri-pod, aimed at the walkway up to the front of the building. Beside it, was a dry erase board. She spotted a lot of crude notes, most of it written in shorthand. Little made sense to her. But there was a very distinct schedule drawn up. Halley looked it over. There were names-- all nicknames-- with numbers and letters and times written up. She noted entries like: 5:00AM: Morning sex and breakfast with CUTIE 3B. Must check status of SKINNY and BAD WIFEY 1B. 5:45AM: Send MOMMA BIRD 2A to work. TINY TIM has a job??? Follow up with this! 6:49AM: WILD CHERRY 2B leaves for training. Get into her apartment somehow! 9:00AM: Progress report from CURLS and UDDERS 1A. 3:30PM: WILD CHERRY 2B comes home, hangs out with TINY TIM 2A. 5:20PM: MOMMA BIRD 2A comes home. 7:30PM: SQUEAKY 1A has her nightly call with her brother. (Don't forget this time, moron!) 8:00PM: Fun with CUTIE 3B. It was a schedule. It seemed that Rob was keeping tabs on everyone, like Jimmy Stewart from Rear Window. And it seemed that Rob had given everyone a cute little nickname. It wasn't terribly difficult for Halley to decipher who he was talking about. Tiny Tim was a reference to Ethan, given his crutches. Squeaky was Danni, thanks to that high pitched voice of hers. And Wild Cherry... despite how creepy it was, she was rather amused by that little nickname. It was clearly a reference to her hair color. Halley would have to remember that the next time Galloway called her 'Hellfire'. "Ma'am, there's a problem." Alex called from beneath the desk. "What?" "If this is the computer," Alex said, thoroughly inspecting it, "Where the fuck is the keyboard?" "What do you mean?" She frowned. "Galloway said he walks around with a wireless

keyboard and types his commands on that." "Right." "So it's not here. He took it with him." "Maybe he did it to protect himself, like locking the door when you leave the house," Halley suggested. "Did you bring one of your own so you can tap in?" "I did, but that's not the problem," Alex said. He pointed to the monitor. A word document was open and words were appearing seemingly out of nowhere across the screen. Halley leaned forward and read them as they appeared. It was a story. And it was describing Halley and the three members of her team. "Oh shit," she said as it dawned on her. She glanced at her technician. "We're made," she was resigned.***Rob knew he was being surveillanced. He'd been on high alert ever since last night when he'd spotted Ethan, Galloway, and Danni all go into Galloway's apartment and not come back out. They were up to something. Call it a gut instinct, but Rob decided it best to lay low. And what better place than Chris and TJ's empty apartment? They were gone and hadn't come back, and again, part of him suspected they wouldn't be. Rob had been too careless for too long. He set up camp with him and Kelsey down on the first floor, and from there, they waited and watched. Likewise, he kept Tina and Lucy on guard as well. He supposed he could have taken control of Ethan, Danni, or Galloway (or all three) and found out what he wanted to know. But the fact was, he didn't know who they talked to outside of these four walls. He thought it best to keep his head down and wait. Then this morning, when those four officers showed up, he knew. They were dressed like Galloway— tactical gear, boots, and weapons. They were a part of her unit. And they appeared to be led by a rather attractive woman with a serious face, and a playful swoop of brown hair hanging over one eye. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all. He'd waited until they had done exactly what he expected them to— they raided his apartment. They were either investigating his lechery, or they were interested in the powers granted to him by his computer. Either way, it didn't matter. Now that they were in his home, it was time to make his move. When he found them, they were all frozen in place. Rob had seen to it that they couldn't move. Only their eyes flicked in his direction as he stepped into his attic apartment. They were aware... just temporarily paralyzed. "Are you always in the habit of breaking and entering without a warrant?" Rob asked them, approaching the woman who had led the unit. She didn't respond to him, only glaring behind her swoop of hair. One by one he approached each member of the team. There was a big Hispanic officer with a chiseled face. Rob retrieved his dog tags from beneath his shirt. "Alvarado," he read aloud. There was a thick stocky officer with short strawberry blonde hair. "York." The techie was a dweeb with a goatee, glasses, and a hipster ponytail. Rob found his ID and read off the name "Alex". Last, he stopped in front of the woman. He smirked, and reached down the front of her shirt, groping. He could see her glaring fire and fury at him from behind those eyes. "No tags?" He asked. His hand slipped beneath her sports bra and cupped one of her tits. "Just gotta be thorough," he gave her nipple a pinch. He continued to feel around, and eventually was drawn in by her full juicy ass. He gave it a proper squeeze before emptying out her pockets, finally producing a badge and

ID. "Hargrove, Halley," he read. "Two H's. Like Peter Parker. Very cute," he gave her an approving glance. "It gives you personality." He walked in a slow circle looking her up and down, giving her body a little poke here, a little nudge there. He felt the curve of her ass beneath her uniform pants, and the swell of her breasts. He noted the engagement ring on her finger. "You're cute," he commented. "I'll bet it broke some hearts in the department when someone put this rock on your finger. A few secret crushes had to cope, I'll bet." His expression thoughtful as he looked her over. "So naturally, since you're here, I can't let you go." He paused and thought about it. "Well... I suppose I could. I could just wipe your memory or make you think you didn't find anything. I'm not really sure how it works. But... where's the fun in that?" He smiled. It was a cold smile. Rob retrieved his wireless keyboard and held it in front of her face. "So you came here to see what I can do with this, right? How about a demonstration?" He typed a few lines, and suddenly every person in the room lifted their right leg up in unison, like perfect soldiers. Rob typed again, and they all put their feet down. "To be honest with you," he said, "Even I'm not sure how the hell this happened. One day I dug my old computer out of my storage unit, and started writing stories... I had a pretty serious crush on my neighbor across the hall. And me, being the lonely dude that I am, wrote out a little sexual fantasy story about her, just for myself, you know? Pretty harmless stuff. Next thing I know, there's this knock on my door, and boom. She's doing literally everything I typed out. Crazy, right?" report

NEXT PAGE

Halley regarded him. Her face was stone, her muscles stuck in place. Only her eyes moved. "So what's a lonely single guy to do with the power to literally make anything happen? Cure cancer? Invent the flying car? Stop crime? No. I'm cutting corners and just getting right to it— sex. Lots and lots of sex. Sounds wasteful really, but don't we orient our whole lives around the pursuit of it? Having jobs, being successful, buying a nice home or the fancy car. It's all about sex. I just happened to find a shortcut to get what I want, thus everything else leading up to it is just a waste of my time. So it shouldn't be any surprise what I'm doing with it. So yeah... I dabbled. We have some hotties living here. Eventually I got better at controlling the power, the influence. I could make things more authentic. I could even put ideas in people's heads, fantasies and new turn-ons, that would trigger them, and they'd act out of their free will. I still don't fully understand it, or why. But who cares? It's just too much fun." He looked from the soldier to soldier. "So what kind of fantasies do you have, Halley Hargrove?" He pondered. Then he smiled. "Ohhhh, I know what I'll have you do." Rob clattered away on his keyboard for a lengthy period of time. When he was finally done, he sat back and watched the show. Everyone started to move again, but this time, they had a purpose. The men all took seats— on the couch, in chairs, all in a loose circle around the coffee table. Halley's demeanor changed

abruptly as the story he'd typed took control of her mind and her actions. She strutted across the floor, popping her hips as she went. Then she climbed up onto the coffee table in front of her men. She began to gyrate her hips as she started to undo the buttons of her uniform shirt. She turned in a slow circle, dancing and showing off her body."Halley Hargrove, lead investigator, private firm owner, and team commander... now reducing herself to the status of slutty stripper." Rob rested his hands behind his head proudly, and watched. "Oh you're going to make your future husband so proud." He snickered.Halley ignored him. She was in her own world, surrounded by her three men. She yanked her shirt fully off, her loose hair tumbling across her face, making her look wild and uninhibited. Down to just a sports bra, now. Her flat bare tummy was pale and appealing. She wasn't as in good of shape as Galloway, but there was a naturalness to Halley. No makeup and still pretty, and not muscular, but hot. If Rob didn't know her profession, was the classic 'girl next door' type."Get your cocks out boys," Rob declared. "This slut doesn't work for tips. She works for the whole dick."Halley continued her little teasing show on the coffee table. She played with her sports bra as she spun. Her boots thumping on the table top. She lifted her bra, giving them peeks of her under boob. She pulled it low and squeezed her breasts together to accentuate her cleavage. Her tits were definitely in the high B-cup range, close to Meg on the second floor. They were round and plump. Her skin was pale, with a splash of freckles.The men followed Rob's example. The two soldiers and the technician unzipped their pants. One by one, their cocks appeared, and they began to stroke as they stared up at their boss. Their expressions were trance-like.Halley bent forward, hovering her face in front of Alvarado. She teased her cleavage in front of his face, squeezing her own breasts. Alvarado's cock grew thick in his hand. His shaft was meaty and veiny."I'll bet it's bigger than your fiance's," Rob smirked. There was a tantalizing way that Halley swung her hips. She had a thick round ass. Rob couldn't resist leaning forward and giving it a smack over her fatigue pants. Halley let out a squeaky little whimper of approval. "Yeah, you like to be put in your place, huh, you slut bitch?" He slapped her again.In front of her, she grasped Alvarado's face and thrust him against her chest. She grinded her chest against his face, like a professional stripper. His rough stubble tickled her skin. She worked her body in thrusting sensual movements, humping air. Simulating the vile acts that everyone desperately wanted to commit.Alvarado moaned in pleasure, his voice muffled by her melons being mashed into his face. She ran her fingers through his hair and moaned excitedly by his hot breath against her tits.Then she stood back up and began to unbuckled and unsnap her pants. As she pushed them down, her thong underwear came into view. Dark blue."Is that regulation underwear for when you're on missions?" Rob smirked.Halley hooked her thumb through one of the straps and gave it a snap against her bare skin. Then she pulled the straps high, spinning around and giving them a teasing view of the top of her ass as her pants slid lower.She shook her ass for them, and even glanced over her shoulder at her own men as she gave

herself a slap. Rob smiled, pleased with himself that he'd taken a proud team leader and reduced her to a common slut. "What do you think of your boss, guys?" They all answered at once. "What a fuckin' slut," York said. "Big assed whore," Alvarado commented, giving her butt a smack. "Been wanting to sink my dick into her the second I met her," Alex added. "Well have at it, boys. I think the bitch needs to be shown her place," Rob said. "She shouldn't be leading. She should be on her back, providing sexual pleasure to her men day and night." Halley bit her lip at the suggestion. Rob's idea seemed to spur something in the men. They all rose to their feet, their hands still stroking their eager cocks. Halley looked scared for a moment, like a stripper about to have her stage stormed by the herd of men that she'd been teasing and tantalizing all night. Alvarado grabbed her, picked her up and put her on her back on the coffee table. Alex stood up by her head, and pulled her sports bra up and off while York undid her boots, then yanked off her pants. Halley writhed and moaned excitedly on the table top as this group of men ravaged her. In no time, they had stripped their boss completely. She was breathing hard. Practically panting. "Fuck me... I've been such a bad boss," she moaned in her sluttiest voice. "Yes, you fuckin' have," the men swore and spat. Alvarado even slapped her face a few times, making her cheek red and making her whimper. "Not so tough now," he snarled. "You look like a helpless little bitch." Alex went first, the technician being the most aggressive. He didn't have the longest cock, but it was thick, chubby and wide. He hovered over Halley's mouth and roughly stuffed her lips with his manhood. Her cries were muted by his girth as he drove his dick home into her warm mouth. York went to her tits, pawing at them. He alternated sucking at them, pinching her full pink nipples, twisting them, groping and slapping them. Each time he got rough with her, Halley cried out around a mouthful of Alex's thrusting member. Her tongue slipped out of her mouth, visibly licking along his shaft as he fucked her face. His big heavy balls swung back and forth, smacking her in the chin. Alvarado pushed her legs apart and knelt between them. He licked his rough face up and down between her smooth bare thighs, and his fingers found their way into her shaved pink wetness. Halley squealed with pleasure around her technician's cock. There was nothing gentle about Alvarado's finger fucking. He jabbed two of them in and out of her warm folds. "Mmmm! Mmmm! MMMM!!!" she moaned around a mouthful of cock. She moved her head, nuzzling Alex with her nose. She reached out a hand and played with his balls, cupping and massaging them, trying to please her assistant now turned her assaulter. Her other hand found the back of York's head and she pushed his face harder against her tits. York licked noisily at her flesh. His teeth found one of her nipples and he bit softly. Halley squirmed and writhed on the table. Alvarado's finger fucking only grew more intense and rough. The sounds of her wetness could be heard throughout the room. His fingers came away coated with her juices. He dragged his tongue up and down her inner thighs, cursing and swearing at what a slut he thought his boss was. Halley bobbed her head faster and Alex let out a sigh of pleasure. "Ahhh yeah," he groaned. "Suck my

knob you slut. I wanted to do this the very first day you hired me. I should have grabbed you in your office and showed you who the real boss was going to be from now on." He grabbed her by the back of her head and shoved his cock deep into her throat. He held it there until she made a choking sound and tears formed in her eyes. Then he let up. He pulled his cock from her mouth. Halley struggled to catch her breath as Alex jerked his cock in front of her face. He plopped his big heavy balls on her shocked expression and dragged them around her sharp features, along her nose, and across her gasping lips. Halley couldn't control herself. Not with Alvarado thrusting his fingers in and out of her body with rough cruel abandonment. Her hips naturally came off the table each time, bucking against his invading digits. "Stick out your fuckin' tongue, slut," Alex ordered. Halley obeyed like a good little slut, her tongue jutting from her lips. Alex pumped his cock in his fist and smacked the head of it off her tongue again and again. "Ah! Ah! Ah!" Halley moaned mindlessly. "She really likes it, huh?" York muttered, taking long licks of her nipples. "She fuckin' loves it," Alex responded, dragging his dick across the tip of her tongue. "Don't you slut?" He slapped her face for good measure. "Yessss," she cried out, arching her back and groaning. Alvarado squeezed a third finger inside of her body and was penetrating her over and over again with most of his hand. "I do! I love it." "You gonna love it even more when we fuck your holes," Alex commented. Halley writhed some more, crying out and gasping for air. Alvarado's finger fucking was fierce. She was so wet by now that she was coating the coffee table. Alex and York stood on either side of her. She was moaning too hard to put either of them in her mouth. Her arms were pulled in either direction until she was holding onto their cocks for dear life. "Cum for me, you boss bitch," Alvarado snarled, glaring up at her from between her legs. "Ohhh ohhh ohhhhhhhhh!" Halley cried out, her head going back. Her back arched. And it was followed by the flood. Rob smiled to himself as he watched Halley release, and she started to squirt hot runny juices all over her thighs, all over the table, and all over her officer's hand. "Yes, that's it. Let's see that fuckin' honey," Alvarado urged, stabbing her harder and deeper with his fingers. Up close, the gangbang was much more intense than when Rob had simply watched Galloway over the cameras. Halley was taking the brunt of the abuse. Rob couldn't resist stroking himself as he watched. As Halley's orgasm wore off, her body was extra sensitive. She cried out and whimpered. Alvarado wasn't letting up. His rough fucking like a tickle torture that went on and on. "Oh god... oh god stop... stop..." She whimpered and begged and pleaded. But Alvarado did not stop. He had no desire to grant his hot little boss any mercy. He quickened his pace. Halley cried out again, gripping the cocks of her men tighter as her hips gave an involuntary spasms and another orgasm rolled through her. "Ohhhhhh noooooooooo!" She moaned. She had to bite her lip to keep from screaming. Alvarado's hand came away wet and juicy. He barely gave her any time to recover. He hoisted her legs into the air. Alex took one foot, and York took another. The men pulled her legs apart and held her like that. Alvarado climbed between

her legs, mounting her right there on the table. With his thick cock in hand, he was the first to invade her."Ohhhhh goddddd," Halley cried out as he slid himself into her body, violating his boss. The officer pinned her to the table and sank his length until he was fully inside of her. Then he gripped her by the perky tits, her nipples as hard as little pebbles, and he began to thrust."Ohhh yessss," Halley moaned. "Yessss... fuck me. Fuck me." It was less of an authoritative order and more of desperate pathetic plea from an overpowered cum-drunk slut. Alvarado grabbed her hard, clenched his jaw and jack-hammered his hard body into her. Halley's words instantly cut off by the fierce way that he took her. All she could do was cry out with each ragged exhale. "Bitch is speechless," the men remarked, watching her eyes roll back in her head and her mouth go slack. As Rob watched, he realized he was foolish to be afraid of Galloway. He had complete control. He had taken this bad ass officer and reduced her to nothing but a slobbering slut, desperate to be used as a fuck toy for her own men. "Oh! Ohhhh! Ohhhhhh!" She cried out in a voice that was definitely not her normal tone. She was high and whining, like a little fuck slut. Alvarado picked up on it. He wrapped his hand around her neck and squeezed while he roughly fucked his boss. His hips were a blur. The table shook beneath them. And Halley's men held her legs tight, presenting her body for the taking. "I think this cunt needs more," Rob shouted to the group. Alvarado slid out of Halley. Her pussy was positively dripping. The officers shed their uniforms and rounded on their boss. They pulled her to her feet. Alvarado stood behind her. York stood in front. Together, they lifted her easily. She yelped as she was taken off the ground. They sandwiched her with their bodies, holding her up like she weighed nothing. Then York was helping himself to his boss's pussy. He slid into her wetness, already gaping and soaked thanks to his buddy's giant cock and rough efforts. "Ahhhhh," she moaned in pleasure as he sank into her. He pinched her face beneath her chin and shook her face roughly. "You like that, cunt?" He snarled at her as the men lifted and bounced her together on York's cock. "Yes," she managed. Her voice barely a squeak. "What was that, slut? I don't think I heard you," he was rougher this time. As they bounced her, Alvarado was lining up with her plump juicy ass. He ran the thick head of his cock along her ass crack until he found what she was looking for. She yelped again, letting out a nervous squeak as she knew what was about to happen. "Yes!" She cried out. "I love it! I love being a whore for my men!" "Damn right you do," Alvarado remarked, and then he was plunging himself roughly into his boss's ass hole while York fucked her twat. Standing upright the men pounded her in unison. Halley's feet were completely off the ground, she was held tightly between their hard naked bodies. She felt them enter her at once from two different directions and penetrate deep. Her eyes popped wide. She'd never felt anything like this. Never in her life had she been with two men at once. Now she was being stuffed with two cocks at the same time. "You like us working as a team, boss?" York grunted, thrusting out his lower jaw, his face inches from Halley's watching the contortion of pain and pleasure on her features. "This is what I call teamwork."

Working together to show you who's really boss.""You are!" Halley cried out as they bounced her over and over again on their rock hard rods. They rammed her deep. "You're in charge! I'm just your little fuck toy!""Fuckin' A right," they growled, and bounced her over and over. Their bodies worked like machines. Rob was convinced that he could probably make them fuck her like this forever, and they wouldn't tire. She might, but that wasn't really up to her at this point. Rob stroked faster, watching the woman's feet dangling helpless. She put her arms on York's shoulders and hung on tight as they plunged in and out of her."Oh! Oh! Fuck me, boys! Fuck me hard! I'm such a slut!" She cried out. Her toes curled. She threw her head back and moaned at the ceiling."Best boss ever," they grunted. Alex took his turn. The college techie was a little less fit than the officers, but Alvarado helped support Halley's weight as the young investigator took his place between her legs. They were smooth and white, creamy and slick with sweat and her cum. Alvarado kept his throbbing cock buried in her tight ass. He could feel it tightening and loosening as Halley struggled to control her urges. Then Alex was pushing into her with his fat round cock. Halley cried out as her assistant penetrated her. Then they were aggressively bouncing her some more."Fuck," York grinned, stroking himself as he watched the show— the downward spiral of degradation that his boss was tumbling down. "I think she ought to do this with every employee of hers.""Yes!" She panted, sliding her tongue around her lips, completely sex drunk. "Every officer, every investigator!""Every day," York said."Yes. Every day!" She echoed. Her tits bounced, her whole body being taken aggressively by these sex hungry men."You're not the boss," Rob said, piling on. "You're just the fuck toy to a bunch of losers who wish they were cops.""I am," Halley agreed mindlessly. "I'm just a fuck slut to men in costume.""Now you know your place." Halley cried out, clinging to either side of Alex's face as she rode their cocks. They impaled her for what seemed like forever. She buried her face into his and started to kiss him as her body went off again, climaxing around their thrusts. Her muscles clenched and her pussy and ass tightened, not wanting to let go of them as the orgasm made her whole body shake."YESSSSS," she broke the lecherous kiss with her assistant. She had to clench her jaw and her eyes shut. "Ngh!" She squeaked out pitifully as she pushed her hips against their thrusts, meeting them in mid thrust to force them deeper and deeper. Rob watched as the men rotated in and out, fucking her standing up, like she was their toy, until the proud leader of this private department was reduced to nothing but a hot sweaty mess. Once he was satisfied that the prying bitch had learned her lesson, he ordered them to put her down."Clean them up!" Rob ordered. They put her on all fours on the coffee table. The men stood around her, and Halley turned in a circle, like an excited dog in the back seat of a car. She went from cock to cock. She gripped and stroked. She dragged her tongue over every inch of their flesh. She fed their cocks into her mouth in a single mindless urge. She licked the undersides of their shafts, all the way down to the balls."Don't stop at the balls," Rob ordered. And Halley didn't. She

licked until the men each had a turn straddling her upturned face. She lapped at their sweaty undercarriage until she was licking sweat from their asses. They moaned as they each had a turn with her hungry mouth. She serviced them. She was their servant. All of them moaned with a simplemindedness as Rob watched the show— feeling like an emperor hosting an orgy for his own amusement. He briefly considered punishing them further. What better way to teach these officers a lesson than by having all of them have sex with each other? But for as deviant as Rob was, witnessing gay sex would do very little for him, even with his desire for control and his overwhelming need to reduce a bunch of men and women of the badge to nothing but mindless slobbering perverts. Rob watched as Halley nuzzled and licked at the sweaty underside of Alvarado's balls, and dragged her tongue in circles around his anus, before returning to the head of his dick. "Time for the big finish," Rob commented. Each officer stood at parade-rest. Their hands clasped behind their backs, cocks thrusting straight out to Halley's slutty face. She gripped York first, bobbing her head like a mindless animal. She milked his cock again and again with her hand, her lips, her tongue. Finally the officer let out an approving moan. report

NEXT PAGE

Halley's head popped off of his throbbing member just before the explosion of white cream hit her full in the face. It landed on her tongue, her lips, her nose. It coated her hair. One rope even got away from the others and flew over her shoulder and landed along the pleasant curve of her back. She turned to the next man. She gripped Alvarado and stroked and licked and sucked. The room was filled with the sounds of his moans, and her wet suckling. The air was thick with the smell of sweat and cum. The Alvarado roared in pleasure and his orgasm nearly knocked Halley back off the table. The first rope gave a full splash across her face. She cried out in delight. The next ones followed fast. "Ohhh you fucking slut. You fucking whore. You fucking bitch. You horny shameful slut." He panted and moaned and shook his hard staff in her face, slinging the final drips of his semen in her face. Alex went next. His big bloated cock stretching her lips wide. They could actually see it engorge as Halley managed to suck and lick and coax him to orgasm. He flooded her mouth with his baby batter. Halley struggled to swallow it all, but it was too much. It ran down her chin in long white streamers. Rob stroked himself to the cum drenched whore on his table. Finally he shrugged. He may as well, while he was at it. "Open your mouth, bitch," he ordered and she obeyed. He really was the master. Then he fed his dick into her cum covered lips. Her mouth was warm and sticky, flooded with the mess. He gripped her hair and fucked her face in long aggressive pumps, his balls beating against her chin. Halley made glugging sounds, struggling to not choke on him. "Yessss, here it comes," Rob snarled going faster and faster. Each plunge of his cock sent another quiver of pleasure up his shaft, until finally, he felt himself cross the line. "Swallow it!" He ordered, gripped her face and pushed his cock deep. Halley

nearly choked when his balls finally released their payload. It shot down her throat. Halley's hands grabbed his legs, holding on, struggling as he filled her mouth, her throat, and her stomach with his cum. "Ahhhhh!" Rob moaned, triumphantly as each rope went deep into the belly of his intended target. Halley's hands started to tremble as the last of Rob's orgasm subsided. When he withdrew out of her mouth, she was an absolute mess of violation. He looked at the four intruders into his home. They were all naked, gross, messy, and looking like shameful little slaves. What to do with them now that he'd reduced them to nothing? For a second, Rob had no ideas. But then something flashed into his mind. A memory pulled forth, seemingly at random. It was as though his brain was a bookcase in a dusty old library, and something dark was standing on the opposite side, thrusting just the right book that he needed to find. Rob thought about the storage cages in the basement of the apartment. The strong wire. The locks and latches. They would make fine holding cells for his slaves. First he'd deal with these assholes. Then Galloway and her friends. Then he'd have his funhouse under control. *** Hollow Pleasure to be continued... ***report

NEXT PAGE

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END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment contains themes of hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, voyeurism, rough sex, gangbangs, cheating, and incest. You've been warned. This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. ***Hollow Pleasure chapter 12***THE OFFICE "When did you last see them?" Captain Graver folded his arms across his broad chest and leaned against the edge of the conference table. Galloway, Ethan, and Danni sat in a nervous trio. Their faces were that of three kids that had been sent to the principal. Their expressions were masks of humility, shame, and anxiety. "Not since this morning," Galloway admitted. The sun was starting to go down, and Halley and her team still weren't back yet. The day had passed at a snail's pace. It had been torture waiting to hear anything back. And each hour that went by with no news, only made their fears that much worse. No news meant bad news. Graver's face was neutral, eerily so. That threw her. His handsome face was normally very sincere. Especially his large blue eyes. Kind eyes. They say that the eyes are a window to the soul, and with him, Galloway finally understood what that meant. Her captain had a terrible poker face. She had always been able to see the gears turning in his head, or see what was on his mind just from a simple glance. If he was pissed, upset, happy, or disappointed, it was obvious to her and everyone around her. But the other thing that he was known for was becoming oddly calm when things were at their worst. That transparency in his face clouded over, and there was nothing but a wall of what Galloway would describe as

"relaxed stoicism". Graver had always been that way, even when they were young. A life and death incident where uncertainty would cause Galloway to freeze, Graver would trudge into it without a care in the world and a 'follow me, everything is going to be alright' approach. And that attitude always made Galloway feel better, always made her follow him. That was why she was glad he was now her boss. Like her, Graver had been another casino survivor from years ago. Back then, he'd been a broken man, sincere to his core, but that place had done a number on him mentally. He'd been fortunate enough to quit a few days before... the incident. Galloway found herself gently rubbing the gunshot scar on her shoulder in remembrance of that ill-fated robbery attempt. But Graver had quit for different reasons that were no less traumatic. The wicked sickle-shaped scar beside his left eye was proof of how unpredictable that job could be. Now that scar was crinkled ever-so-slightly as he pondered his next course of action. He didn't look angry. That bothered Galloway more than anything. God dammit, why couldn't he just get mad and yell at her? Four men were missing because of her! Including their boss (and Graver's fiancée). Halley wasn't reckless. Her lack of communication, answering her phone, or checking in meant that something had happened. This whole op had gone off the rails. Their effort to seize Rob's computer and put an end to his control over the minds of his neighbors had fallen completely silent. That could only mean one thing: Rob had gotten to them. The implications ran deep. Galloway shivered to think that her friends and coworkers were now part of Rob's deviant harem, subjected to whatever perversion crossed his mind. The fact that Halley, who Galloway looked up to and respected, was probably somewhere right now, dressed like a street whore and behaving like a depraved slut. Halley was a cute woman. What kind of awful things was Rob making her do? How many filthy punks was she being forced to pleasure...? Was Galloway actually getting turned on by that thought? She shook her head, ignoring the tingle between her legs. Graver was probably wondering the same thing. They had told him everything about Rob and that apartment. And while Graver hadn't said anything to the contrary, Galloway wasn't sure how much he believed them. "Alright," he said finally, his big arms still folded. "We need to find them, that's for damn sure. But I'm not going to risk any more men. So we're going to do this ourselves." "You're not pissed off at me?" Galloway asked nervously. Part of her was sort of hoping for the tongue lashing. She was the cause of all of this, and she fully expected a punishment. "You're not going to go off on me?" "How would that help?" He cocked his eyebrow. She shrugged. "It wouldn't." Graver said, then redirected them back to the issue at hand. "It sounds like you're already made. So I'm going to go in and find my own answers. Take what you need from the armory and I want you waiting off the property but close enough that you can come to assist. If this guy really can do the things that he can, I want you out of sight, out of mind. I want him to assume you're far far away and you aren't coming back. If you're in the building, he can work his magic and stop us. If you're a few blocks away on standby, you can back me up." Galloway looked at Danni and Ethan, sitting nervously by. Danni

was chewing the draw string of her hooded sweatshirt. Ethan flashed her an encouraging smile, though he looked just as afraid as she did. "If we're doing this alone, there's so many things that can go wrong, you know." "It already went wrong," Graver replied. "I'll call you if I find anything, or subdue our suspect. If you don't hear from me in an hour, do whatever you feel is necessary. Bring in every unit we have, bring in the municipal police." Captain Graver stood, casually stretched a kink from his neck, and started out of the room. His heavy boots thumping on the floor boards. "This is a shitty idea," Ethan whispered nervously. Before he stepped out, Graver paused and glanced back at them. He threw them a little smile and a wink. "Everything will be just fine," he said, then headed to the armory. His expression was still stoic and unreadable. Clearly, he was still in damage control mode, and that scared Galloway.***THE CONNELLY

APARTMENT Captain Graver found himself staring up at Galloway's apartment with a small needle of dread. He had seen it before but had never really looked at it. The first impression that it made was one of grandness. It loomed over the street with its large porch, its turret and spires, and intricate Victorian fixtures. It knocked your socks off to see something so historic. But once that initial impression wore off, it just looked ugly. The beauty was hollow, because behind that façade, it held dark and dirty secrets. The night did nothing to quash those feelings. The orange glow of the street lamps reflected from its dark surface, making the building appear drab. Lights were on inside. And from the third floor turret windows, orange flicker flame Halloween candles, and a flashing strobe light gave the impression of a mad scientist hard at work. And maybe there was. Graver didn't like that. The lights on upstairs meant something, and it couldn't be good. He glanced at the street one last time. Somewhere a few blocks back, Galloway and the kids were waiting. They were his backup, and that also made him uneasy. Galloway was a formidable force, and he trusted her. But she was also looking out for Ethan and Danni. True, they were both over 18 and college aged, but given their lack of training, and their fear... it was hard to see them as anything but frightened kids. As much as he wanted to send them some place safe, they were his lifeline and he needed all the help he could get. Not wanting to stall any longer, he climbed the front steps. The hallway was dark and quiet. There was an innocence about it that made Graver momentarily second guess everything. For a brief moment, he considered if it was really Galloway who'd gone off the deep end. Things like mind control were completely fictitious. And the reality was, he was standing in the middle of an apartment hallway in combat gear, fatigues and boots. Graver was aware that he looked slightly out of place. He was grateful he'd had the presence of mind to throw a field jacket on to help conceal his pistol. He moved past the first sets of apartment doors— 1A on the right, 1B on the left, and continued deeper. He tried to keep his footfalls light, but the thin carpet runner did very little. The floor boards creaked and protested with each step he took, sounding incredibly loud. He had made it as far as the base of the staircase before a door opened behind

him. "Oh shit," he swore to himself. "Oh!" a girl was standing there, looking startled by his appearance. She couldn't have been much older than 18 or 19. She was cute. Short and pale, with a splash of freckles across her face, and curly red hair that fell across her shoulders. She goggled at him behind thick framed glasses. Despite her short stature, she was on the thicker side, and it was made all the more apparent by her outfit. She was wearing a pair of cut off Daisy Dukes that looked more like a bikini bottom. They revealed all of her thick white thighs and showed off the curves of her big butt. Her tummy swelled slightly over the top of her waist band. She was wearing a button down shirt, but the shirt was hardly buttoned. Just the middle three buttons were done. Her pale belly showed, and her impressive cleavage was visible— her enormous breasts practically pouring out. Not that it was her fault, necessarily. She was so well endowed that any shirt or sweater the poor girl wore would have looked slutty. Graver had heard of extreme bra sizes before, and it was very likely this red-head's cup size went deep into the alphabet, far beyond the coveted D-cup. Even Graver, for as determined as he was, caught himself noticing her breasts. It was hard not to, they were bigger than his head. Her outfit was just a little too revealing for her body, although she wasn't an unattractive girl by any means. She was just very real looking. She was cute in a meek, innocent, mousy sort of way. Graver was suddenly aware of how he must look to her. He was standing in the middle of a dark hallway at night in black camouflage, like a commando in a cheesy B-movie. Between that and his facial scar, he had probably put quite the fright into this kid. She laughed nervously. "Sorry... I just heard you and thought you were the pizza guy." She blushed a bit. "No, I didn't mean to scare you," he said, flashing a smile to hopefully ease her tension so she didn't freak out. "I was just looking for—" Her expression changed. "Oh! You're with that group!" "Group?" Graver asked. "Yeah, there was a group of guys dressed like you here earlier. They were going around asking questions." This gave Graver a reason to pause. "Oh were they now?" She folded her arms and suddenly looked uneasy. Her eyes flicked to the stairs. "They were asking me about one of my neighbors. W-what's going on?" From her eyes and her body language, it was apparent that she was a little rattled. Graver suddenly felt bad for her. Most college-aged kids lived pretty sheltered lives. To have her home invaded by a team of men dressed like SWAT, carrying gear and weapons, had probably been a bit jarring. And if they had questioned her, Halley didn't have the warmest bedside manner. That was something Graver had come to know in the years since they'd met and fallen in love. "Umm, I can't really talk about it. But they were here? You saw them?" "Yeah, you just missed them. I spoke with a woman. She was pretty but kind of scary." Graver barked a laugh. That sounded like Halley. Graver felt a little better. "What did they ask you about?" The girl glanced uneasily to the stairs again, and she rubbed her own arms, looking like she was trying to warm herself up. Her huge heavy boobs squeezed together and her cleavage seemed to go on forever. There was jiggle to her movements, and Graver caught himself trying not to look. "I—I don't

really want to talk about it out here," she admitted. "I-if you want to come in, I'll tell you what I told them." She glanced at her apartment door. Graver's guard was still up, but he felt more at ease that a witness had seen them. And according to her, they had just left. He still wasn't convinced. Why hadn't Halley called them or checked in? But this girl seemed sincere and disarming. She was nervous. "Sure, if that makes you feel better," Graver said and followed her back to her door. She smiled in relief as she led the way. As they reached her door, she threw him another glance over her shoulder, her curls bouncing as she moved. This time she smiled even bigger, and seemed to take in his features for the first time. Between his muscles, his rugged stubble, his big blue eyes and blonde hair, and mysterious scar, Graver was aware that women often found him cute. Incidentally, he never had a whole lot of interest in the flirty types or the damsels in distress. Halley had been very different, which was part of the reason he'd fallen for her. She was independent. She was tough. And the way she could wield her tongue to put people in their place had impressed him. Halley's firm didn't need an HR department. Her sharp comebacks and smart ass way of calling someone out went much further than any sensitivity seminar ever could. A fear of public humiliation did well enough to keep people in line. Halley was the only woman who hadn't swooned over him, and had initially been critical and distant when they'd met. That had changed rapidly as a partnership had formed. Regardless, for the briefest moment, Graver caught a glimpse of intrigue on this girl's face as she assessed him. "I'm Lucy, by the way." She smiled even brighter, letting her eyes linger as he followed her into her apartment. "Graver," he replied. She seemed to pause in confusion. "Riley Graver." Truthfully, he hated his first name, but he didn't bother to explain that to her. "Riley," the smile returned, and for a moment, her eyes wandered down his body, appraising him. "I like that." There was something in the look that Graver had seen before. Women who were slightly overweight, or overcompensating with slutty attire tended to be a bit... boy-crazy. Especially when they saw something they wanted. Graver was getting that same slightly desperate vibe from her. Lucy shut the door and cautiously peered out of the peephole. Graver assessed her apartment. Definitely college living. Mismatched furniture, cheap end tables and lamps. There were plenty of blankets, throw pillows, and candles to quickly and cheaply cozy the place up. Books and DVD's on the table were scattered about. Definitely a girl's apartment. It was tastefully organized despite the sparse furnishings and apparent lack of money. Lucy came around him, and there was that half-innocent half-hungry look again. "Is there anything that you want, officer?" She asked. And the way she paused seemed somewhat teasing. Graver again caught himself glancing to her ample chest, before looking away. "Coffee? Tea? Liquor?" She arched her eyebrow in an almost daring tone at the last one. "No, thank you. I wanted to ask you what my team spoke with you about?" Lucy frowned, but walked over to the couch and sat down. She paused thoughtfully, crossing her legs. Her shorts seemed like they hardly existed at all. "They were asking me about the guy upstairs in the attic

apartment," she replied. "It sounded like he's some sort of creep or something. Is that what they were doing here? Are you guys going to arrest him? You look like a SWAT team or something." "They didn't apprehend him?" Graver asked. Lucy looked at a loss. "I don't know. Not that I saw. I don't think so, if they were asking about him. They did have a computer with them, bagged and wrapped in plastic. It was weird. Do I even want to know what they think is on that computer?" Graver shook his head and sat down on the arm of the sofa. "I wouldn't be able to disclose that information at this time." He was distracted, reaching for his phone. But this was good news. It sounded like Halley's team hadn't found Rob, but they at least found the computer and had gotten what they came for. She could have at least called though and let everyone know they were alright. "Not even if I'm scared?" Lucy asked. She bit her lip and batted her eyelashes behind her thick glasses. Graver caught her from the corner of his eye scooting closer to him. "Trust me, there's nothing about that guy that's dangerous at this point," Graver dialed Halley's number. "So I couldn't charm you for more information? Maybe interrogate you a little?" She giggled playful, and Graver felt a finger trail along his leg. He batted her hand away. Halley's phone rang and rang but she didn't answer. Graver scowled and dialed again. "You men in uniform are all the same," Lucy commented, curiously tracing her finger along the back of Graver's knuckles. "So serious and stoic and sexy as fuck." Graver shot her a confused glance. She only met his gaze and smiled. Leaning over flirtatiously, he saw that her shirt had fallen open slightly and he could see all the way down to her tight red bra that held her tits at bay. He could practically hear the straps screaming against their heavy burden. He noticed that her cleavage had the same splash of freckles that her face did. Despite his concerns, he felt this loins tighten. "How long ago did they leave?" He asked, listening to the ring go on and on. Lucy shrugged. "Maybe ten or fifteen minutes. They looked tired, like they were investigating something all day." That made sense. Graver knew that Halley could be a bit obsessive when she wanted to be. He could imagine if she got access to Rob's computer, she'd spent the better part of the day dissecting and analyzing it. Still... something didn't sit entirely right. "A few of them were pretty cute," Lucy admitted. "How lucky for me that the best looking one was the one who showed up late." Graver ignored that comment. He was uneasy as once more the call went to voicemail. He hung up and dialed again. "Are you single?" Lucy bit her lip and twirled her hair around her finger. There was something juvenile about the gesture. Too flirtatious with very little tact. "Engaged. You met my future wife. The woman who asked you questions." Graver said distractedly. Lucy didn't miss a beat. "Do you... play... when she's not around?" And Graver suddenly felt her walk her fingers across the front of his pants like a pair of strutting legs. Graver shot her a look like she'd lost her mind. "No," he said, and politely moved her hand away. "Well maybe you should. I wouldn't tell. It's just you and I here all alone..." Lucy reached up and snapped the next button of her top, then the next one, then the

last one, and suddenly her shirt fell open, revealing her huge luscious tits, nearly spilling out of her bra. Holy shit they were big. Graver could feel his cock quickly growing hard. There was something about her youthful face, busty body, and unabashed suggestions that were spurring something in him. He didn't like it. "I gotta go," he said, moving to get up. Maybe Galloway was right about the sexual deviancy in this place, the mind control. As he started to stand from the arm of the couch, Lucy stood in front of him and grabbed him by the jacket. Her grip was firm. "Not yet, Riley. I've never had a cop on duty before. I think it's sort of sexy, don't you?" She pushed him back onto the couch, and before Graver could move to get up again, Lucy climbed on top of him, straddled him. report

NEXT PAGE

Graver didn't know what the hell was happening. Lucy started to grind her hips against his growing erection. The feeling was electric. He couldn't stop himself from groaning at the feeling. "Especially one who's taken," she gave a naughty smirk from behind glasses that hardly looked innocent any longer. Graver's heart was pounding. This was wrong. Really wrong. This girl could easily be half his age, he came here with a task— a task that could mean life or death, and yet this busty little slut was distracting him from all of his obligations— including his love of Halley, who he'd always felt like he'd waited a lifetime for. But how easy it would be to just not fight... to just let this happen... Lucy reached down, and pulled her huge plump tits from her bra, one by one. Her bra all but disappeared beneath those pale gigantic melons. Her nipples were big pink circles that stared Graver in the face. "I'd ask if your fiancée has tits like these... but I met her... I know she doesn't." Lucy giggled, again sounding very juvenile. She twerked her hips against Graver's bulge, then came up higher on her knees and thrust her chest into his face. Graver's face was engulfed by warm soft skin. Christ, her tits were huge. His face could all but disappear in between them. He could smell the scent of her soap. His cock was throbbing wildly in the now-tight confines of his pants. He knew he needed to stop, he needed to leave. He was risking everything. His job, his girl... and even worse— the safety of his friends, the integrity of an investigation. But all of those wrongs made it a taboo beyond words that he'd never felt before. "That's it," Lucy moaned softly. "You don't have to do anything but sit back and enjoy. I wanted you the second I saw you..." she grinded harder against his shaft. His pants had turned into a tent. She rubbed her tits up and down against his rough face. His stubble slid across her smooth breasts. "We can just have some naughty fun," she continued. "Don't you want that... Riley?" she said his name like she was tasting a foreign dish. Graver's mind was now a perfectly balanced scale. Professional and proper on one side, and sexual desire on the other. He didn't want this to stop as much as he did. Then Lucy reached beneath her, feeling for his bulge. Her fingers closed around it tightly, and the scales began to tip. It felt too good. Graver had

always thought of himself as a strong man— the life he lived, and the scars he wore told the story of hardship that had forged him. But as this little busty slut began to rub his cock, promising easy, wild, inappropriate sex he realized how weak he was. Because the bottom line is... if she had stopped right now, he would have been truly disappointed. Which is why Graver found his mouth opening and his lips planting hungry kisses on her big fat tits. His tongue slid out for a taste. Halley would never forgive him. But he wouldn't forgive himself regardless of what he decided. And if the hardness of his cock was any indication, his base urges won out. He moaned as he bucked his hips softly against her wandering hand. Lucy giggled and stroked harder as Graver's mouth roamed her globes. "That's it, officer..." she moaned. "Punish me. I've been such a bad school girl." She seemed like she was taunting him with her words, but he couldn't bring himself to stop. One hand went to the breast that she hovered in front of his face. He massaged her boob while his lips latched around her nipple, and he began to taste and suck her. His other hand slid up and down her thigh. Graver was surrounded all day by women with hard muscles and fit bodies. Lucy was different, he could only describe her as juicy. Graver's hand slid around her wide hip and took a handful of her ass. Her tiny shorts had ridden up considerably as she grinded her body against his, teasing his cock to life. Her shorts seemed to be swallowed up by her ass, he couldn't help but sink his fingers into her milky flesh, before giving her butt a tentative slip. She worked her pussy up and down harder. Even through her denim shorts, and his fatigue pants, he could feel her wetness soaking against his bulge. A warm pleasant dampness on the head of his cock drove home the awful things he was doing. He felt so dirty and terrible, and that feeling fueled him on. He sucked harder at her breast, then dragged his tongue in wider and wider circles around her nipple, wanting to coat all of her enormous tit in his saliva. He moved onto the other and continued to explore while her hands stroked him fast and eager. "Mmmm," Lucy teased and taunted. "You love these big tits, don't you officer?" Graver didn't reply, but continued to work his mouth on her skin. "I know you do," Lucy purred, her body in a state of constantly moving, grinding, dancing and swaying. She was restless and would be until he was inside of her. "They're so much bigger than that dry bitch that you're with, aren't they?" Graver blushed. A reflex as she deliberately flirted with his sense of self loathing and commitments. "Say it!" She barked at him, having gone from the flirty meek little slut to the demanding and shrill brat. "I love them," Graver said, a little afraid for the first time. She was legitimately crazy. Clingy and psychotic. "They're huge." "Bigger than your boring bitch fiancée," She coaxed the words out of him. "Yes... way bigger than hers." "Ohhh Riley," she cooed in a swooning voice, like a smitten princess being told sweet nothings. She tilted Graver's face up from her chest, and brought her mouth down on his. His startled eyes remained open as her red curls fell around his face. She was kissing him eagerly. Her tongue forced into his mouth, dancing and flicking around to taste him. Graver held on to her body as she grinded. He was

afraid to keep this going, but his body was driving his actions at this point, moving with his desperate need for pleasure— to fuck this girl... to mate... with this girl. He wasn't sure why that word occurred to him just then. They made out on the couch like teenagers, lips locked together, tongues messily playing, and bodies in a constant state of movement. Graver's cock was growing stiff and sore from being so hard for so long, rubbing on the inside of his uniform. The crotches of both of their pants were damp from her wetness and his leaking precum. The entire time, Captain Graver found himself wondering what the hell had gotten into him that he was just letting this happen. But the huge boobs pressed against his chest were just so hard to pass up. When Lucy broke the kiss and started working her way down his neck with her eager mouth, he did nothing to stop her. She pulled his jacket open and ran her hands down his chest, then his stomach. She curiously fingered his equipment belt as he helped her remove his clothes. She trailed soft swooning, almost loving, kisses down his body. The entire time, Graver was convinced there would be severe consequences for doing this. But that was something he would face tomorrow. Tonight, he just wanted to relax and let this happen. Lucy knelt on the floor in front of him. Her busy hands lowered the zipper of his fatigues and freed his cock. It came out ram-rod stiff. He couldn't recall a time in his life that he'd been so hard. "Ohhhh Riley Graver," Lucy moaned when she came face to face with his erection. Size was never something that Graver had been concerned about. He had been gifted with something impressive. Apparently Lucy agreed. "I love it. It's perfect." And without any further words of endearment, she took it in her hand and her mouth. She fed herself with his cock. Graver moaned as she plunged him into the warm wet embrace of her hungry mouth. "Ohhh fuck," he moaned softly. Lucy nodded her head in agreement and caressed his shaft, cradled his balls. He felt like this busty little slut was worshipping him. It was weird, creepy and crazy... but part of it was kind of cute and charming. She bobbed several times, then locked her lips tightly around his head and sucked hard. He nearly jumped, his hips coming off of the couch. Then she resumed. The sound of sucking filled the apartment, as did her moans of satisfaction, like she was feeding herself a delicious meal. "Mmmm! MMM! Mmmmm," she moaned. At one point she even popped her mouth off of his cock to say "Yum!" Then she dragged her tongue from his balls up along the base of his shaft until she reached the head again. Like their grind-session, she was putting her whole body into the effort, not just her mouth. Her movements energetic and restless, her hips swayed and sashayed. She dragged her big heavy boobs up and down his legs. Graver lay on the couch, panting. His mind a storm of conflict between badly wanting to fuck this devious slut, and wanting to snap out of it and return to who he really was. But did he even know who he was right now? "This is so bad," he grunted. "Maybe you should send me to the principal," she giggled, her response immediate. She took a long hard suck, and when the spit streamers ran from his dick to her mouth, she slurped them up and resumed her lusty assault on his cock. Graver had to grasp the edge of the couch as Lucy plunged him all

the way to the back of her throat and held him there. She bobbed her head ever so slightly, fucking him and out of her throat. There was room to spare for her to stroke his shaft. Graver had to catch his breath at the sensation that this horny bimbo was milking him into her throat. She peered up at him, her eyes big behind those misleadingly innocent glasses. Eventually she popped off his cock again. Her mouth trembling as she sucked in a shaky excited breath. The thrill of what she was doing and he was letting her was obvious in the way she seemed to revere him. "God, men in uniform turn me on so much," she cooed, holding his big dick against her chest. Graver said nothing. He could only bring himself to watch as she used both hands and twirled and twisted them around his thick shaft. "Wouldn't it be hot if your fiancée walked in right now and saw this?" She teased. Graver looked suddenly horrified. She smiled a mischievous smile. "I guess you'd have some explaining to do," she said and leaned forward. She began to pepper the underside of his throbbing shaft with warm wet kisses. "I think we both would." She giggled, and alternated little teases of lips and tongue from his balls up to his head and back down again. "What would you tell her?" Graver was at a loss for words. He already hated himself for doing this— for cheating on the woman that he loved. But now to be reminded of it, to be taunted. This girl was out of her mind. "I—I'm not sure." He stammered. "I'd tell her..." Lucy came up for air for a second. She tapped chin with her finger as her eyes went up to the ceiling in an exaggerated gesture of being deep in thought. Again, there was an immaturity to the gesture that made Graver feel like he was sticking his dick in a pool of crazy. "I'll tell her that this hunk is mine now. And she needs to get the fuck out. I'd tell her to go home and cry about it. That we literally just met, but we're not rushing into it. It was just meant to be." Then she returned her hungry mouth to around Graver's cock and resumed feeding herself. Graver grunted. "Lucy... that's so wrong. We don't know each other. I've already picked her..." She came off his dick again and slapped him. Not hard, but hard enough to make it sting. "You're here getting your dick sucked by me right now, instead of being out doing your job because you already picked me over her." Graver was so stunned by the slap and the logic and the insufferable bratty attitude that he didn't know what to say. "You took one look at these tits and you wanted me more than her or you would have left. Now say it, Riley. Say it or I'll stop, and I'll call her up and tell her what you did." Her tone of voice as she nagged made Graver suddenly terrified. "I picked you over her," he replied miserably. She smiled and her change was immediate and loving. "Good boy," she said. "Now here's your reward." She placed his shaft between her giant breasts and squeezed them together. His dick was immediately engulfed by the warmth of her mammaries, to the point where it disappeared. She held him there against her chest. "Do you feel it?" She moaned. "Do you feel my heart beating? I'm so enchanted with you. My heart is pounding!" She declared to his stunned face, and she started to work her boobs up and down along his shaft. Graver couldn't stop himself from moaning. It felt amazing. She tit fucked him sensually. The head of his cock appearing and disappearing with

each bounce of her fleshy udders. He watched the hypnotic movements, feeling horrified by what Lucy was swooning over. But he couldn't stop now even if he wanted to. She was threatening him, and though he was terrified that she might make good on it... there was something about her controlling him that turned on him. And... who said he wanted to stop? Her body was amazing and he was too far gone. "Oh god, I want you to stay here forever," she continued. She tit fucked him for several minutes more, but the gesture was more for his benefit than her pleasure. Enough torturing herself. She grabbed aggressively for his equipment belt and pulled it off of him. She undid his pants the rest of the way and Graver lifted his hips off the couch and helped her scoot his pants off. Then Lucy was nearly jumping into his lap. Her curves jiggled as she tackled him, the two of them falling across the couch until she was laying on top of him. Her mouth found his again, and she wiggled her body, pushing her tight little shorts down her ass and legs. When she discarded her shorts, Graver wasn't surprised to feel his cock coming to rest against just bare skin between her legs. She hadn't bothered to wear underwear. She was kissing him aggressively, sucking on his lips as she reached between them, feeling for his cock. Then she spread her legs, trapping him beneath her body, and guided his throbbing member into her soaked wetness. "Oh fuck," Graver moaned as he felt the warm folds of her pussy wrap around him, engulfing him. "Ohhhh Riley," She moaned. "You feel so good in my body... like you belong there," she giggled and started to move her hips even before she had him fully inside of her. She humped the head, swayed her hips and sank him deeper, swayed her hips again and continued to ride him all the way down until his entire length was in this slutty college student. Graver grunted, his mind screaming redflags at him, but his body needing this more than anything he'd ever needed. She started to ride him there on the couch. He reached up to run his hands down her back to her ass, to control her tempo. But she caught his wrists and playfully pinned them above his head. She hovered her big tits into his face as she held him there, and rode him. Graver caught the idea, unable to resist, he started to suck and lick her breasts as they jiggled in front of his face. Lucy's juicy hips continued in a steady up and down along his shaft, swallowing him up wetly. Graver hardly noticed the jingle of noise as Lucy rummaged around in his duty belt while she rode him. Then suddenly he felt cold metal on his pinned hands and heard the distinct click. When she sat back, there was a little smile of triumph on her face. His own handcuffs were around his wrists. "There... you aren't going anywhere, Riley." She giggled playfully. "You're staying right here with me." She continued to bounce, this time more energetically and happily. She dangled the handcuff keys. "If you want me to let you go, you're going to have to fuck me really really good." She said. She leaned back and Graver watched her busty curves bounce and jiggle as she rode him there on the sofa. He grunted, his hands pinned in place. There was something thrilling to him about completely relinquishing his control. His cock was throbbing happily. His crotch was a mess of her juices as she made his shaft appear and disappear again and again. "Ohhh

Officer," she grunted. "I'm so wet for you." Graver moaned, her giant melons swinging heavily with each bounce. Her curls swung and swayed and bounced from her shoulders. Her glasses steamed up slightly. She leaned her head back and started to moan at the ceiling. The sight of her body drove him wild, as did the up-down steady bouncing of her body coming down harder and harder on his lap. The couch creaked against the floor boards that protested their weight. "Oh fuck," Graver moaned, enjoying the pleasant sexuality. He thrust his hips back into her, trying to meet her movements. "Yesss!" She moaned. "Yes yes!" Suddenly the heavy bouncing of her body was too much for him. Maybe it was the thrill, maybe the rush, or maybe just the sexy little slut doing slutty little things to him. But he felt himself inching dangerously close to a line that he couldn't come back from. "Lucy... s-slow down," he moaned. She sashayed her hips in fast little rotations that made her belly and breasts jiggle. "What's wrong?" she taunted, riding him harder. "I'm going to... I'm going to..." he grunted. Lucy leaned forward, mashing her huge chest against his, and started to eagerly kiss him. Her movements never slowed. If anything, they only grew more eager. Between his handcuffs and her pinning him down, Graver felt suddenly trapped. "It's okay, Riley. Let go..." she moaned around his mouth. He was no longer kissing back. His mouth contorted in an expression of sudden panic. "Let it all out..." "No," he clenched his eyes shut, trying to hold back. "Yes," she insisted. "We're going to be so happy together..." "No!" His body stiffened, his hips involuntarily pushed up into her, sinking his cock as deep as it could into her wetness. A second later, she welcomed the flood of his seed into her body. "Ohhhh yes, baby! Yes!" She squealed in delight as she felt rope after rope spill into her womb. Graver shot a massive load of cum that his balls had pent up for a few days now. And when it was over, he was horrified by the realization that he'd been trapped, that he might be a father before he's a husband. "Ohhh god..." he seemed to fold in on himself as the gravity of what he'd done sank in. But he hadn't been able to control himself. Lucy lay on top of him, cuddling him tightly, still kissing his frozen mouth before giving him a peck on the cheek. She let out a bratty giggle as she hugged him tightly. "We're going to be so happy together," she repeated, this time with more resolve. "Oh god," Graver moaned again, feeling the dread in his gut. She snuggled him for several moments. Graver began to pull at his cuffs. "Lucy?" He hesitated, almost afraid of how she'd react. "Can you let me go now?" She glanced up from his chest and smiled. It was a wicked little smile. "You promised to fuck me good. And you came too soon," she giggled. "If you want to leave... you have to do better than that." Then she sat back. His cock was still buried in her body. Cum ran freely from her, down his shaft, where it pooled in his lap. They both watched it for a while. Then Lucy glanced back to him and started to slowly move her hips again. "I hope you can get hard again. Or you just might be here for a really really long time. Either way sounds fun to me." She said and started to bounce. Graver groaned with a sense of hopeless anxiety. Lucy wasn't going to stop. She was never going to stop. Graver became more and more aware of a nagging

feeling that he was a prisoner of his own creation. He had allowed this to happen and now he was effectively trapped. Lucy clambered off of his cock and buried her face in Graver's lap. She lapped hungrily at his cum covered cock. It lay twitching and throbbing in a pool of his own semen. "Mmmmm," Lucy moaned as she licked it up by the mouthful. Her curls tickling his lap. "You taste so good," she declared. report

NEXT PAGE

Then she curled her fingers around the messy sticky shaft and plunged it back into her mouth. Graver's body gave a spasm. His post-orgasm sensitivity was running high and the sensation of her hungry mouth was almost too much— like a tickle that was bordering on pain. Lucy sucked and licked and gobbled, indifferent to his discomfort and protests. And little by little, his cock recovered until he was raging hard again. Graver groaned, knowing it was far from over. But he was afraid to admit himself that it wasn't all a reflex. There was something about this bratty little sex-fiend vixen cornering him, taking away his power, and forcing him into an insurmountable situation that stirred his libido and made him want to give in to her. Those thoughts were all the more apparent when she grasped him by his cuffed hands and guided him until she was laying back on the couch and he was over top of her. Her massive tits flattened a bit as her red curls fell in a halo on the sweat-soaked pillows. "Fuck me, Riley. And make it good. You wouldn't want me to tell your fiancée that she shouldn't marry you, because you're bad in bed, right?" That teasing again, and the reference to Halley made his heart ache and his cock jump all at once. Then he was plunging himself back into the warm embrace of her body. She folded her legs around his waist and locked them tight behind his back, squealing with pleasure as the fucking commenced. Maybe there was a lot of truth to the fact that this busty little hussy turned him on with her threats and taunts. Because as his hips found their rhythm, Graver was very aware of how rough he was being with her. His hands, still cuffed together, braced on the arm rest above her head. His thrusts were deep and pronounced, stabbing into her with his cock. Each time he did, the couch shook, her tits wobbled, and when his body slammed into hers, it sent jiggles rolling up her hips, down her thighs, and over her belly. "Oh! Oh! Oh Riley!" She moaned beneath him. Her expression behind those innocent glasses was one of surprise and fear— a complete one-eighty from that self assuredness of earlier. "You're being so rough with me!" She moaned. Her feet held on behind his back. Her pussy was making a sopping mess between them. Graver gave a grunt of acknowledgement and continued his rough assault on that juicy plump body. Beads of sweat— both from shame and from the effort— rolled down his brow, following the path that the scar beside his eye carved out. "I must be so much hotter than your future wife," she groaned, her hands found his, moved up and exploring the muscles in his arms. Graver ground his teeth. Her words making him hate her, and himself. But they spurred him on. He was fucking harder and

harder. "Tell me," she ordered him, her voice raising to a shrill immature pitch. "Say it Riley, or I swear I'll scream!" "You're hotter than her!" He moaned, hating himself. "You're hotter than her, your tits are huge, and I love the way you order me around." She smiled, pleased with herself. She folded her arms around his neck, caressing the hairs on the back of his head lovingly. Then she pulled him down to her face. "See? Was that so hard?" She purred in a lusty voice. Then she started to kiss at his lips eagerly, tasting him, dragging her tongue around to collect the beads of sweat, and wiggling into his mouth. He could taste his own cum on her breath. The couch still shook, even as she violated his mouth with her salty tongue. Graver couldn't stop. He absolutely couldn't. His pounding heart was racing to keep up with his libido. "I wish the bitch would walk in right now. And see me stealing you all to myself," Lucy narrated deep in thought. "She'd storm out, broken hearted, and you'd be allllll mine." She giggled at the fantasy, even as she continued to kiss at his face, to lick and taste him. "You could spend the night here. We could watch movies and cuddle, and of course, fuck again and again." Her words legitimately alarmed Graver— like an ominous promise or a threat. And still, his unprotected shaft continued to crave her body. Graver felt an instinctive, almost single-minded need to let this girl own him and abuse him and dominate him. "Good boy," she moaned against his mouth as she felt his complacency. "Such a good boy. You'll make such a good husband. But not to your bitch ass fiancée." She giggled again and gave him one last long drawn out, impassioned kiss. Then she changed positions and climbed onto all fours like an animal. She threw a glance over her shoulder at Graver and shook her ass. "Mate with me, Riley. Just like the animals do." And without a word or thought of protest, Captain Riley Graver mounted up behind this psychotic college student that he'd only met tonight. When he fucked, he fucked her hard. True to her words, they "mated" right there on the floor of her apartment. The boards shook beneath the thrusts of their ritual. Sweat poured from their bodies. His cock made slapping sounds as he entered her again and again, and his balls grew heavy with the buildup. She threw her head back and practically growled as Graver gave her orgasm after orgasm. When it was finally his turn, he didn't pull out. A distant part of his brain screamed at him not to, to pull out, to run. But that voice was very small and far away. Instead, he did what his body wanted and he sank himself deep into her and released his second payload of sperm for the night. This time it was even larger and more impressive than the first. It filled the squealing vixen to the brim, and sent large wet drops running down her quivering inner thighs. "Yessssss!!" She cried, and as if to drive home the gravity of Graver's mistake— that he'd given in to this complete psycho brat— she followed it up with a girlish "I love you so much Riley. You're going to be mine forever. We'll be so happy together!" Graver stared dumbly at her as she got to her feet. Only then did he hear the sound of a door open, and they were joined by another. "We'll all be so happy," a sinister voice echoed from behind the Captain. A man's voice. And somewhere, in a distant almost separate plain of existence, Graver

thought he heard the cackle of laughter... like a witch's voice. Then the world turned black and Graver ceased all thought.***It was getting late. An hour was almost up. Ethan yawned. Danni sat beside him, biting at her cuticles. He noticed and he patted her hand reassuringly. There was very little confidence in that pat. Just a timid touch of human contact before he pulled his hand away. She smiled at him, even if it was a nervous smile. Ethan had opted to sit in the back seat with her, to reassure the girl. Galloway noticed from the rearview mirror, and was about to remark that she thought they looked cute together, if only to calm her own nerves. She was growing worried. Captain Graver had been radio silent for almost the full hour, and Galloway was beginning to weigh the alternatives. Graver had told her specifically to wait an hour to hear from him and if not... Before she could open her mouth to tease the teens, her phone rang. She sagged with relief when she saw who it was. Still, she answered cautiously. "Go for Galloway," she said. Graver's voice was loud and crisp. He sounded a little worn out, but like his normal self regardless. "The building is secured," Graver said. "I have that creepy little weirdo subdued in his apartment." "Are you alright, Captain?" Galloway gripped the phone. "A little worse for wear," Graver responded. "But I'll survive." Galloway hesitated with her next question. "Did you... find Halley and the rest of them?" Now she sensed why Graver sounded so worn out. "I found them. Umm... you need to see this to believe it." "What?" She asked, suddenly very afraid of what he'd found. "I'm in the cellar. It's worse than I thought. Meet me down there. I'm going to need some help with this one." He said severely. "Oh god," Galloway replied. "What's going on?" He sighed. "Just get down here." "I'm on my way." Galloway started the car.***"Nicely done," Robert Bradford remarked to his latest acquisition. He held out his hand and Captain Graver mindlessly slipped the cell phone back between the bars of the rusty storage cage. His eyes were unfocused and distant. Rob expected a stronger sense of will power from the Captain with the facial scar. He wasn't sure why. Something about the man's appearance and rank had instilled an illusion that he might be tough to break with his magical hypnosis machine. But Graver had given in just as easily as everyone else had— becoming a slave to the narrative that Rob had typed for him. That erotic little tale of the soon-to-be wed captain throwing it all away for a psycho young college slut with big tits had come true as easily as anything else he typed out. Not only that, but even post orgasm, Graver had folded under interrogation. Not only could Rob make people do what he wanted, but he could get them to open up to him and tell him the truth about whatever he wanted by typing a simple sentence like: 'Captain Graver told Rob the truth about anything he was asked.' Rob now knew everything. Which was how he'd been able to trick Galloway and her friends into returning to his house of fun. "Very nicely done," Rob repeated. Graver gave no acknowledgement of having even heard. He sat on the cold dirt floor of the basement in his respective cage. Lucy knelt beside him. Her mouth was over his lap. She was sucking his already well used penis in a slow gentle passion, like she was basting his meat pole with her saliva. Rob smiled

at Lucy. She'd done her duties perfectly— stopping Graver the moment he arrived, leading him astray, and stalling until Rob could come up with a plan. It was the least Rob could do to let Lucy enjoy the spoils of her efforts. "Are you enjoying your new friend, my dear?" Rob asked her. Lucy's mouth came off of Graver's dick with a sweet popping sound. "I love him!" She leapt to her feet. She jumped up and down over and over again. Her massive tits and her juicy curves jiggled with each bounce, and her enthusiasm again reminded Rob of the mindless juvenile energy of porn star Codi Vore. "Can I keep him? Can I keep him? Can I keep him?" She asked over and over again. "Please? I want him so badly." She plead childishly. Admittedly, Rob hadn't had a lot of good ideas for Lucy since he'd used his mind control power to fully possess her. The women in his harem were all so different and they were evolving to better fit the clichés that Rob had in his mind. Tina was the exotic seductress sex tiger. Meg was the sweet desperate soccer mom that any boy would want. Kelsey was his own personal girlfriend now. But Lucy... he'd been neglecting her personality. And though Lucy was 18 or 19, college-aged, Rob realized that he didn't much care for her normal meek and mousy librarian-like demeanor. His harem was lacking in the bratty annoying little-sister type of personality. Lucy, with her red curls and huge knockers, filled that role flawlessly. Under Rob's narrative, she'd even changed her voice into something more like a whiny school girl than a bashful bookworm. She brought some much needed fresh spunk and diversity to his cast of 'characters'. "He's all yours," Rob agreed with a pleased fatherly smile. "But he's your responsibility to take care of. Understand?" He said in the tone of voice of any father presenting a daughter with a new puppy. "Oh, I will! I will!" Lucy bounced up and down. "I promise! Thank you! Thankyouthankyouthankyou!" She squealed, and hurried back to her new plaything. She smiled gratefully at Rob one final time before popping Graver's cock right back into her mouth and resuming her endless sucking.***The Connelly House was eerily quiet as Galloway, Ethan, and Danni entered. They made their way down the hall, alert to anything unusual and paused at the top of the basement stairs. Galloway held her hand out to Ethan and Danni. Wait. "Captain Graver?" She called down the basement stairs. There was the briefest pause, followed by Graver's voice echoing up to them. "Down here, Galloway. Just brace yourselves," he said. The three of them started down. A light was on in the resident storage area. When Galloway, Ethan, and Danni stepped into the room, they froze in their tracks. Indeed, it was worse than what Graver had said. But Graver wasn't the one who was waiting for them. Six storage cages, mostly filled with junk, holiday decorations, and boxes for electronics that were still under warranty. And each of those cages was filled. They spotted Captain Graver in one of them. He was sitting on the floor, half naked. His back against the wall and his legs splayed out in front of him. His pants were half off, and there was a vacant look on his face, even despite the busty half naked redheaded girl who knelt in front of him, enthusiastically gobbling his cock. In another, they spotted Halley. She had been stripped down to just her boots, and was on her

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NEXT PAGE

Then she curled her fingers around the messy sticky shaft and plunged it back into her mouth. Graver's body gave a spasm. His post-orgasm sensitivity was running high and the sensation of her hungry mouth was almost too much— like a tickle that was bordering on pain. Lucy sucked and licked and gobbled, indifferent to his discomfort and protests. And little by little, his cock recovered until he was raging hard again. Graver groaned, knowing it was far from over. But he was afraid to admit himself that it wasn't all a reflex. There was something about this bratty little sex-fiend vixen cornering him, taking away his power, and forcing him into an insurmountable situation that stirred his libido and made him want to give in to her. Those thoughts were all the more apparent when she grasped him by his cuffed hands and guided him until she was laying back on the couch and he was over top of her. Her massive tits flattened a bit as her red curls fell in a halo on the sweat-soaked pillows. "Fuck me, Riley. And make it good. You wouldn't want me to tell your fiancée that she shouldn't marry you, because you're bad in bed, right?" That teasing again, and the

reference to Halley made his heart ache and his cock jump all at once. Then he was plunging himself back into the warm embrace of her body. She folded her legs around his waist and locked them tight behind his back, squealing with pleasure as the fucking commenced. Maybe there was a lot of truth to the fact that this busty little hussy turned him on with her threats and taunts. Because as his hips found their rhythm, Graver was very aware of how rough he was being with her. His hands, still cuffed together, braced on the arm rest above her head. His thrusts were deep and pronounced, stabbing into her with his cock. Each time he did, the couch shook, her tits wobbled, and when his body slammed into hers, it sent jiggles rolling up her hips, down her thighs, and over her belly. "Oh! Oh! Oh Riley!" She moaned beneath him. Her expression behind those innocent glasses was one of surprise and fear— a complete one-eighty from that self assuredness of earlier. "You're being so rough with me!" She moaned. Her feet held on behind his back. Her pussy was making a sopping mess between them. Graver gave a grunt of acknowledgement and continued his rough assault on that juicy plump body. Beads of sweat— both from shame and from the effort— rolled down his brow, following the path that the scar beside his eye carved out. "I must be so much hotter than your future wife," she groaned, her hands found his, moved up and exploring the muscles in his arms. Graver ground his teeth. Her words making him hate her, and himself. But they spurred him on. He was fucking harder and harder. "Tell me," she ordered him, her voice raising to a shrill immature pitch. "Say it Riley, or I swear I'll scream!" "You're hotter than her!" He moaned, hating himself. "You're hotter than her, your tits are huge, and I love the way you order me around." She smiled, pleased with herself. She folded her arms around his neck, caressing the hairs on the back of his head lovingly. Then she pulled him down to her face. "See? Was that so hard?" She purred in a lusty voice. Then she started to kiss at his lips eagerly, tasting him, dragging her tongue around to collect the beads of sweat, and wiggling into his mouth. He could taste his own cum on her breath. The couch still shook, even as she violated his mouth with her salty tongue. Graver couldn't stop. He absolutely couldn't. His pounding heart was racing to keep up with his libido. "I wish the bitch would walk in right now. And see me stealing you all to myself," Lucy narrated deep in thought. "She'd storm out, broken hearted, and you'd be allllll mine." She giggled at the fantasy, even as she continued to kiss at his face, to lick and taste him. "You could spend the night here. We could watch movies and cuddle, and of course, fuck again and again." Her words legitimately alarmed Graver— like an ominous promise or a threat. And still, his unprotected shaft continued to crave her body. Graver felt an instinctive, almost single-minded need to let this girl own him and abuse him and dominate him. "Good boy," she moaned against his mouth as she felt his complacency. "Such a good boy. You'll make such a good husband. But not to your bitch ass fiancée." She giggled again and gave him one last long drawn out, impassioned kiss. Then she changed positions and climbed onto all fours like an animal. She threw a glance over her shoulder at Graver and shook her ass. "Mate with me,

Riley. Just like the animals do."And without a word or thought of protest, Captain Riley Graver mounted up behind this psychotic college student that he'd only met tonight. When he fucked, he fucked her hard. True to her words, they "mated" right there on the floor of her apartment. The boards shook beneath the thrusts of their ritual. Sweat poured from their bodies. His cock made slapping sounds as he entered her again and again, and his balls grew heavy with the buildup. She threw her head back and practically growled as Graver gave her orgasm after orgasm. When it was finally his turn, he didn't pull out. A distant part of his brain screamed at him not to, to pull out, to run. But that voice was very small and far away. Instead, he did what his body wanted and he sank himself deep into her and released his second payload of sperm for the night. This time it was even larger and more impressive than the first. It filled the squealing vixen to the brim, and sent large wet drops running down her quivering inner thighs."Yessssss!!" She cried, and as if to drive home the gravity of Graver's mistake— that he'd given in to this complete psycho brat— she followed it up with a girlish "I love you so much Riley. You're going to be mine forever. We'll be so happy together!" Graver stared dumbly at her as she got to her feet. Only then did he hear the sound of a door open, and they were joined by another. "We'll all be so happy," a sinister voice echoed from behind the Captain. A man's voice. And somewhere, in a distant almost separate plain of existence, Graver thought he heard the cackle of laughter... like a witch's voice. Then the world turned black and Graver ceased all thought.***It was getting late. An hour was almost up. Ethan yawned. Danni sat beside him, biting at her cuticles. He noticed and he patted her hand reassuringly. There was very little confidence in that pat. Just a timid touch of human contact before he pulled his hand away. She smiled at him, even if it was a nervous smile. Ethan had opted to sit in the back seat with her, to reassure the girl. Galloway noticed from the rearview mirror, and was about to remark that she thought they looked cute together, if only to calm her own nerves. She was growing worried. Captain Graver had been radio silent for almost the full hour, and Galloway was beginning to weigh the alternatives. Graver had told her specifically to wait an hour to hear from him and if not... Before she could open her mouth to tease the teens, her phone rang. She sagged with relief when she saw who it was. Still, she answered cautiously. "Go for Galloway," she said. Graver's voice was loud and crisp. He sounded a little worn out, but like his normal self regardless. "The building is secured," Graver said. "I have that creepy little weirdo subdued in his apartment." "Are you alright, Captain?" Galloway gripped the phone. "A little worse for wear," Graver responded. "But I'll survive." Galloway hesitated with her next question. "Did you... find Halley and the rest of them?" Now she sensed why Graver sounded so worn out. "I found them. Umm... you need to see this to believe it." "What?" She asked, suddenly very afraid of what he'd found. "I'm in the cellar. It's worse than I thought. Meet me down there. I'm going to need some help with this one." He said severely. "Oh god," Galloway replied. "What's going on?" He sighed. "Just get down here." "I'm on my way."

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END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment contains themes of hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, voyeurism, rough sex, gangbangs, cheating, group sex, incest, inanimate objects, and monsters. You've been warned.This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.***Hollow Pleasure chapter 13***"You're a real piece of shit," Galloway remarked. She didn't say it with a testy snarl. Her comment was dry— stating a fact.They had gone into their respective "cells"— storage cages for the different tenant apartments. They hadn't put up a fight, but that was Rob's doing. A few simple commands typed into his computer, and their legs had moved completely independent of their free will. Now they were locked in. Every tenant in the apartment, as well as Galloway's coworkers."Power corrupts, I guess," Rob said with an equally matter-of-fact tone."Locking us up in cages?" Ethan asked from behind his own set of bars. The girl, Danni, curled up on herself and sobbed quietly.Rob looked momentarily guilty and ashamed. "It's not ideal, I know. You ever write a book? The less characters there are, the easier it is to juggle everyone. But now there's a lot of you. For as talented as I like to think that I am, I need to come up with a way of keeping track of everyone, otherwise mistakes will get made and things will get out of hand. Keeping on top of it is starting to feel like a full time job."They supposed that could be true. Ethan glanced up and down the rows of storage units. Captain Graver and the college girl— the busty one with the huge boobs— were in one unit. Apparently Rob had decided to snap them out of their trance.Both Graver and Lucy had dressed, looking at each other with embarrassment. Lucy was shocked and appalled by what she was wearing. Her Daisy Dukes and her button down barely did anything to conceal a figure that she was already self-conscious about. And to wake up, finding herself locked up, sucking on the cock of a handsome older man, had left her thoroughly embarrassed. She shrank to the back of the cage. Graver draped his jacket over her, and stood glowering at Rob.Everyone sensed that Rob enjoyed the humiliation on their faces when they snapped back to reality and caught themselves in the midst of their heinous and debaucherous acts.He'd also freed his spell over the next storage unit — the one where Halley woke up in mid gang bang with her fellow officers. Rob had snickered quietly as the trio of stunned authority figures discovered their cocks going in and out of their boss's mouth, pussy, and ass. They'd all quickly dressed and fled to different corners of their cages, unable to look at each other. ...All except Halley, who despite the compromising position she'd woken up into, had

immediately begun to explore her cage for weapons or a way out. Rob had been a bit more merciful to Ethan. He'd let Ethan into the cage with his mother, worried for her and wanting to check on her. Once Rob had started his humiliation tour, snapping the different captives from his spell over them, Ethan had glanced at him from behind the bars and simply requested "Please don't wake her up like this. I don't want her to know." Rob kept Meg under the spell. She was still a horny raging slut, and Rob had a momentary image of Ethan being locked in a cage with a wild animal... only this wild animal was sexy as fuck and wasn't hungry, she was horny. That could be a fun game for later...Danni and Galloway each had their own cages. And in the last one, Rob had let Kelsey out of her cage, and woken up a frightened and shocked Tina. Kelsey he hadn't woken up, and he doubted he ever would. He didn't want to see the inevitable change in the way she looked at him once reality set in. If anything, he wanted to separate her from all of this. He sent her upstairs. "If it's so daunting, why don't you just let us go then?" Galloway remarked, pacing her cage. Like the rest of her men, she was searching her holding cell. Each room had a lot of junk piled up. Tools, weapons, or a weak point would be ideal. "Do you really think I'm going to dignify that with a response?" Rob said. Then changed his voice to sound like a bumbling moron (an impression oddly similar to Barney Fife). "Ohhh, that's really good idea! Why don't I just let you all go? Never mind all the hot wild steamy sex I can have now with beautiful women who'd normally never even look at me twice." "It wasn't just about sex with them," Galloway said. "I might be more willing to understand that than what you really did. Look at what you did with Danni and her brother! Look at Ethan and his mom! You didn't have sex with me. But you made me do things I wouldn't ordinarily do. You're a fuckin' pervert." "I'm the pervert?" Rob started to laugh. It was a deep maniacal laugh. "I'm the pervert? Did you seriously just call *me* the pervert?" His voice seemed to roar as he laughed. "I barely influenced any of you! I *never* influenced Ethan. Not even the barest hint of a testosterone jump. His mother, yes. I turned her into a raging slut. But Ethan, definitely not. I presented him with an opportunity to fuck his own mother. And what did he do? He fucked his own mother. And you know what? He liked it. So who's really the pervert?" Ethan glanced at the floor, embarrassed. Rob rounded on Danni. "Your brother, Bill. I had nothing to do with him. My powers don't reach beyond this building. I had you take your clothes a few times on your little video chats, and suddenly your brother is confessing his lust for you. So again, who's really the pervert here?" Danni blushed. "And you," he said to Galloway. "I hardly influenced you. I poked your brain a few times in the right spot while you were sleeping. I planted the seed of an idea somewhere deep down under all that dyed hair, and it grew into a redwood on its own. You were an experiment, to see how much of your actions were free will. And guess what? That little gangbang of yours with all those bad boy burglars... nearly all of it was your own free will. People are only as good and wholesome as their opportunities. I gave normal wholesome people the perfect opportunity to either go for it, or walk

away. And you all went for it. So I'm going to ask this again: Who is *really* the pervert here?" He seemed to snarl those last words. For once, Galloway's cheeks flushed bright pink and she fell silent. "That's what I thought," Rob remarked. "So what's your plan?" Halley commented as she paced her own cell. Her manner was calm and even, but beneath the surface, Rob could see the danger glowing like embers behind her eyes. "These cells don't exactly have food, toilets, or showers. Unless you like your women messy, smelly, and half starved?" She rested her hands on her hips and cocked her eyebrow. "Don't get too comfy," Rob answered almost immediately, and his words chilled them deeply. "None of you. You won't be here for long..."

***Rob stepped out of the basement. They weren't sure where he was going, or for how long he'd be gone. That was why the moment he left, the soldiers began to direct the others. "Hey, college girls," Halley called down the rows of cells to Danni and Tina. Both girls were sitting by helplessly. "Start searching the junk piles in your cages. Right now. Make it fast. Anything you can use as a weapon, anything that you could restrain a man with. Any weak boards, any loose screws. You want to get the hell out of here? We need to be out of here before he comes back." Halley's words seemed to spur the girls into action. Galloway was already on it, kicking at the chain links that surrounded her, trying to see if there was a spot that was especially wobbly. Captain Graver was pep talking Lucy, who had bundled herself into her jacket. "It's not your fault," he told her. "None of this is. But you gotta help me." She was smiling meekly and Graver could see her true personality— not the bouncy boy-crazy brat that she'd come across as initially. The real her was shy, self-conscious, and introverted. It suited her better. Ethan's attention was divided between the task at hand, and trying to keep his mother grounded in reality. She was still deeply under Rob's influence. But whatever personality he assigned to her still closely mirrored her normal one. She was concerned, anxious, and obsessing over Ethan. "I love you baby. I'm sorry... I just can't control myself around you." "It's fine mom. It's fine. We'll talk more about this later," he was brushing her aside. Halley's men watched her rummage through old boxes and rubber maid bins full of old toys and junk. They were all hesitant to move, like a children who weren't sure if they were in trouble or not, and therefore afraid to draw any attention, lest they find out. Finally Halley grew frustrated. "What the fuck are your problems?" She glared at Alvarado, York, and Alex. Her men were looking at her with guilty expressions. She supposed she couldn't blame them. When they had all come-to, all three of them were balls deep in Halley's body, fucking their boss like sex starved animals. "Boss..." it was Alex who asked it. He was nervously cleaning his glasses on his shirt. "Are we in trouble... for what we were doing?" "You're going to be in a lot more trouble if you don't start helping me," she wasn't interested in talking about this. "Are you sure?" York's expression was concerned. "Because we literally woke up down here having sex with you..." Halley rounded on them. "Oh my god, do we really need to talk this out now? You guys are like a bunch of needy girls." Her voice went off like a

gunshot in the room. Everyone looked over. "Let's all get something straight, under the circumstances, so we don't have to talk this shit out later." Her eyes traveled around the room to all of their faces—her men, the college students, her own future husband. "I'm not holding any of this against any of you. If there was ever a time for a free pass, I'd say this is it. So enjoy the fact that we all got laid guilt-free." She resumed her rummaging. Her men looked satisfied by this response. Graver seemed relieved and more forgiving of himself. Halley couldn't resist though. A smile arrived on her face, late to the party. "For the record, boys, how was I?" She smirked as she came out with a bat, only to find that it was made of cheap plastic. A child's whiffle ball toy. She discarded it. "Couldn't have been that good," Alvarado replied. "We don't remember it." And despite the situation, everyone chuckled lightly. "You're an asshole," Halley gave him the finger. "I never was great at multi-tasking. To be honest, I'm kind of surprised at how well I could handle the three of you." She smirked playfully. "You know, I'm right here!" Graver mock-pouted from the next cage over. He was trying to bend the bottoms of the chain links upward. "Oh shut up," Halley called back. "You have a hot coed with natural red hair in your cell." The compliment made Lucy blush but smile gratefully. "I had to have sex with these stinky Neanderthals. You have nothing to complain about." The banter helped to lighten the mood, stave off their panic, and insure that they were all still a team—that nobody was upset at each other. It brought them together as they rummaged, searched, and fought with their containing cells. The banter ended with a sudden abrupt shriek of fear. Everyone stopped and looked over. Halley was bent over a dusty old trunk with a scowl on her face. "These things creep me the fuck out!" She was holding up a tattered old ventriloquist doll by the collar as though she was afraid it would come to life and snap at her. Galloway was staring at her through the bars with an insufferable grin. "Holy shit, Hellfire is human after all." "Fuck you," Halley said, then glanced at the dummy in front of her, scowled and said "And fuck you too." She tossed it away with a shiver. Many of the men laughed. "I didn't think you were afraid of anything," Galloway teased. "This is a hell of an eye opener." "I don't like dolls," Halley insisted. "And that one is an especially ugly one." Indeed, its wooden face seemed to be frozen in a contentedly evil smile. Its eyes were sunken in and dark—the marbles astonishingly life-like—and its features expressive. Galloway was about to suggest that there might be wires in its body that they could use, when a voice interrupted their thoughts. "That's not a nice thing to say about Mr. Crowley." Rob had returned with some bottles of water that he passed out to his captives, and a notepad. His perpetual keyboard was still tucked beneath one arm. "Mr. Crowley?" Galloway asked Rob. He shrugged. "I was big into Scooby Doo back when my parents got that for me." "It's hideous," Halley remarked. "No wonder you're so fucked up." "Mighty strong words coming from someone who violates people's personal spaces," Rob replied. He was looking thoughtfully at the puppet. "I feel better knowing you weren't innocent in anything," Halley shot back. "Admit it, you're curious about what my computer can

do.""I admit it," Halley folded her arms. The collection of prisoners all regarded Rob from their cells."I'm curious about it too," Rob was still thoughtfully staring at the puppet on the floor. His words were more to himself than to the group that stared back. "I mean, pretty much everything I've been doing is sort of as an experiment— testing things out. I didn't plan for this. I didn't spend years trying to figure out how to mind control people. It just happened one day. Kelsey was a pretty easy test that was a total accident. I was just typing up a dirty story one day, because I was lonely, horny, and wanted to use my imagination a little. Next thing I know, she's knocking on my door and throwing herself at me."Halley had already heard this explanation, but it was more for the benefit of the group. And the more Rob explained to them, the better he felt. Like a weight off his chest. "Everything that I type onto this computer, it just happens. Exactly the way that I imagine. It happens. So I tried another test. Would two straight girls compromise their sexuality for a lesbian romp?" Rob reiterated the night he had a threesome with Lucy and Tina in the basement laundry area. "Then I did more and more experiments. Would a mother throw herself at her son? Would the son do it willingly? Would a sister and brother connect over chat? Could I influence someone's fetishes? Could I turn a group of hardened officers into a bunch of slobbering sex fiends?"Most of the group blushed as Rob talked about them. But Halley's expression was thoughtful."It was all just me testing my powers, what I was capable of and how much of an effect it could all really have.""Don't give me that crap," Halley rolled her eyes. "You were horny and you got grabbed by the addiction. Like a drug, each new high was harder and harder to top, so you went darker and darker.""You're right," Rob admitted. "It's hard to go back to the old basics once you realize you can orchestrate literally anything your imagination can come up with. But it was two birds with one stone. Will I enjoy it? Can it be done?" His eyes grew distant again as he stared at the ugly carved face of his old childhood toy. "But now... I'm starting to think I haven't been imaginative enough. I'm curious about something else too. Can the computer do more than control minds?"He sat down on a nearby chair, ignoring the pleas and remarks of the prisoners. Then Rob began to do a familiar thing that made all of them inwardly shiver. He began to type. At first, nothing happened. The prisoners smartly fell silent. None of them wanted to catch Rob's attention and become the test subject of his next "experiment". But Rob's attention wasn't on them. It was on the ventriloquist dummy in the center of the floor. "You know... when I was a kid," Rob explained, "I didn't have many friends. I never really did. Too shy. Picked on too much. Didn't trust people. I used to talk to myself a lot. My parents worried about me. So instead of doing something drastic like sending me for therapy or putting me in the loony bin, they got me Mr. Crowley. Hmmm... kind of fitting, don't you think? Maybe the puppet was an early manifestation of what was to come— my desire to control people." Rob nodded his head at the doll. "My parents wanted me to turn a flaw like loneliness into something creative. They were smart like that. So I used to talk to

the doll, and I'd make him talk back to me. We'd have conversations. My friend."He smiled sadly at the memory. But then his expression changed. "It was hollow. It wasn't real. I gave up after a while. Because no matter how much we talked, it was still all just me. It was never really my friend. It didn't have a mind of its own."Rob continued to type feverishly. There was a palpable sense of dread throughout the room, as his focus remained on the puppet. What was he going to do?"I mean, I can control minds with this computer. But if whatever I type happens... maybe I can do other things. Maybe I can bend reality as we know it."Suddenly the puppet sat up all by itself. Danni screamed. The officers locked in the cell with Halley and the dummy all leapt backward, cursing with surprise.The frozen face of the ventriloquist doll grinned at Rob through the bars."It's alive!" Rob cackled in delight.The doll's head panned slowly around the room. Its eyes flicking mechanically in their little sockets. The mouth opened with a soft clacking sound.Halley paled considerably at the sight of the doll moving on its own. She backed uncomfortably away, visibly afraid, but trying not to show it too much just yet. She was worried that if she really made her fear obvious, Rob would seize on that. "That's great," she said, uneasy. "Wanna put it back to sleep?"The doll twisted face locked onto Halley. His animated eyebrows waggled up and down at her suggestively."I think Mr. Crowley likes you," Rob commented with a laugh."That's great, Rob. Seriously, though, make him knock it off."The doll clambered clumsily to its feet. It wobbled like a baby fawn learning to walk, but it stood. Halley backed up until her ass pressed against the wall of the cage. On its feet, it stood nearly three feet tall- almost up to Halley's waist.Everyone watched in horror as the inanimate object took on an impossible life of its own.The sight was unnerving. The dummy's smile never wavered as it toddled clumsily toward its intended target, its arms outstretched."Seriously, Rob. Keep this fuckin' thing away from me, before I drop kick the shit out of it," Halley threatened. Although she looked genuinely unnerved. Her eyes were big. Her chest was rising in falling. Her back was pressed to the cage."Think you could hurt it? Give it a try." Rob smiled. There was a darkness to his face that nobody liked, as though he was enjoying tormenting Halley.Alvarado stepped in and gave the dummy a firm kick. He almost lost his balance and toppled backward. The dummy did not move at all. It didn't budge. It kept right on smiling at Halley as though it wasn't the least bit phased.By now both officers Alvarado and York were trying to pick up the dummy and move it, but they found they couldn't lift it, couldn't budge it, couldn't get it to change course."Alright, you proved your point," Halley commented as the dummy stepped in front of her. "You brought your little Golem to life. You want to stop fucking around?"report

NEXT PAGE

"I think Mr. Crowley wants to play," Rob licked his lips and began to type.The dummy reached out a long wooden hand. To everyone's surprise,

the carved wooden fingers flexed and moved— without much grace, but they moved, nonetheless. And the dummy ran his hands over Halley's thighs. "Stop that," she smacked at the hands. The dummy tilted its head and stared up at her with those cold emotionless eyes. "Let's give him a voice," Rob said. "I almost imagined him to talk something like... this..." The doll's mouth began to move. Then a voice rolled out, snarky and obnoxious. A cartoonish version of Groucho Marx. "What's up, slut? Take them pants off? Wadda ya say?" Rob snickered to himself. "Stop it, Rob," Galloway yelled from her cage. "Very funny. Enough's enough," Halley looked uncomfortable as the wooden doll spoke to her. "Face your fear!" Rob called, delighted in himself. "You wanted a demonstration, on how I can make things happen. Well, lady cop, you got it." "I wasn't joking, ya whore bag. My wood is killing me," the dummy said to a nervous Halley. "I want to see you strip like the whore you are." Suddenly the dummy's eyes began to glow a bright red. The little wooden hands reached for her. Halley cried out in fear. "Off with those pants, bitch!" It snarled in a voice from another world. That voice, and those menacing eyes meant business. That drove the point home. Halley's trembling hands began to fumble the button of her uniform pants. "Enough," Captain Graver barked from his cage. Again, Officers York and Alvarado attempted to intervene. Mr. Crowley shot them an angry look. His animated eyebrows menaced in an expression of fury, and his eyes were aglow with red fire. Rob typed thoughtfully, and suddenly the men in Halley's cage were thrown backward by an unseen force. They hit the back wall with an "oof", and weren't able to move. They struggled, but it was as though they were being held there. "I think the boss demands a captive audience," Rob commented. And when he glanced down at himself, was a little surprised to see that he was sporting a massive erection through his pants. Had forcing these people around actually made him hard? His conscious brain told him it was the power. He was getting off on it. When he looked back to his collection of prisoners, he smiled. "Speaking of demands. I have a few needs for myself. So let's have some fun... all of us." Rob went up and down the cells, gazing at his prisoners. He wanted to have fun, but he didn't want them all of sound mind, shouting threats and curses at him. Tina was first. Alone in her cell, he typed a few words, and she began to run her hands over her body. He was going to make her desperately horny— torment her with her own libido. He looked around her cage at the old objects stacked around and smiled at the thought of the wild haired exotic vixen getting creative to entertain herself with the various tools and objects scattered throughout. Moving on, he paused in front of Danni Esposito, alone in her cage. She scooted back, hoping to get away from him. Maybe he'd sold her short. She was a very pretty girl. She didn't have a pair of melons like Lucy or Tina. And she didn't have fiery hair and a wild personality like Galloway... but she was gorgeous in her own right. "I'll make some plans for you," he assured her. But in the meantime, he decided to tweak her personality ever so slightly— give her a more docile composure so she wasn't freaking out. Within seconds, Danni's eyes fluttered, and she took on a more hippy-ish

'everything will be alright' appearance. Ethan and Meg were next. Rob glanced at them. Meg was still in the throws of trying to resist her urges— urges that Rob had imparted into her behavior and personality. She was horny, and mostly for her son. Rob decided he was going to dial that up quite a bit. "I'm sorry, Ethan," he told the kid with the crutches. "You're a smart kid. Too smart. I don't want you to have time thinking about how to get out of here while I enjoy some leisure time." Rob started to type, and Meg's reaction was visible and immediate. She bit her bottom lip and let out a soft pleasurable sigh. He was going to give her a craving for cock, the likes of which Ethan couldn't imagine. "Ethan..." Meg sighed out, unable to stop herself from running her hands over her body. "I— I..." she trailed off as her whole body quivered and her head rolled back in pleasure. Her eyes fluttered. She touched herself more eagerly. "Ethan, I need you... I need you so badly..." There was desperation in her voice. "Please forgive mommy for what I'm about to do." Then she started toward Ethan. It would no longer matter what Ethan said or did. She was going to take him. Ethan cast a shameful glance to Rob, then at his mother, then down to himself. "Just know," Rob said sympathetically, "That nobody will judge you for anything you do. Not here. Do everything you've always dreamt of doing." And as Meg began to slow crawl like a sex hungry animal toward her son, Rob smiled and simply said "Have fun." He stopped in front of Galloway next, even as the sounds of moans began to fill the room. Tina had found herself the curved rubber handle of a plastic mallet and had begun to penetrate herself... and she was being quite vocal about it. Galloway glowered at him through the bars. A little narrative to calm her down. Then he'd be back. He pacified Graver and Lucy. Lucy would revert back to her bratty horny desperation, and Graver would be trapped between fending her off and watching the defilement of his wife to-be. The men in Halley's cell were helplessly frozen in time, watching as the evil little puppet barked his orders at Halley. He slapped her ass with a tiny wooden hand. "I said get those fuckin' pants off, ya slut," the puppet barked. Halley's hands were fearfully shaking as she started to wiggle out of her military style pants. "I demanded a show, slut. Not a tremble fest. Dance, like the stripper you are," the Dummy said. He grabbed her ass and roughly manhandled her to the center of the cage. Halley looked mystified that a doll, barely half her height, was so strong and forceful. She fell to her knees. "I don't know, Mr. Crowley," Rob said. "I think she needs a little incentive, don't you?" "Stop," Captain Graver called over, although it wasn't clear if he was talking to Rob regarding Halley, or if he was trying to negotiate with Lucy, who had begun to disrobe, bouncing herself eagerly and pawing at Graver. "I think she does," Mr. Crowley agreed. "Let's show everyone down here what a little slut this bitch can be for some big hardwood." The puppet awkwardly toddled in front of Halley, and something in the dummy's pants began to grow like a pool toy steadily inflating. As Halley began to pick herself off the floor, she caught sight of it, and her eyes widened. "You've got to be fuckin' kidding me." "Does this look like I'm kidding you, bitch?" The

puppet glared at her behind those evil glassy marbles for eyes. The tent in his baggy pants grew and grew. "You're a sick fuck," Graver called from his cage, but Lucy had already managed to get his belt off, his pants were roughly shoved halfway down his hips by the college girl's incorrigible advances. She was playfully smacking his butt again and again with the belt, and giggling as she did. Rob ignored him, continuing to type. The show he was putting on would be the most intricate he'd ever juggled so far. The puppet tucked his hands into his waist band and pushed his miniature black slacks down his skinny match-stick legs. And there, between his narrow wooden hips, it bounced and flopped. Rob had described the puppet as well endowed, but even he didn't believe it would actually work. At least not as well as it had. Because connected to the ventriloquist doll was an extremely life-like penis. Rob had gifted his childhood toy with a cock that was a foot long. With the puppet's already short size, it could have acted as a kick stand. It bobbed and twitched. It pulsed. It was as real as could be imagined, attached to a demonic little doll. "Jesus Christ," Halley was shocked and horrified. "That's right, bitch. Get a good long look at this dick," the puppet's perpetually grinning mouth clacked and moved. Halley went to back away again, but Rob's fingers flew across the keyboard faster than she could react to this absurd development. Instead, she knelt there, staring at the animated puppet's enormous cock. "Yeah? You fuckin' like a big dick, don't you?" Mr. Crowley asked, his little feet clacking on the basement floor as he stepped in front of her, wagging his member from side to side. Halley's was aware that she was nodding, with very little control of herself. She was no longer driving the ship. Rob was. "Sweep the hair out of your eyes, and take a good long look at it, baby," the puppet said, poking fun at the perpetual swooping bang that always hung over one of Halley's eyes. She did as she was told and fixed her gaze on it. "That's the cock that's going to be violating you in front of all your friends," the puppet said. Halley could only lick her lips. The basement was coming alive with activity. Graver was fending off Lucy's advances, but it was a losing battle. His back was pressed against the steel mesh that separated Halley's cage from theirs, his fingers clinging, and his face a mask of shame. Between what was happening with Halley and what was happening to him, he was visibly torn. Lucy was on her knees in front of him. Her mouth was locked around his cock, and she was bobbing her head with long slurping sucks, and even longer strokes of her fist. She was moaning in high pitched squeals. A few cells over, Ethan was looking apologetically at Galloway. Meg had shed the last of her clothes. Ethan had hobbled in circles on his crutches around the cage to avoid his sex crazed mother. But she was faster and more agile. She had him pinned in a corner of the cell. Her fingers were laced through his hair and she was aggressively tasting his lips, grinding her body against his. Whatever mental barriers Ethan was putting up to resist her were gradually crumbling. He was sporting a pretty impressive tent in his pants now, and the bigger it got, the harder Meg mashed her body against it. Ethan risked a look to Galloway one last time. She was

staring back with a look of betrayal and sympathy. "It's okay," she said wordlessly. A moment later, Ethan shut his eyes, and his tongue began to return the eager kisses that his mother's mouth was spurring from him. Tina had traded her already slutty outfit for her birthday suit. Her bronzed skin was covered in goosebumps as she propped herself up against the cage wall. She'd spread out a multitude of play things. At the moment, she was rubbing an old tattered stuffed Winnie the Pooh bear aggressively between her legs, while she teased her tongue around the handle of the mallet she'd been previously fucking herself with. One cage over, and Danni was watching it all with calm, relaxed eyes, as though she was seeing it all through the foggy lens of a relaxing dream. Only Galloway was the one without much purpose, and Rob decided to change that. He typed a few passages, and walked over to her cage. She regarded him with hatred. But then her expression melted to something more... malleable—lust. Though she fought to resist at first, Rob saw the glassiness come over her eyes. Her tongue tasted her own lips. "Are you going to be a good girl for me?" He asked her. Galloway met his eyes. There was a desperate need in them. She nodded. He opened her cage door. She came willingly. It was his turn to finally have her. The men in Halley's cell were helplessly treated to the most bizarre show of all. Halley curiously leaned her face forward, no longer able to help it, as Rob's descriptive words turned a fiction story into reality. She flicked her tongue out across the head of Mr. Crowley's big puppet penis. It tasted like the real thing. The puppet slapped her with one tiny wooden hand that stung her cheek. "I didn't say to taste it yet, you disobedient slut." Halley whimpered meekly. "I'm sorry." "You're sorry *sir*," the evil puppet growled at her. "I told you to stand up and to strip for me. I want you to show yourself to me first," he said. To hear such a tiny creature barking such fierce commands over someone so much taller and stronger was an oddity—especially someone like Halley. "And you better impress the hell out of me. You wouldn't want me to discipline you, would you?" "No sir," the words were slutty and complacent, but there was genuine nervous energy about Halley's demeanor that might have been authentic fear. Regardless, she stood. Since her gang fucking, she hadn't fully redressed. Her jacket was off. She teased her shirt up and down her tummy for the benefit of the demonic froze expression of the talking puppet. It stood as still as a statue, watching... loving... this grown empowered woman reducing herself to this—stripping for an animated toy. As Halley popped her hips, spun around, and bent forward to shake her shapely ass at the puppet, Rob led Galloway out to the middle of the basement floor where he could fully enjoy the show. "I've wanted this since we first met," he said, removing his growing erection from his pants. Galloway took one look at it, and then back up at him. They grabbed each other and began to kiss in a feverish passion, as though their plane was about to splash into the ocean. He moaned around Galloway's full pink lips. "For a girl who sucks a lot of cock, you taste very good," he moaned around her tongue, as she expertly used it to wrestle his. Her mouth tasted of strawberries. The hardness of her muscles was obvious as her

body pressed against him. She felt powerful, and smooth, and like she could do wild things to him...Galloway's only response was to reach down a sudden eager hand and grasp Rob's growing boner. She used the palm of her hand to rub him in fast rough circles. He moaned, already thrilled that he'd finally ensnared this beauty. If she kept up like this, she could easily become his new favorite..."Enough with the ass shaking and the stomach teasing, ya hussy," Mr. Crowley's sharp voice was barking and chattering from Halley's cell. "I want to see some tits, and I want to see them right now!" His little arm shot out at lightning speed and gave her another slap across the ass. Both of her buns jiggled in her fatigue pants. She yelped and jumped. She spun back around to face him, ignoring the urge to rub the sting on her behind, or the urge to cry. His sting had brought tears to her eyes. Halley only felt an overwhelming urge to please this evil little Golem. "Yes sir, sorry sir." She said, and started to pull her tank top up over her head. She'd put her bra back on, but that would change. "Never forget that you belong to me," the puppet snapped at her. "I won't, sir," she said, feeling enslaved by this ugly little monster. She swallowed, keeping up with her strip tease, twirling the tank around her like a scarf, moving it across her neck and shoulders before letting it drop. She moved the straps of her bra down either shoulder, teasing her perky breasts into view. The tops of her pink nipples began peek over the edge of her cups like the rising sun cresting the horizon. "And never forget that those perky titties belong to me, too," the puppet drove the point home by reached out and giving them another sharp and painful slap that made Halley whimper, and her knees tremble. "Do you want to suck at them, sir?" she offered with a shaky unsteady voice that was very unbecoming of Halley's strong dry personality. "How the fuck can I do that, ya moron?" Mr. Crowley insulted her right back. "I don't have a tongue or lips that can move." Halley looked dejected... hurt. "On your knees!" he ordered. Halley dropped complacently to her knees, and the puppet stood before her, his head at chin-height. Despite his insults, the dummy leaned forward and took her nipple into his mouth. It wasn't warm, wet, or soft like a real mouth. His mouth was hard carved wood. When he opened and closed his lips, he was only able to pinch and pull at hard nipples. It hurt, but the sensation sent chills through her body. Like little bolts of electricity. Halley moaned, sweeping her hair back behind her ears and unhooking her bra, letting it drop onto the dirt floor as the dummy latched on and violated her tits with his crude little mouth. She leaned back and thrust her tits harder into his face, as Mr. Crowley bent over her. He feasted on her nipples, each nibble jolting her with the kind of sharp pain that only a dry pinch could bring. She reached out one groping hand, feeling for his cock. Halley wasn't the only woman in the room seeking out the hard reassurance of a big swollen reproductive organ. They all were. In the center of the floor, Galloway had unbuckled Rob's pants and removed his hard penis. There wasn't a snarky comment from the bold and unabashed young officer. No joke, no dry insult, and no hesitation. The moment she saw his erection, she plunged it deep into her mouth to

the back of her throat and began to suck greedily on it. Rob was pleased with himself. "Oh, Officer Wild Cherry. I regret not doing this with you more often," he moaned. "You're very talented." He glanced up and spotted Ethan watching him from his cage with envy in his eyes. Not that Ethan was in a position to complain. He was sitting on the dirt floor, his pants around his ankles— his mother had practically ripped them off. She was kneeling between his legs, bobbing her head and pivoting her hand all around his cock as she sucked him. Her playful bouncy hair pooled up in his lap, and her hips swaying from side to side like a dog wagging its tail. "In fact," Rob said, staring Ethan in the eyes as he spoke with Galloway, "I think you could easily replace Kelsey as my favorite. I think you ought to move in tomorrow and we could become live-in lovers." Ethan was hating Rob in that moment, but his eyelids fluttered. Meg's drool was running wetly down her son's cock as she sucked in uncontrolled desperate lust. Delicious wet sounds were coming from Graver's cage as well. The once proud captain was staring in shame at the young lady who was gobbling his erection. She wouldn't let up. She took him down her throat until her glasses pressed into his stomach. Her hands caressed and kneaded at her huge milky white tits, mashing them together, squeezing them, massaging and pinching at them. A streamer of drool clung to Graver's balls and traced wet lines across Lucy's luscious tits. Eventually she popped off of his cock and stroked him several times before kneeling higher and teasing her big tits along his soaking wet dick. Graver's mind was still aware, but the lust had clearly set in. He was going to let her do these things to him. Because despite the situation, he was still just a man, and he was horny, and presented with the perfect opportunity to have wild animalistic sex with a busty redheaded school girl. Rob couldn't begrudge them that. He couldn't begrudge any of them. ...Well... maybe except for Halley. The filthy slut wasn't even fooling around with a man. She was violating herself with one of Rob's childhood toys. The little doll was manhandling Halley's chest by now. She was leaning back, sitting on the heels of her boots. It was quite a sight to behold. An engaged professional woman of law enforcement was surrendering himself to the sexual advances and harsh instructions of what was basically a horror movie type of toy. She was gasping, whimpering and biting her own lip as the little dummy gnawed on her hard nipples. His tiny wooden hands gripped them from either side, jiggling them harshly, slapping them around. There was a clumsiness to his movements, that made the act look all the more twisted and nightmarish. And restrained to the wall, her men watched on, the audience in her fucked up display of submission and degeneracy. report

NEXT PAGE

Halley's hands were locked around the puppet's cock. She was stroking him suggestively. "I bet you felt a lot of cocks, you filthy slut," the puppet said disrespectfully to her, around a mouthful of her hard nipples. "But have you ever felt one so big?" "No, never," Halley admitted with a quivering voice. "It's huge." "And it's going inside of

you, you big-assed slut. Now get up, and show me the rest of you, you fuckin' cock tease," it smacked her on the side of the face. Halley whimpered again, but Rob's narration on his computer had made it so she liked it. Her backbone was gone. She was now just the submissive little cock hungry slut that she deserved to be. She climbed to her feet and unzipped her uniform pants the rest of the way. She turned her back to the puppet and showed off her ass, sashaying her hips as she did. "Do you like it?" she asked, desperate for approval. "I've seen better," the puppet replied and smacked her on the ass. "Mmmm yeah, smack that big donkey ass," he mumbled before running his stiff fingers along her thong. "But I'm going to fuck you all the same, bitch. Because your men are watching, and your future husband is watching, and it's important that everyone know who you really belong to." He slapped her again. "Oh! Yes sir," she cried out, letting her pants drop the rest of the way to her ankles. "On your knees, bitch," the puppet slapped her so hard that a small red handprint appeared at the tender spot on her thigh just below her butt. He gave her thong a firm tug and practically yanked her to her knees. "It's not easy being short. You bring yourself down to my level, from now on." Halley grunted. "Yes sir," she said weakly. On her knees now, she clutched the cage in front of her, lacing her fingers through the wire and holding on tightly, supporting herself. The puppet clattered into place behind her, and wagged his cock, smacking it off the insides of her smooth thighs. Halley grunted, panting in anticipation. When she glanced over her shoulder, she spotted the evil wooden face of the puppet. His grin was unchanging, his eyes hard and staring. His eyes, mouth, and brows moved with fast mechanical clicks, driving home the fact that there was nothing human about this walking talking nightmare. She was going to fuck a puppet... or rather a puppet was going to fuck her. "Well?" Mr. Crowley glared at her. "Beg for it, bitch. Beg for this big fat monster cock." He ordered her. Halley shut her eyes. Despite her raging hormones and her dyer need to submit, to have every urge satisfied by this creature, there was still a very real sense of shame and humiliation to what she was about to do. "Please, Mr. Crowley..." she said in a voice that nobody who knew her recognized (she, least of all). "Please fuck me. Push that big fake dick into me. Use me however you want." She shook her ass, she wiggled her hips. She licked her lips. She wanted it so badly, she could feel the juices running down her inner thighs. Was she actually leaking at the thought of what was to come? "Fuck me any way you want, all day, every day. I'm..." she couldn't believe what she was about to say... the irony as it came to her. "I'm the puppet." She said and her cheeks reddened. "Use this fuck puppet however you want. Throw me around. Choke me. Put whatever you want into where ever you want to put it. It's all yours for the taking." The puppet's face, while moving and grinning, never gave too much away as to whether she was pleasing him with her words. But all the same, his mouth clacked and he let out a long humiliating laugh at her expense. "Take notes, all the rest of you sluts," he sang out to the other women in the room (although most of them were indifferent, focused on their own distractions). "That is

how you beg for dick."He slapped her ass once more, making Halley cry out. Then he spread her cheeks, and without the least bit of gentleness, a puppet, barely three feet tall, made of wood and wires violated Halley's pussy in a dirty basement, in front of everyone she cared about and respected.His big fake cock sank deep into her body, and she let out the highest and most girlish whine of her life. Then the puppet latched onto her hips and he began to hump her. "You like that, fuck puppet?" "Yes!" She cried out."You're the real puppet. Say it!" He demanded in that snarky obnoxious voice."I'm the real puppet. I'm the fuck puppet. I'm your puppet," she grunted each time he withdrew, then pushed the dick back inside of her lips, spreading her open and penetrating her to new limits of what her body could accommodate.In the next cage, staring back at Halley's face, contorted in pleasure and colored by her own embarrassment, her future husband watched. Only he was in no place to judge her. Because as Halley was being roughly fucked by the clumsy wobbling movements of a ventriloquist dummy, Captain Graver was on his knees behind Lucy's big bouncing ass. She was moving her hips back and forth into him, her pussy swallowing up his throbbing manhood. Each time he sank his unprotected cock into her body, her ass shook. And each time it shook, she squealed in delight."Fuck me, Riley," she insisted, panting, and bracing herself on the cage in front of her. "Fuck me like you love me!"Graver bit his lips together. He hated himself and the personality that took over Lucy, but her pussy was just too good to resist. He fucked her harder and harder, hearing the sound of her big heavy boobs slapping together as they hung over the dirt floor.He and Lucy were staring right back at Halley and Mr. Crowley. Lucy locked eyes with Halley through the bars. "This is my man," she barked at Halley. "Get that straight, you puppet fucking slut. You have your new guy. This is my dick from now on, and I'm going to fuck it all the time! Morning, noon, and night. Do you understand?"Halley whined as Mr. Crowley plowed her with unrelenting supernatural vigor. "Yes!" She cried out, even as the puppet brought her to orgasm. "Yes! I understand!" "Call me Mistress, and say it again," Lucy was insistent in that annoying way that she had."Yes Mistress! He's yours now. I can never have him," Halley could barely catch her breath. She was being fucked relentless by an evil grinning machine in a cheap doll suit and bow tie."Glad you understand," Lucy said and leaned upright on her knees as Graver fucked and fucked. Lucy mashed her huge tits against the cage wires in front of Halley's face, until her tits resembled a tied up Hatfield Ham. "Lick them, you dummy fucking bitch!"And Halley once again obeyed. She pressed her face to the milky white tits that squeezed between cage wires, and she licked at Lucy's smooth white breasts.Lucy squealed in delight as Halley's hot wet tongue found her nipple. "Oooh, Riley, she's really doing it! Look Riley! Look at what a dumb slut she is!"Graver saw it, grinding his teeth at the annoying childish way that Lucy spoke. Everything was becoming feverish- not just in the way Lucy behaved, but all of them. He sensed that something was unfolding... building up... and he was powerless to stop it. Hell, he couldn't even stop himself. He hung on tight to her

jiggling ass, and watched his cock disappearing into her wet folds again and again. Each time it emerged, he was coated with a thick layer of her wetness. And the sight of his fiancée— the strongest and most independent woman he'd ever known— now wedged between a walking talking sex toy, and licking desperately at another girl's tits... Graver had never dreamt anything this wild could happen to him. Maybe this wasn't so bad after all. Maybe he could get used to this...What was he saying? This was unspeakable. But knowing that didn't stop him. He reached around Lucy and cupped her huge melons, holding them up to Halley's mouth. "Lick these tits, you big baby bitch," he said to her, unable to stop himself. The debauchorous sounds of feverish sex were all over the basement now. A few cells over, Ethan and Meg had evolved from a blow job to full blown incest once again. Ethan was on his back and Meg was straddling him. "I love you, Ethan," Meggy was panting as she was riding her own son with unnatural energy. The fast up-down-up-down movements of her petite body were ceaseless, with no sign of stopping. His cock was vanishing between her juicy butt cheeks again and again. He was dumbfounded that this could be happening, but it was. She was caressing his face. Alternating between kissing her son— making out with him in passionate long wrestling matches with their tongues— and whispering loving coos to her baby boy. "Mommy loves you. It's okay. It's all okay. We're both feeling good. And as long as we're both feeling good, this isn't bad. This is more than okay. This is how it should have always been between us." Her words were droning on and on. Ethan's fearful fingers were raking through the dirt of the floor. He knew he was enjoying it. He knew he was turned on. But he also knew he wouldn't be able to stop this, not any time soon. In fact, he was sure that if he came right now, his mother would keep going. She would continue to ride and ride until he was erect again. That was a question that nagged at him as they fucked on the dirty basement floor. How long would they be at this? Forever? Would Rob make them fuck forever? Would his mother ride him and ride him and ride him? How many orgasms would she coarse out of him? How many was he even capable of? Ethan had a deep and terrified feeling that he was about to learn. Several cells over, Tina was having the time of her life. The exotic college slut was putting on a one woman show. She'd progressed from fucking the handle of the tool to now grinding herself on the seat of an old mountain bike. Her moist lips left a trail of wetness across the seat and her juicy butt bounced up and down as she grinded her hips, swayed them from side to side, made little rotations with them. She was horny beyond the capacity for rational thought. In the center of the floor, Rob took Galloway. Her pants were off. She was on all fours like the animal that she was. Rob had mounted up behind her, taking a moment to admire her figure. "Full pink lips to match the ones on your mouth," he'd remarked as he probed her now presented body. When he slid his cock into her, it felt like it always belonged there. A wanderer who'd found his way home. "Ahhhh, yessss" he sighed with pleasure. Galloway moaned back and leveraged her body to fuck herself on Rob's penetrating staff. "Who's a good slut?" Rob asked and gave Galloway's firm ass a hard slap. He felt like it stung his

hand as much as it stung her. "Me," she cried out happily. "Yes you are," he gave her hair a tug and her ass another slap to spur her into motion. The fucked on the floor like animals. Rob was in absolute delight as he admired his kingdom... his domain. He'd created this. An orgy of absolute debauchery. Even the sight of Halley and the puppet was wild beyond imagination. But something was missing... He gazed at the lone cell where Danni Esposito sat, in an almost stupor. Such a shame that she had nobody to play with. She really was a glamorous looking girl. He decided that she too needed a plaything, and as he looked at the nightmarish puppet of his old childhood toy, now very well hung, and punishing Halley for being a nosy little bitch, he realized that he could conjure up anything. Literally anything. "Slow down, Wild Cherry," he said to Galloway, and she did. Her movements and sliding hips became slow and sensual, methodic. He rested his wireless keyboard on her back, like she was a table. And then he began to type.***The basement was still alive with the sounds of group sex. Lucy and Graver were going at it like bunnies. Graver was on his back and Lucy was bouncing on his shaft like a kid riding a hobby horse. Her red curly hair was flying and her tits were spinning in wide arcs from her unrelenting movements. Graver was on his second orgasm now. The college slut hadn't even slowed after she'd worked a load from his balls and into her body. Now she was building him up for another. He moaned helplessly from the dirt floor, too far gone to do anything but enjoy his fate. Halley had submitted herself completely to the monster from her nightmares— an evil puppet with perverted intent. First, Mr. Crowley had fucked her up against the cage on all fours. Then she'd pinned the little doll to the floor and ridden him (much like how Lucy was riding her man). Then the doll had ordered a blow job, while Halley enthusiastically delivered. That was all a prerequisite. Because now, the ventriloquist doll was going to squeeze his giant cock into her tight little ass hole. Halley's moans of pleasure and pain roared above the rest for a brief moment as she sat down on him. Then she was riding once again while the puppet made dark and disparaging remarks about Halley's promiscuity, body, and person. All the while, her men were forced to watch this side of their boss that they'd never seen, and probably would never again. Ethan and Meggy were in the throws of dark and regretful passion. Ethan had Meg on her back now. Her feet on the floor, her knees on either side of him. She caressed her son as he fucked her. Ethan kept looking around, assessing the situation, but he was making no move to stop fucking his mother, having given up his resistance long ago. There was something passionate and almost loving about the way they went at it. They weren't "fucking". They were "making love" in as true of a sense as a son can make love to his mother. Tina... well... it didn't matter what Tina found to pleasure herself with. It wasn't enough and would never be. That only left one matter unresolved. Galloway and Rob stopped fucking entirely. She had become a table to rest his keyboard on as he concocted his latest creation— Danni's new lover. And Rob waited in anticipation for it to finally appear. At first they heard nothing over the chorus of moans, whimpers, screams, and dirty words being

broadcast throughout the room. Then little by little, they heard the thumps on the boards above their heads. Rob smiled to himself as they grew heavier, louder, and more ominous. Dust rained from the ceiling. The house began to shake on its very foundation. It sounded like the approach of a giant. Ethan, the only one of actual sound mind lately, may have cast a concerned glance to the ceiling, but otherwise, he was enraptured with the quivering urges of his mother's body. Then the basement door opened and *he* descended. A moment later, and a shadow so immense filled out the doorframe into the room. It had to stoop and duck to fit in the storage room with them. In a voice so deep that it rumbled throughout the room and shook the wire in the cage frames, it called out "Danni, your lover is home." Rob smiled. Ethan looked up, horrified. Danni, under Rob's control smiled in an expression of pleasure and love. "Hi Bill. I've missed you." Only it wasn't Bill. Not the real one, anyway, and not as he looked in real life. What stood before them all was an 8 foot tall, steroid-infused monstrosity that barely resembled a man. He had to walk hunched-over like an ogre from a hellish dungeon, to keep from bashing his oversized square head on the rafters. His brow had been distorted to resemble a caveman, and his jaw was squared and jutting like Frankenstein's monster. It could have been Bill, if Bill had been subjected to some sort of military super soldier experimentation. He was now as tall as a Sasquatch and as muscular as a gorilla. His arms bulged with muscles the size of beach balls. Veins popped out on them, running from an impossibly thick neck, all the way down to hands that could palm a watermelon. He was naked, because clothes would have been impossible for him to fit in (or for the convenience of Rob's imagination, perhaps). But between thighs that were tree trunks, swung a cock as thick as a branch. Rob had gifted this monstrous creation with a cock that rivaled a baseball bat. It was throbbing and pulsing. Veins shown through it, like the ones coiled on his biceps. He strode toward his sister with hunger in his eyes. It may not have been the most creative thing that Rob could have concocted for this occasion, but his cock was also half buried in the soaking wet snatch of his sexy and powerful neighbor, Galloway. And she was able to do things with her body. She was squeezing his manhood tightly with the muscles of her pussy. The feeling was wildly hot and pleasant. Rob's brain was no longer functioning with any degree of deliberation. The best he could do was to combine man and beast into one massive creature— like a super villain straight out of a Batman comic. Bill, back from enduring a military experiment gone wrong. And to create that image, Bill drooled dumbly at the sight of his sister, and his cock lifted and dropped like the muscles of an arm. Ethan's eyes popped, even as his cock sank again into his mother's womb. He looked at Rob with a pleading shake of his head. No. "I'm sorry kid," Rob said softly. "I know you like her, but I neglected her for too long. Time to make up for that." "Bill, I've been waiting for you for so long," Danni said with an eager trembling voice. Bill grunted dumbly. "Danniiiiii," he snarled and pushed his way into her cage. The door bent on its frame and the lock popped. She squealed with joy. "Come and take me... I want you so badly..." She jumped into her

brother's arms, and he scooped the slender college girl up easily in arms that were as big around as her whole body. Then she was kissing him. His head oversized in relation to hers, and his mouth nearly triple the size of hers. Yet she planted her inviting lips on his and slid her tongue around to taste him, making a play to wiggle it into his mouth. Bill reciprocated, because a moment later, her eyes widened and a muffled whimper escaped as his big sloppy tongue filled her mouth. Danni hung on, folding her arms and legs around him. Enticed by Danni's kissing, Bill stomped further into the cell and pushed Danni up against the nearest wall of the cage. They made out hard and fiercely. Danni's hands went behind her, to the cage wall, where she folded her fingers around and hung on. Ethan stared up at her back, from where he lay between his mother's thighs. And despite the situation, he reached up, slipped his hand through the bars, and squeezed Danni's hand. From somewhere, deep down beyond all of the mind control and the spell, Danni— the real Danni— must have sensed him, because she squeezed back. They held hands, even as the brother and sister kiss went on and on, for what felt like hours. They were both panting, fighting to catch their breath. Eventually, Bill lowered Danni to the floor, and still, she held Ethan's hand, even as she scooped up Bill's monster erection in one hand. She gazed up at her brother's nearly unrecognizable face as she brought the bloated horse-like head of his penis to her lips. Then she opened wide and took him into the warm embrace of her mouth. It was a struggle to even fit him in, but she was determined to try. Danni's cheeks bulged out at the massive size she was sucking on. The Bill Monster groaned his approval and began to buck his hips into his sister's mouth. She struggled, but her lips never let go. She let him fuck her face. She bobbed her head. When his shaft hit the back of her throat, she choked, but she powered through it, nonetheless. She couldn't stop, and neither could Ethan. Ethan's hips continued all the while, pushing his member in and out of his mother's needy body. She moaned her approval at what her son was doing to her. Ethan's fingers interlaced with Danni's. They squeezed and squeezed. report

NEXT PAGE

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that didn't match the worry in those big doe-like eyes. He couldn't take it any longer. The speculating. It was all just a waste of time. Without a word, he stood up, resolved in his decision. "You're going." It wasn't a question. But the worry was very obvious in her face. Tara Jane Berger's eyes started to tear up with the mortal panic that she might never see him again. Chris Berger smiled at his wife. It was neither reassuring, nor was it a happy smile. He was using these final moments to wear an expression that he would want her to always remember him looking— calm. He took a final few moments to savor her. Pretty little TJ with the wild golden hair, the sun-kissed skin, the big starry eyes, and the perpetual calmness in her voice and her demeanor— like a careless child dancing in the sun. She was even wearing her favorite color— yellow. "If I don't come back, just know that I love you," he kissed her up-turned mouth. Then he was grabbing for his keys. A while ago, he had promised himself that Rob would pay for the things he'd done. It was time to make good on that promise.*** Hollow Pleasure to be continued... ***report

NEXT PAGE

Much like his appearance, Bill's movements became animalistic, unrestrained and uninhibited. He pinned his sister's head to the wall and he rammed his cock in and out of her gaping throat. The chain links of the cage walls rattled violently as he head bounced and bounced. Her eyes were wide and tearing up as he used his own sister's mouth for his sexual pleasure. He was grunting, and snarling. Streamers of drool ran from the corners of his mouth, landing on his sister's upturned face. His big heavy balls swung in a pendulous blur. Thick throbbing veins ran against Danni's lips and tongue. She could taste the salty spunk as it flowed from the tip of his cock. She could sense the overwhelming instinctual need he had to mate, to pass on his genes, and Danni felt it too. Even as he choked her with his cock, made her mouth a portal of pleasure just for himself, Danni moaned. She moaned long and loud, a pleasurable lusty sigh. Bill caught it and moaned back in triumph, the vibrations that Danni's mouth sent up his shaft fueled his lust. He couldn't restrain himself after only a short while. The Bill Monster would have his sister, and have her again and again. He withdrew his cock from her mouth and nearly shredded her clothes, tearing them from her slender runner's body. Her long bare legs, flat tummy, and small perky tits came into view as she helped her brother shed the last scraps of shredded clothes. Naked, beside the monster that was her brother, Danni looked delicate and brittle. Then the hulking beast grabbed his sister, cupping her round heart-shaped ass, and lifted her into his arms. "Oh Bill!" Danni cooed, wrapping her legs around the monster's narrow waist. She could already feel his massive cock, like a looming presence, just inches from her womanhood. He was going to take her, and with a cock like his, it was going to hurt at first. Her hand still clung to Ethan's but her free one fished for Bill's cock. It was bigger around than her own wrist. Then she guided it to where it

belonged— her own soaking snatch. Once Bill's head came to rest in the right spot, Danni's arm reached around her brother's neck and she was kissing his monstrous face once more. They held each other like that for a moment, Danni's excited wetness seeping onto her brother's animalistic cock. But the teasing grew too much. Bill's rough demeanor kicked in and suddenly, his sister was powerless to stop him as he grabbed her and thrust her down onto his engorged reproductive organ. His cock penetrated deep and fast. For a second, her mind registered nothing. Then there was a flash of searing, unbelievable pain. The impossible side of his dick nearly split her in half as he sank himself all the way inside of her in one easy thrust. But then there was Ethan, squeezing her hand through the bars, and she squeezed back. For several moments, Danni couldn't draw in a breath, her body had forgotten how. Finally she remembered, and she cried out. "Oh my god!!" she shut her eyes and bit down on her brother's shoulder. "Ohhhh my godddddd. Bill... you're so big..." the feeling brought tears to her eyes. Then Bill held her slender body and began to violate her against the wall. "Ohhh godddd! Ohhhh godddd," she cried out in between thrusts. Each new bounce was a new flash of blinding pain. But Bill didn't stop or slow. He grunted and snarled, and he fucked Danni again and again against the wall. Her head was swimming, her eyes were seeing stars. For a moment, she thought she might pass out. But then the feeling of pain began to subside. Even a skinny body like hers could acclimate. And soon pleasure began to roll in against the withdrawing pain, like the push and pull of the tide. Pleasure started to win out, and soon Danni's cries turned to moans. "Oh my god! Oh my fuckin' god!" Danni's legs tightened around her brother's waist. The beast-man, true to his nature, pounded her body like the wild beast that he was. Danni's pussy hugged his shaft tight as the monster sank into her, again and again. Danni felt like her insides were being shoved around. She was being fucked with an organ that was the size of her arm. It was a wonder she could take it at all. Was this doing damage to her? Was it ruining her for realistically sized cocks? She had no way of knowing. But all she did know was blinding, dazzling pleasure. Ethan's hand hung onto her, and she held his. But she threw her head back and howled in delight, even as the next thrust sent a brilliant and quivering shock to her body. She was having an orgasm. Oh fuck, she was cumming on Bill's cock! "Yessssssssss," she hissed out in her tiny frail little squeaky voice. Her hair flew down around her face as she kissed her brother. His balls slapped against her little ass. He held her up as though she weighed nothing at all. Danni wasn't aware of how many orgasms she had in that position alone. All she knew was that by the time Bill set her down, she was hoarse from moaning. She faced Ethan's cage, and presented her ass to her brother, a trophy for the taking by the strongest warrior in the tribe. Bill stooped to line himself up with her, then he was back inside, plunging her tight pussy with a cock so large, she was positive she'd never go back to normal. Beneath her, Ethan continued to fuck his mother, but now he was staring up at Danni. And god help Danni, despite her overwhelming attraction to Bill... she found that she wasn't thinking about the

unnatural sex with her brother when she was looking at the neighbor boy with the crutches. They both hung on and continued to let their bodies— and the mad man with the keyboard— drive them on. All around the room it was happening. Galloway was a mindless sex worker to the man who fucked her doggy style. Halley was the fuck puppet to a horror movie toy. Captain Graver was at the mercy of a once quiet roommate that had transformed into a sexual-crazy brat. Everything had spiraled out of control... and maybe it was all okay. What better way to spend the rest of her life, than surrounded by unrelenting sexual pleasure? Danni bit her lip and gave in to the feeling, even as the massive towering monster that only sort of looked like her brother, peeled her away from the cage wall, laid her down on the floor, and continued their never ending mating ritual. They all had a feeling it wouldn't be stopping any time soon, so they may as well have fun with it.***OUT OF TOWN

They sat for a long time in complete silence. Their tea had grown cold, as had their blood. "You're worried," she said, chewing her nails. For the first time in weeks, nothing had been held back from her. This time, she knew the truth, in all it's brutal, painful, and heart wrenching details. She'd been apologetic ever since, even though he had assured her again and again, that none of it was her fault. She wanted to believe that she had been the victim of a crime. But somehow, she couldn't shake the nagging feeling that it had somehow been her fault as well. "I'm worried," he replied. He took off his glasses and used his shirt tail to clean the lenses. They weren't returning his calls, which was unlike them. Especially in a situation as precarious as this. They were all sitting on the edge of disaster, threatening to topple in at any moment. Now it felt like the final slide into oblivion had begun. But more concerning than anything involving the phones was the cameras. When he'd last checked, the entire camera system of the apartment had been disabled. Combine that with the lack of communication, and he knew— something horrible had happened. "I'm sure they're safe. I'm sure they all came together, and figured it out. It's probably over," she put on an encouraging smile, that didn't match the worry in those big doe-like eyes. He couldn't take it any longer. The speculating. It was all just a waste of time. Without a word, he stood up, resolved in his decision. "You're going." It wasn't a question. But the worry was very obvious in her face. Tara Jane Berger's eyes started to tear up with the mortal panic that she might never see him again. Chris Berger smiled at his wife. It was neither reassuring, nor was it a happy smile. He was using these final moments to wear an expression that he would want her to always remember him looking— calm. He took a final few moments to savor her. Pretty little TJ with the wild golden hair, the sun-kissed skin, the big starry eyes, and the perpetual calmness in her voice and her demeanor— like a careless child dancing in the sun. She was even wearing her favorite color— yellow. "If I don't come back, just know that I love you," he kissed her up-turned mouth. Then he was grabbing for his keys. A while ago, he had promised himself that Rob would pay for the things he'd done. It was time to make good on that promise.***Hollow Pleasure to be continued... ***report

END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment contains themes of hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, rough sex, exhibitionism, gangbangs, paranormal, monsters, fisting, humiliation, anal, and extreme insertions. This one is a bit extreme and is not for the faint of heart. You've been warned.This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.***Hollow Pleasure chapter 14***Chris Berger drove to the Connelly mansion in complete silence. He doubted he would have even heard the radio, had it been on. He was mentally preparing himself for whatever nightmare he was about to walk into.Silent. They had fallen silent. Galloway wasn't answering her phone. And after Quinn's tumble down the stairs, Chris was beginning to fear that not only was Rob willing to use his powers for his own perverted pleasures, but he was willing to go as far as attempted murder.That was a recipe for disaster. Galloway had just the kind of bold personality that she would confront Rob. Wild animals were the most dangerous when cornered. And if Rob got cornered, what would happen?You fall silent, that's what happened.Chris swallowed. What he was about to walk into would be worse than anything he could have imagined...***BASEMENTRobert Bradford had turned the basement into a den of complete debauchery. The air was thick with sweat and lust. The room filled with the sounds of heavy breathing, of moans, of curses, and cries of pleasure.Lined up in a neat little row, like chickens in a coop, his captives were having the time of their lives, mindlessly fucking themselves into a stupor. The things they had done... the things they were still doing... the things they were going to do...Lucy, the red headed college girl with the enormous tits was pressing those plump pale melons against the wire dividing wall. In the next cage, the two soldiers York and Alvarado were lapping hungrily at her nipples, like suckling animals. Captain Graver was behind Lucy, his hands on hers, spread eagle against the wall, and pounding her from behind. His face was a sheen of sweat.Halley Hargrove, the team leader, was in the throws of her own gang bang. She was straddling her computer technician, Alex, riding the young man feverishly. The ventriloquist doll that Rob had brought to life was behind her shapely ass, his hands on her hips. The little nightmare doll was fucking Halley's tight ass... well... not so tight any longer. He was tugging her hair, slapping her ass, and belting out insults that were lost to the chorus of moans and grunts that echoed throughout the room.One cell over, Ethan was laying on the floor in exhaustion. His mother was spooned up beside him. One of her smooth thick thighs was draped over his leg, and she was nuzzling his cock with her knee. She and her son were kissing softly and passionately as her busy hands fondled and stroked him.Danni was on her hands and

knees, like a dog, as the beastly concoction that only slightly resembled a roided-up version of her brother, fucked her ceaselessly. She was throwing her head back and howling as she put her whole body back into his thrusts again and again. And at the far end, Tina was hard at work, on her back and alternating handles of various tools in and out of her pussy and ass at the same time. The girl had no control of herself. She plunged objects deeper and deeper into herself. As they went on and on, Rob had spread out a blanket on the dirt floor. He needed a break after he and Galloway had gone at it like bunnies. Now they were catching their breath on the floor. His arm was around her and she was resting her sexed-up head on his chest. She really was a good-looking woman. And once he was able to program the hatred from those ice-blue eyes, he decided he wanted to keep her for himself. He, Kelsey, and Galloway. How fun. He was petting her softly, stroking the waves in her wild maroon hair. It was matted with sweat. His cock was limp in his lap, stuck to himself with dried cum. "So... you going to tell me about those dreams you've been having?" Rob asked, as though they were in their own bubble, oblivious to the raucous fucking happening all around them. Since Rob had discovered this power, he had been taking a subtle approach to Galloway—feeding her images in her sleep. Most of it was vague, because he didn't have much of an idea of her dreams or memories. He had simply suggested that Galloway have nightmares about bad men. But each criminal that she had dreamt, instead of being afraid of, she would grow ever increasingly aroused by. The effect had worked—as apparent by the group of burglars that she'd willingly thrown herself in the middle of. But that didn't change the fact that Rob was curious as to what she had actually dreamed up each night. Galloway was silent for a bit, and Rob was beginning to fear that maybe his mind control had worn off, or he needed to do a bit more coaxing. He was reaching for his keyboard beside them when she began with "I was shot once." He glanced up, a little caught off guard. She gestured to her bare shoulder. The tattoo sleeve carefully concealed a small round scar on her shoulder. "The casino I worked at years ago was being robbed. One of my coworkers, a fellow security guard, had sold us out to a group of ex-cons, and the four of them robbed the place. It didn't go well. The cops showed up sooner than expected and in order to escape, the robbers decided to create as much chaos as possible—shooting, throwing molotovs, burning the place to the ground. Me and Quinn barely got out, and not before I was shot." She paused. "Lately I've had dreams that I'm back in there. The gaming floor is on fire. And the four robbers surround me. They grab me and throw me onto a blackjack table and start to strip me right there in front of everyone—my coworkers, frightened customers, my buddies. They're going to take me... but the fucked up part is I want it. I want it badly. And I willingly fuck them all. I let them violate me. I go out of my way to please them. The thought of turning my back on my ideals and everything I believe..." Galloway trailed off, but the discussion was turning her on. Rob could tell because as she lay with her legs draped across his lap, he could feel the warm wetness forming against his thigh. His own cock was beginning to

stiffen as she described the gangbang in filthy detail. "Eventually," she said, "they aren't even men anymore. They're demons. They have horns and dark red skin and forked tongues. But I don't care. I just keep right on fucking them. And I never want it to end. The sucky part is that every time I'm in the throws of these dreams, desperately needing the release, I wake up sexually frustrated. There have been mornings where I've been late for training, because I've been fucking myself with my baton." Rob's cock was so hard now, that it was aching. He sat up and reached for his keyboard. "Tonight," he smiled. "Tonight, all your dreams come true." He began to type.***When Kate Galloway opened her eyes, she was in a familiar place. It was a place that she had visited often in her dreams. But this was no dream. It was far more real than any dream had been so far. She was standing among the slot machines, leaning against the outer wall of the karaoke bar, as she often did on slow nights. She would sometimes come here with Quinn. The bar was empty, and there was a scattering of gamblers seated at the slot machines. It must be well into the night shift. The air smelled faintly of cigarettes— definitely not a dream or a vivid memory— and the room rang with the continuous maniacal sounds of electronic bells and jingles being belted out from literally thousands of slot machines. When Galloway glanced down at herself, she saw that she was in her old uniform. Bright blue polyester, with a shiny silver badge pinned to the swell of her breast, a name plate on the opposite breast (wonder what you call the other one, that asshole Gomez had once joked). Her radio was clipped to her shoulder, and her duty belt was heavy with pouches, and jingled when she moved. Her pants were jet black, and her boots were laced tightly. Her wavy dyed hair was tied back in a loose ponytail. Every detail was as she remembered it. Was this normal? Like a dream where she was back in school having forgotten to study for a test, this both felt normal and like she shouldn't be here... hadn't been for a long time. Galloway strolled slowly through the maze of slot machines. She reached for her radio, about to call out to Quinn when it happened. She heard the explosions— the violent rumble of the sturdy cashier cage doors being blown from their hinges. It was followed by the surprised screams of customers. Smoke began to pour into the room. Time slowed to a crawl. Somewhere in the confusion and the haze, Galloway began to hear gunshots. Lots of them. And through the smoke came their shadows. There were four of them, dressed in black (with the exception of Jones— he was still in his security uniform). They had pulled ski masks over their faces, donned vests, and were carrying guns. Galloway felt a chill roll through her body. Their eyes burned fury through the holes of their masks, radiating pure evil. Those eyes were scanning the room. Search lights... searching for her. And suddenly that chill that rolled through her body didn't much feel like it was from fear. There was something more behind it. Something darker. Something that Galloway, despite the grim reality, was aware was wildly inappropriate. Lust. Their eyes locked onto Galloway and she felt the power behind their penetrative stares. Her heart seemed to rocket up into her throat. Her pulse was pounding. They began advancing on her. And

suddenly, Galloway was no longer standing in the gaming floor of the casino. She was back in the dingy basement of the Connelly apartment building. Rob was standing off to one side, naked and grinning ear to ear, keyboard in hand. In the cages, all of her friends stood and stared. Rob had apparently snapped them out of their trances. They were all back to normal. Even the puppet lay limp on the floor, no longer animated and brought to life. "I want them to see what a whore you are," Rob remarked. Galloway startled, because despite being back in the basement, the four robbers from the casino were still there, boring holes through her with their eyes. They continued to advance, guns at the ready. Rob was going to make all of her friends, neighbors, and coworkers watch what was about to happen. Halley would see what kind of two-timing whore she had hired. Her friend Graver would see Galloway willing to betray her team for her own selfish urges. And Ethan... poor Ethan... would relive the nightmare that had fractured their friendship... "What do we have here," the lead robber ran his tongue over his lips as he appraised Galloway. She was still in her security uniform, she realized. When she glanced down at herself, she saw that her nipples had hardened considerably under their unwavering stares. They were pressing through her uniform shirt. Oh no, she thought. Not again. But she knew it was inevitable. Her knees were shaking, but not out of fear. It was from excitement. And her pussy was wet, soaking into her thong. The men surrounded her. They were real. How was that possible? None of them had survived the robbery in reality, but yet here they were now. Rob had managed to pull them out of her dreams and put them right here in front of her, in the flesh. "Damn, boys. Look at these grade A tits," one of the men commented. He reached out one big meaty hand and grabbed Galloway over her shirt, giving her breast a squeeze. She let out a pleasurable groan, trying to fight it, but couldn't. He flicked her nipple through her shirt, then gave her breast a smack, making her cry out again. The men all laughed. All of them except for Jones. She recognized him through his ski mask. His greedy eyes burning with fury. His dark skin obvious, even with the mask on. He stood in front of her, pushing her back until her butt pressed against some dusty boxes. "This is something I've been wanting to do for a long time, you little slut," he said, and reached out. He grabbed the collar of her uniform and gave a rough tug. Her shirt split open, right down the middle, sending buttons raining in all directions and exposing her milky flesh to the rest of the room. Galloway couldn't stop herself. She let out an excited gasp and bit her lip. She looked meekly up at her four tormentors. They towered over her, big and hulking and muscular. Her tits were barely restrained by her pink bra, and as soon as the men saw it, they all snickered. "Little miss tough bitch is actually little miss princess bitch," they remarked. They put their dirty paws on her chest and began to squeeze, making no effort to be gentle. Galloway could smell the cordite on their clothes from the shots they'd fired. And as one of them ran his fingers across her plump tits, she spotted little smears of blood. Of course they were on the hands of Henry Demora— the leader. A rare and monstrous breed of

psychopath with a sadistic history. He had a shaved head, prison tattoos up his neck, and wild eyes that gleamed brightly with an almost ephemeral glow. The sick fuck had even filed his teeth down to razor points. Galloway knew she should be horrified. It was the blood of innocent people— of her friends. But when she took a breath, her whole body was quivering. It turned her on in ways that horrified her. The heat was radiating throughout her lower extremities. An incessant yearning tickle between her thighs drove her nuts. Henry's hands went from her boobs up to her chin. He pinched her chin between his fingers like he owned her. "Are you going to be a good little slut for us?" He asked her with an evil smile. Galloway's eyes flicked to the shocked expressions of her bosses, her fellow soldiers, her neighbors, the college girls, and her friend Ethan— one of the best friends she'd ever had. Their eyes were judging, she could feel it. That made the words that she spoke even more of a taboo. "Defile me," she said, glancing up to Henry, then to the men around her. The lust was burning through her ice blue eyes. Her hands flying down her belt and feverishly unbuckling her pants. She was craving it desperately. They laughed cruelly, several of them slapping each other on the back at the easy and intense lay that was being willingly offered to them. Henry snatched Galloway roughly by the ponytail and yanked it until she was peering up at him. Her eyes, normally hard and strong, were big and doe-like. He snarled at her. "We're going to, don't you worry, slut." Then he pushed his face roughly against hers. Galloway moaned as she let this ugly dangerous man kiss her hard. His tongue was long and snake-like. He wrestled it into Galloway's mouth, where she almost choked on it. But despite herself, she started to suck on it eagerly. As they kissed, he shoved her back onto the boxes where he half lay on top of her, violating her mouth with his and grinding his crotch into hers. From the corner of her eye, she could feel the shocked and heartbroken expressions of her friends. And a wave of pleasure washed over her. Not only was she growing thrilled at being watched, but at betraying her friends and integrity. She willingly spread her legs. Her hands groped for Henry's crotch, and when she felt the monstrous bulge that was being spurred to life by his control over her, she melted with excitement. Her hands rubbed it up and down, feeling its length. Then her shirt was being pulled open, by the men who closed in from either side. They were rubbing her tits with feverish aggression. One of them slapped her breast, making the sound of wet meat being struck. Galloway whimpered, but her hands came away from Henry's crotch to the crotches of the robbers on either side of her. "Look at how eager she is to show all her friends what a cock-hungry skank she is," they laughed. Galloway's hands out on either side of her, rubbed up and down, coaxing their members to life. Across the room, multiple sets of horrified eyes were treated to the show— Galloway begging these evil men... not to satisfy her, but to let her satisfy them. "Use me," she pled. "Use my body however you want." Henry produced a knife and when he brought it to her, he used it to snap her bra. It tore away, revealing her plump round breasts and hard pink nipples. As he worked to strip the little security guard slut

of her uniform, an accomplice— a big man named Ortega— lowered the zipper of his pants. What he extracted from his pants could hardly be considered a normal sized penis. Rob had apparently given these robbers some improvements in his narrative. Because the cock that Ortega wagged in front of Galloway's face was impossibly big. He was at least a foot long, with a thick round knob of a head at the end, that was already leaking with semen. Galloway took one look at it, and before she could respond, he slapped her across the face with it. His dick was so heavy, it knocked her head to one side, and made her cry out. The rest of the men laughed as tears welled in her eyes, and her cheek burned bright red. But still, she turned back to face him, opened her mouth and continued to want him. Ortega struck her again, just as hard. "Fuckin' pig," he spat. And still, Galloway turned back to him, desperate to touch him. "Please..." she begged him, her voice coming out like a whimper. "Please let me taste you. I want to do whatever you want me to..." Ortega barely let her finish her sentence before he was grabbing her by the back of the head and stuffing himself deep into her mouth, right to the back of her throat. She choked almost instantly. Watching from his cage, Ethan had to look away. It was too much to watch Galloway's mouth being violated like that. An exhausted Danni sensed his anguish and reached her hand through the bars to squeeze his fingers. Ortega rough-fucked Galloway's mouth. Her voice made wet 'Glug glug glug!' sounds, as though she was drowning in saliva and cock. Finally, when he pulled his cock from her mouth, she fought to catch her breath. A thick layer of saliva coated his dick. "Tongue," he ordered her. "Clean me up, bitch." And Galloway used her tongue. She ran it in long licks up and down his impossible length. She circled it around the bloated head of his manhood. Despite the vicious face fucking that she had endured at the hands of Ortega, her hands remained outstretched in either direction, entertaining the growing bulges of the other robbers. "Look at this desperate slut," Ortega declared. Galloway held out her tongue while the vicious robber smacked his cock off of it again and again. Her moans came out as mindless 'la-la-la-la' sounds. "Is this the kind of horny sluts you employ?" Ortega directed the question at Halley and Graver. Graver blushed and glanced away while Halley bore holes through the men with her eyes. "You're next, baby," he promised her with a wink, then went right back to his assault on Galloway's face. He wagged his cock at her, slinging her own saliva back into her face, in her eyes, into her hair. Then he grabbed her head and stuffed her mouth once again. Her cheeks bulged like a squirrel who was packing away nuts. His hips forced his cock in and out of her mouth. Between her legs, Henry had undid enough of her pants to pull them down her hips until they bunched around her boots. He left them like that, keeping her feet locked together, and he hoisted her legs high into the air, and rested her boots on his shoulder. report

NEXT PAGE

"Look at this ass," he sneered. Her little pink thong was barely a

covering over her mound. He slapped her ass, then reached between her legs, grasping her thong and giving it a hard tug until it tore free. Galloway let out a muffled whimper at being so crudely exposed. But the sheen of wetness on her puffy pink pussy lips said that she was enjoying every moment of her public violation. When Ortega's cock popped free of her mouth once more, she couldn't help but blurt out "You should have done this to me back at the casino..." She panted like a dog out of breath. "You all should have done this to me as the building burned. Shown everyone what a slut I am for you. Fucked me right on the poker table endlessly." "Made you our whore right in front of your coworkers and friends," Henry snarled. He ran his hands over her wet slit, still keeping her feet pinned together, up on his shoulder. There was nothing gentle about the way he forced two fingers into her body. Galloway leaned her head back. "Ohhhhhh!!" She cried out in pleasure as he penetrated her with his murderous hands. Those same hands that had ended lives and done unspeakable atrocities were now the ones that were going to bring her to orgasm with minimal effort. When she managed to recover enough of her senses, she realized that her lips were quivering. She was biting her bottom lip, sucking in air between her bared teeth. "Look at how fuckin' hot this little pepper is," Henry said, stabbing her womb deeper and deeper with his fingers. Galloway's pussy was completely sopping. "More..." she panted, and she began to move her hips to hump his hand. She was pushing herself into him again and again. "More... more... more," she begged in a mindless desperation for sexual release. Henry gave a cruel sadistic smile. "You want more, cunt? You're going to get it." Then he did the unthinkable. He closed his fingers in a tight fist and began to push against her opening. Galloway's eyes popped. "No, it's too big!" She cried out. "You asked for it, pig. Now you're gonna get the long arm of my law," he cackled and pushed harder, forcing his fist into her body. Galloway whimpered helplessly as the men held her there, tears in her eyes. It took effort and some force, Henry snarling through his sharpened teeth the whole time. But eventually his entire fist disappeared into Galloway's body. She could only stare in shocked disbelief as this man— this monster— violated her with his fist. Henry began to fuck it in and out of her body, and within moments, Galloway's voice squeaked out (not so different from Danni's high pitched voice) in a cry of intense pleasure. "Ohhhhhhh Henryyyy!! Don't stop... don't stop..." she pled, squeezing her eyelids shut, even as the men gripped her hair and forced her to look down at her own brutal defilement. "You don't want us to stop, little whore?" They were slapping her face and chest from different directions. Sweat, tears, and spit running down her face. "No," she tried to shake her head, but they were gripping her hair so tightly that she couldn't. "No, don't stop... please... I'm..." her face contorted, her eyes tight, her lips curling back. "I'm cumming! Ohhhh godddd!! I'm cumming!" She screamed out. Henry's violent thrusting of his fist didn't relent. Her juices were pouring down his wrist as he went deeper and deeper. His ugly grin was spread ear to ear now in his triumphant conquest of this slutty little officer. His tongue flicked out, roving around his lips

in a mindless gesture of perversion. Galloway's hips bucked and thrust, humping at air. "Holy shit, the way this little pepper is squeezing my hand..." He cackled to his accomplices. "I can't wait to get my dick in her." One of the men slapped Galloway's face, snapping her out of her orgasmic pleasure. "Hear that, little cock sleeve? Ready for some dick?" "Yes!" She cried out without missing a beat. "Yes I am!" "Good little slut," Henry's fist popped free of Galloway's body. The men pulled her off of the stack of boxes by her hair, her throat, and her torn uniform shirt. They led her in a humbled posture like they were leading a dog. She stepped clumsily, nearly tripping over herself with her feet held together by her pants. The other captives hardly recognized her. There was nothing independent and strong about her now. She had completely relinquished her personality. It was Officer Jones who stood in front of her. Her traitorous coworker that she'd once been friends with. He glared at her through the eyeholes of his mask. His security uniform still in place. The badge gleamed brightly back at her like a sick joke. Then he was manhandling her on top of him. He lay on his back on the dirty floor, and positioned Galloway backward onto his lap, with her bound legs sticking up in the air. There was a sense of complete helplessness on Galloway's part, and it only turned her on more. Jones wrapped Galloway's hand around his big cock, letting her feel the tool that he'd be violating her with. Like Henry's and Ortega's, it was impossibly enormous. He smacked it against her bare butt several times, making a slapping sound. "Hope you like big black cock, you little tease. I had to look at this fine piece of ass so many times in the control room, that I should have put you in your place back then." He continued to smack his meat stick against her. But when he had his fill of making his point, he spread her cheeks and ran the head of his cock down the crack of her firm butt. "I'm going to fuck that ass," Jones tugged her by the hair and ran his tongue around the curve of her ear, making his point loud and clear. "Uh huh," she moaned complacently enough, her eyes already clenched shut in anticipation. "Fuck my ass, Jones. I'm your little bitch." "Glad to see you know your place," he said, and made no gentle effort at penetrating her tight little hole. Galloway squeaked with uncertainty. That squeak turned into a groan, turned into a desperate panting screech. By the time Jones' bare thick gnarled cock was halfway into her body, Galloway's voice had gone hoarse from crying out. Then he was holding her tight and slamming her down into his deep penetrative thrust. While Jones wrecked Galloway's ass, the fourth robber, a grinning obnoxious tatted up clown they called Stevie took hold of Galloway's ankles, rested them on his shoulder, and knelt in front of her wet pussy. He took a moment to admire the thick black shaft pushing in and out of Galloway's ass hole. Jones' balls like a pair of heavy coconuts moved with each push. Then Stevie slapped his enormous animalistic cock against Galloway's pussy, claiming her as his territory for the time being. "Henry, you better not have loosened her up too much," he laughed, then pushed his cock deep into her body while Jones pounded her ass. Galloway whimpered with the addition of his new shaft sliding inside of her. "Double stuffed piggy," Stevie

remarked, holding her by the legs and sinking his cock home with hard eager stabs. Each time he rammed himself into her, she whimpered again – a high and whiny sound. Henry stepped beside them, and grabbed Galloway by the throat, choking her slightly. "Don't just lay there and let them do all the work, you dumb bitch. Fuck them!" He snarled, his fingers tightening, cutting off most of her airway. Galloway tried her best to buck her hips, but it wasn't easy. Her tummy flexed. She grunted. She pushed back into them like her life depended on it. Her tits jiggled pleasantly with each bounce. A sheen of sweat was popping out on her cheeks – red from where the men had slapped her. She lay between them, grunting while being savagely fucked by the men who haunted her memories and chased her in her dreams. And they were only growing rougher and more aggressive. Galloway let out an especially long moan, and Henry slapped her. "What was that, slut? You got something to say?" She cried, but it felt too good to bring herself to stop. Henry and Ortega stood on either side of her, hovering their cocks in front of her face. Back and forth, they took turns on her mouth. First Ortega grabbed her and rammed his cock down her throat, choking her, making sure she understood that they were in charge, and she was only allowed to come up for air when they wanted her to. Then he pulled out, and Henry's monstrous horse cock was stuffed into her gasping mouth. She struggled to keep up in a dizzying blur of thrusting cocks and abuse that her body was taking. Drool streamed from her lips. Her badge flapped obscenely from her torn open shirt as they pounded her roughly again and again. Galloway's mouth went back and forth, swallowing up Henry, then Ortega, then back to Henry again. Her mouth was always busy, her head always moving. Her tongue was a blur, tickling their shafts and enticing them to continue harder and rougher than before. Henry popped his cock from her mouth and swung it like a baseball bat, wacking it enthusiastically off of Galloway's face. He laughed, high and crazy, like a maniacal lunatic. Ortega followed suit and the two of them battered Galloway's face with their hard steely cocks, until her cheeks were puffy and pink, and her face was bathed in saliva, precum, and tears. All the while, Stevie and Jones leveraged her body up and down, impaling her simultaneously on their cocks. Their shafts appearing and disappearing as though they were machines made for fucking. Galloway's tongue hung out, eager for a taste of the men who beat her face with their dicks, even if it was just for a fleeting second. Henry sensed the desperation in the crazed slut's efforts, because as Galloway was being pounded from both ends, he stepped over her, straddling her face and hovering his enormous monster package in front of her. He hung his balls above her gasping mouth and dropped his heavy cock on her forehead. "Suck them!" he ordered. Galloway opened her mouth and willingly tasted his balls one at a time. She massaged them with her wet lips, basting them with her hot saliva. She tickled them with her tongue. Her moans were muffled against his heavy baby maker. His cock rested heavily on her face, along her nose and across her forehead. His size and girth was immense. Ortega stroked, watching her display of unrelenting sluttiness. "Filthy pig, gobbling those balls," he said in a gruff

voice. His hand was a mad blur on his own penis. Galloway couldn't bring herself to stop. Her body was in a constant state of movement, riding, pivoting, swinging her hips from side to side as the men used her. She dragged her tongue along Henry's massive balls, up to his shaft, tracing wet saliva along the underside. Henry gripped either side of her head and humped against her face, inching ever higher until Galloway's nose was buried beneath his balls. She seemed to hesitate. "I didn't say to stop," he barked at her. "Keep licking." Galloway whimpered cutely, but then her tongue found his ass and circled it. Henry moaned in triumphant delight as he rode her face. The little slut would do whatever he told her to do, and eagerly at that. "Truth, justice, and pleasuring bad men however they please. Your parents must be so proud," he laughed high and crazily as he grinned at the captives in the cages. Most of them looked away in shame or some degree of their own humiliation. Ethan most of all. Ortega took his turn. He was even rougher than Henry as he grabbed the back of Galloway's sweat-soaked head, and pushed her face into his undercarriage. She obeyed like a good little slut, licking and tasting, roaming his balls, his shaft, back to his ass. She seemed to have no limits. Off to one side, Rob watched with delighted amusement, keyboard in hand as this group of dangerous men from Galloway's past practically piled on top of her, dog piling her for their own sexual urges. It gave him new ideas. As he began to type, the basement around them began to disintegrate. The room transformed into something from Galloway's memory. They were back in the center of the casino. Galloway appeared momentarily startled as she glanced around. They were no longer on the dirt floor of the basement, but were in a pile on the green felt surface of a poker table. Jones and Stevie were still violating her ass and pussy with unrelenting vigor. The shock was obvious on her face, having been ill-prepared for the abrupt change. But as they pounded her, that shock melted back into wild untamable pleasure. It wasn't just about fucking the bad men who had caused so much grief, but now she was doing it in the very spot that they'd committed such heinous acts. Surrounding the poker table were people, all of them were on their knees, their hands and feet bound like a captive audience, their eyes wide with fear as they were forced to watch the violation of the attractive female guard with the wild dyed hair. Among the faces, Galloway spotted Graver, Halley, Ethan, and the rest of her neighbors. Quinn was there. So was Wade and the rest of her fellow officers— the ones who survived that night and the ones who perished. The audience to her debauchery stirred within her a whole new wave of humiliation, and sexual excitement, all at once. She didn't understand any of it, but she wanted these men to take her harder, faster, more aggressively. She wanted them to completely pound her. Through the moaning and defilement, Galloway somehow managed to find her voice. "I want to change positions." "Oh do you, slut?" Henry asked. "Yes. I want to do everything with you guys. I want to be such a good whore for you." She couldn't help but let her eyes travel to the horrified faces of the dozens of on-lookers. Their expressions at hearing her say such things spurred her on. When they let her up,

Galloway didn't run. She had every opportunity to run or fight or try to put a stop to this. She did none of that. Instead, she stood on the table and did a little strip tease while she removed the last lingering threads of her clothes. There weren't many. She bent over, exposing her bare ass and pussy to the audience of captives. They were raw and well used from the pounding she'd already taken. Her ass cheeks were red with the handprints that illustrated the violation of her body, and a sheen of sweat coated her, marking her athletic efforts to be the best fuck puppet that she could be. As she clumsily stepped out of her pants, the men were sure to slap her ass, grip it roughly, and make it jiggle. They laughed and called her names. Some of them even pelted her with poker chips and crumbles of half burned dollar bills (the building was still on fire somewhere in the distance). Galloway didn't mind. If anything, it only made her want to fuck them harder. She stripped down to everything except her uniform shirt, that hung open, exposing her big bare tits. She wanted to leave that last feeble covering on, if nothing else than to remind her of the duties and responsibilities that she was relinquishing in exchange for empty hollow pleasure. She sashayed her hips and worked her shirt open and closed, giving peeks of her body and hard nipples. The dozens of eyes stared at her body as though she'd lost her mind. And there was a liberating feeling like maybe she truly had. Her goals were so simple now... easy and selfish. Then she grabbed Henry by the collar and pulled him up onto the poker table with her. She would ride him. It had to be this way. He'd orchestrated this whole massacre and she wanted to reward him by letting him lay back and relax as she did all the work. She kissed him hard on the mouth, running her tongue around his lips in long slutty licks. His tongue met hers in midair and they wrestled outside of their mouths for all to see. Henry cupped Galloway's ass like he owned it (and maybe he did at this point). She couldn't stop herself. She reached up and peeled away his ski mask. She gasped at the sight that greeted her. He wasn't human. The grotesque face of demon stared back at her. His skin was molten and red. His glowing evil eyes— the same eyes that radiated insane energy from behind the mask— burned from deep dark ringed pits. Long curling horns, like a ram's, jutted from his scalp as if they'd always been there. There were certain elements to remind her that this was still Henry— but a demonized version. His prison tattoos ran across his neck and scalp. His teeth were still filed to razor points. When Galloway glanced around, she saw that all the robbers had removed their masks. Each of them had transformed from men into monsters. Jones' skin was still dark, and he still had his goatee, sideburns, and resentful eyes. But the horns he bore were gnarled and ugly. His eyes a sickly yellow. Stevie and Ortega were faring no better. Galloway turned back to Henry with bewilderment. He was shedding his clothes, and when he stripped out of his shirt and pants, his muscles were enormous. The man had practically doubled in size. His legs were the legs of a goat and his feet were cloven hooves. "Something wrong, slut?" He snarled in a deep voice that resonated from another world. Galloway took it all in. His enormous cock like a horse, pointed at her belly. She bit her

lip. "Nothing," she said with an excited smile. "Nothing at all," and she returned her mouth to Henry's. Her kisses with the beast were much more forceful and her hand wrapped around Henry's throbbing member. She brought it to her bare belly and rubbed it against her smooth skin, humping and grinding it. As they kissed, she eased the monster (Henry's true self, it seemed) backward onto the table. When he lay back, Galloway bent for a moment and tenderly kissed the head of the cock that she was about to sit on. Then she straddled him on the poker table, bringing her mouth to his, and eased her body down onto his massive tool. It wasn't easy, it required a lot of hip work, sashaying and rotating, pivoting and grinding. After the fisting she'd taken from Henry, she was thankfully loose enough, and then she eased him inside of her. She knew it was wrong. But even as she sank herself lower and lower, she was orgasming. "Ohhhhh yessssss!" She moaned as she slid down his pole and started to gyrate her hips. "Good slut... such a good slut you'll make," he groaned his approval. "I am, master," she moaned. "I'll be your good slut..." she held him tightly and started to work her hips. She rode him with a renewed sense of purpose. She would do this forever. They would never leave this place. She would spend the rest of her life pleasing these monsters. The remaining robbers let her have her long passionate moment with Henry, and by the time her initial orgasm wore off, they were closing in to join them. Galloway wasn't quite sure who took her anally. She was pretty sure that it was Ortega. It sounded like him, the way he spit on her to make his entry easier. Then his beastly claws had her by the hips and he was inserting himself into the warm tight embrace of her ass. Crazy thoughts occurred to her as they gang fucked her on the table— idle wanderings about her holes. This was all it was for. All any of it was for. Her ass, her mouth, her pussy. From here on out, it would serve no other purpose than the pleasure of cocks. Her pussy was no longer for making children, but only for the perpetual pleasure of these evil men. As she committed these thoughts to her psyche, another orgasm rolled through her body. She opened her mouth to scream in delight, but found a cock being stuffed into it. She welcomed it. It was Jones, and she could taste her own ass along his length. He had fucked her anally in the basement. Now he was fucking her orally here in the casino. There was nothing gentle about the way these monsters made love to Galloway's body. Beneath her, Henry closed his fingers around her neck and squeezed. Galloway struggled to breathe, but the sexual frenzy only fueled her. Spots danced in front of her eyes, but she continued to suck and lick and swallow Jones's dirty cock for all she was worth. report

NEXT PAGE

"Glub glub glub," were the only sounds able to escape her lips. Behind her, Ortega gripped her by either side of the head, and leveraged his wide heavy tool in and out of her ass. "Suck it, you filthy swine bitch," he snarled at her and forced her head up and down even deeper on Jones's cock. Galloway obeyed, but the room was starting to darken.

She could hear the gentle sobs of her friends. Somewhere, sounding distant, Ethan was pleading with Rob to stop all of this. "It's okay, Ethan. I want this... no... I *need* this," she thought, just doing everything her body was telling her to. Spit was running down her chin in drenching streams, making a mess on the table surface. Between Ortega and Jones gripping her head and using it so incessantly as a warm wet fuck hole, she was sure she might pass out from lack of oxygen. Then Jones finally let her up, and Galloway immediately slurped up the spit streamers that hung from her mouth. She used her tongue to clean up her messy lower lip. The saliva tasted like Jones's cock. Jones leaned in close. His breath smelling like sulfur. His demonic features reminding her that he was no longer a man. "You like that, fuck toy?" He snarled in her mouth. Galloway could hardly speak, only managing to nod her head. "Uh huh." Jones leaned forward and planted a hungry kiss on her mouth. When he pulled away, her mouth was still hanging open, waiting for more. He spit dismissively right into her mouth, then stepped back and let Stevie take his turn fucking her mouth in much the same violent way. Stevie was even more relentless than Jones. Galloway's face was bright red, going to purple, but still she looked up adoringly at her tormentor's face. Her eyes were large and dreamy. She couldn't even count how many orgasms the monsters in her ass and pussy had given her before she felt a load release. There was no warning. Henry growled in pleasure, sank himself as deep as he could— so deep it almost hurt— then came a flood of hot wetness that only meant he was releasing an enormous payload of hot jizz. It filled her to the brink and oozed from her gaping pussy. Her vision dazzled with stars as jet after jet launched his vile seed into her body. She wondered distantly if she would carry on the evil man's legacy in the form of his child growing inside of her. Then they were pulling out. They tugged Galloway to her feet. She came easily— already exhausted and getting tossed around like a rag doll. She could feel the cum running down her inner thighs in heavy drops. In the middle of the green felt was a surprisingly large puddle of Henry's cum mixed with sweat. "Look at this fuckin' mess," Henry declared, disappointed that she couldn't keep it all inside of her. "Clean this the fuck up," he said, and pushed her to her knees. He shoved her face into the wet sticky puddle of cum and rested one cloven hoof on the back of her neck. She instinctively began to lap up the pool with her tongue, even as the mess was smeared across half of her face and into her hair. Jones moved behind her now, and even with her pussy oozing with torrents of hot cum, her former fellow guard slid himself into the wet sticky mess that was now her pussy. He fucked her already cum filled pussy. Each thrust displaced more and more of Henry's mess. But he didn't mind. "Yes," Galloway panted, her head still pinned to the table, her ass in the air for the taking. She licked up large gobs of the salty mess and drank it down obediently. "Yes... yes... more... more..." Jones groaned and grunted and fucked her like an animal. And when he was satisfied, again there was little warning. Just a pleasurable sigh, and the spill of hot wetness filling her again. "I'm doing it!" Her thoughts were practically squealing in delight. "I'm

pleasuring them!" And she continued to mindlessly lick at the wet felt card table. It wasn't just Jones and Henry. With her head pinned down, each man had a turn at her womb, and one by one, they each fucked her pussy, packing each other's cum deep inside of her, and adding their own to the vile concoction. When each of them had their turn blowing loads into her body, they then did the unthinkable. The captives. "Get up here, right now!" They ordered the bound and shackled forms of her friends, coworkers, and innocent bystanders. And one by one, each man was ordered to fuck Galloway's pussy. The mess of cum that coated her pussy and inner thighs was tremendous. After taking four beastly cocks inside of her, she barely felt the insertions of squad mates and the random men who were unwitting hostages. But feeling each man forced to add their seed brought her to the brink of pleasure, and each time another orgasmed in her pussy, she cried out as yet another of her own climaxes wracked her body. It must have taken hours, although to Galloway, it didn't feel like it. Her head pinned to the table and her butt up in the air, every man in the building had a turn fucking her, and every woman in the building was made to bury their face into her snatch and lick up the excess. "After years of hard work, and dedication, and sweat and pain... it's all come down to this," Henry narrated for her as Ethan finished his reluctant fucking of her worn pussy by climaxing into her, and then Hellfire Halley was immediately pushed face first into the sloppy mess. "You've achieved your dream job!" Henry cried out marvelously. "You're a professional cum dumpster." Galloway couldn't find the words. She was panting too hard. When she was let up, she was greeted to a shocking sight. The four robbers were all waiting... their cocks were hard and ready to go once more. They picked her up, put her in a new position, and the gang bang violation started all over again. They weren't done... she doubted they would ever be... ***Chris Berger's plan had been the basement. He had his own reasons for heading down the hall to the open door beneath the stairs. But as he descended and could hear the screams of pleasure and pain from below, he began to fear he was venturing into the lion's den. His heart was pounding. Thank god he'd had to presence of mind to remove his shoes before he stepped out of his car. The floor boards of this building were creaky enough without him clomping around, even in sneakers. His socks muffled the sound of him descending the rickety stairs. He was vaguely aware that he was trembling. His legs felt like jelly. What the fuck was he about to find down at the bottom? He paused in the laundry room. The noises were coming from the storage area. That wasn't his intended goal. He knew he should just ignore it. He didn't need to know what was going on in there, but yet his curiosity got the best of him. He risked a glance through the doorway and into the storage area of the apartment units. This was a mistake. What he saw within terrified him in a way he hadn't known was possible. What he was witnessing right now was a far far *far* cry from Rob using his magic computer to make hot women sleep with him. Chris had thought that was the worst that it could ever be— watching his wife under the trance of another man, pleasure him in sexually wild ways. He was wrong. Rob had gotten worse. Much worse. Rob had transformed the

basement into a zoo— a literal zoo. Men and women were in cages. Chris recognized many of them as his neighbors. But a lot of them he didn't know— people in camouflage gear. They must be Galloway's coworkers. Most of them were naked or in various stages of undress. Somehow, the sight of people in cages wasn't the worst part. In the very center of the floor was an orgy that looked like it was meant to pay tribute to the devil himself. The basement hardly even looked like the basement anymore. There was some sort of illusion happening, that must have come from Rob. A hazy hologram of a casino on fire. Of death and destruction all over the place. And in the center of it all, on top of a poker table, Kate Galloway was on all fours like an animal. She was being violated from all angles by four demons. That was the only way Chris could possibly describe them. Hulking giants with brown and red molting skin, curving spiral horns, and cocks the size of baseball bats. They were grunting and thrusting, spitting and snarling. And among them, like a human sacrifice, Galloway was moaning and crying out and squealing with joy. She was enjoying it in the purest most sinful form. Rob had reduced her to nothing more than a slobbering groupie. A piece of fuck meat for his sick desires. Chris spotted Rob to one side. His cock in one hand, stroking and enjoying the show he'd created. His keyboard was in the other. Rob was looking extra haggard and nightmarish. He was dirty, his hair unkempt, his beard was patchy, and he looked malnourished. How long had he been obsessed with playing with his toys? None of them saw him. Chris stepped slowly back into the laundry room. This was out of hand. If Rob saw him now, he was positive that he would meet a fate worse than death. He'd end up like the rest of them— a fuck slave to a mad man. A fear he'd never felt before welled in him. A fear for his very soul. When he turned, he almost ran head-first into someone. A woman— the pretty chipmunk-faced one from the third floor. She must have crept up on him. They locked eyes. Chris's blood turned cold. "Please—" he began to whisper. "ROBBBBB!!!" Kelsey bellowed. The game was over. Her shrill cry went off like a starting pistol. It sent Chris running straight into the maze of the ancient basement. Kelsey ran in the opposite direction, still shouting. "Rob!! There's a man down here!" Chris ran with one single goal in mind. Something dumb. Something he should have thought of from the very start. But he hadn't. And now he might never get there...***"ROBBBBB!!!" The voice cut through the grunts, the fog of sweat and sex, and it echoed through the cavernous casino gaming floor. Everyone looked up, pausing in mid act. The captives all looked about themselves. Galloway froze. The demons seemed unsure. Then Rob typed a few words and paused the whole thing. Within moments, the casino faded and they were all back in the basement storage room. He turned as Kelsey came bolting into the room. He'd forgotten about her. Sent her upstairs. Now here she was, out of breath, nearly colliding into him and sending them both bumping against one of the back walls. "Rob!! There's a man down here!" Rob blinked stupidly for a moment. He'd been in total control of the orgy, been so lost in the fun and the lust and insanity that he was orchestrating, that it took him several moments to snap himself out of that fog. When he did, all he

was able to ask was, "Who?" "The man from 1B." "1B? Who was in 1B? He was blanking. All of his neighbors were down here, right? Then it hit Rob like a ton of bricks. Chris Berger. The cuck. The man who'd disappeared a few days ago. Rob had forgotten about him." He ran into the basement," Kelsey said hurriedly. Rob sagged with momentary relief. "Oh, sweetie. If he's down here, he's not getting far." Rob began to type. ***Chris ran his hardest, trying to remember the convoluted maze of brick and cobwebs that made up the building's foundation. He turned a corner. Water heaters. Wrong room. He swore, then ran back into the maze. He didn't have much time. Rob knew he was here now. Chris might have only a few more seconds left of precious free will before he found himself being gang fucked by monstrous demons as well. Rob could type fast... ***Rob's fingers began to fly across the keyboard. He wasn't worried, but still, his nervous pacing kicked in, as he was one to do while alone in his apartment. Suddenly something grabbed him from behind. Hands. He was yanked backward until he slammed into the wire links of one of the storage cages. "No you don't, mother fucker," Graver's hard voice. Rob had absentmindedly paced just a little too close to the cages and Galloway's captain had managed to snag the collar of Rob's shirt through the metal links. The towering team captain had yanked him back and pinned him in place to the cage wall. Rob tried to move, but another set of hands flew out from the cage beside him. Halley snared him by an arm. Another set of hands—Lucy had him by the belt. He struggled to pull away, but more and more of his captives had grabbed hold of him and were holding him there. Rob realized that his mistake had been returning their consciousness. He had wanted them to watch Galloway's violation without being under his spell—he wanted to break their will by watching someone as strong and determined as Galloway give herself over to her urges. Now he was regretting that attempt to humiliate them all, because they had seized on a moment of distraction. "Kelsey! Help me!" He was shouting. His loyal friend dashed over to him with outstretched arms. Rob fought to type. Slowly but clumsily, his fingers struggled to form the words. He needed to type... ***There was a struggle happening a few rooms over. Something was happening. Chris's heart was hammering in his ears. For all he knew, an army of demons was charging after him right now. He needed to not think about them, to only think about his one intended goal. But he was trembling harder than he ever had. He was in the right room now, but it was dark. He was scanning the walls. Where was it? Where was it? There was so much junk everywhere. The place was a fuckin' junkyard. He'd never find anything in this mess. "Look above you, stupid," his common sense urged him. And he did. The wires in the rafters were the dead giveaway. They snaked in all directions, running off to hundreds of outlets throughout the building. But they all came together in one massive collection and ran to—There it was. The metal junction box. Chris didn't hesitate. He threw open the door to the breakers. The inside was a jumbled mess. This place had been redone for years. There was no way to know what switch went to what outlet. None of it mattered. There was one very large switch. The main breaker. Chris flipped it, praying to god it would work. ***"Ah! Yes!

Ah! Yes!" Galloway was in the throws of... what orgasm was it now? 12? She couldn't even remember. Her body was drenched in sweat. Her muscles were a quivering mess of jelly. But none of that mattered. All that mattered was her single goal— sexually pleasuring these monsters until the end of time...The lights in the casino suddenly went out, and it all disappeared. The smoke from the fires. The felt table beneath her knees. The four behemoths who'd been fucking her from all directions. All of it was gone. She was a naked sweaty mess in a dank room that smelled like earth and dust. It was pitch black. The sound of confused shouting filled her senses. Multiple voices, men and women. All of them were shouting for help, like voices of the damned. There was some kind of struggle happening mere feet away, but she couldn't see. Then suddenly a light flared to life, almost too bright. It moved quickly into the room. A flashlight. "Galloway?" "Chris?" Chris Berger held the light, shining it around the room. The faces of nearly a dozen people stared from behind their cages. Kelsey stood dazed, blinking dumbly in the dark like she'd just awaken from a coma. They spotted him. Robert Bradford was struggling against a cage wall. Graver, Halley, Lucy, and several of Halley's men had the author pinned through the bars. Rob's hands were tapping on the keyboard, but nothing was happening. A look of dawning horror was crossing his features. He blinked at Chris. "You cut the power," he said stupidly. "I cut the power," Chris said with a triumphant smile. "I cut *your* power." For a moment, Rob refused to believe it. He continued to type harder and harder on his keyboard. Each stab of his fingers like a jab. He began to punch the useless device in his balled up fist. No longer caring how naked or sore she was, Galloway crossed the floor with determined strides. She slapped the keyboard from Rob's hands, sending it clattering across the basement. Her hand shot out to his neck, and her lips peeled back. She was determined to be his worst nightmare for the rest of his short life. But before she could snarl something fierce at him, a sound echoed throughout the basement. "N0000000!!!" The voice started as the shriek of a wretched old woman's voice but it grew and grew until it became the frustrated roar of wild wind from another world entirely. It echoed throughout the basement— a shriek of the damned, being denied its greatest desire. Everyone froze as they heard it grow, then die off. They weren't alone down here. As the wail of despair and fury died off, all eyes turned to the source. Chris's flashlight beam trembled violently as he pointed it to where the shriek had emanated. The tiny wooden door from the root cellar had opened, and ascending the stairs with ethereal smoothness was a wretched old hag with a lion's mane of scraggly gray hair framing a cracked drab face from centuries ago. Her clothes were just a black shifting mass of robes. Her eyes were burning with fury. Galloway realized she couldn't see the woman's legs. She was seeing through her as she drifted up the stairs toward them. Her grasping arms were reaching for them... reaching for all of them. They began to stretch impossibly long. A ghost. Galloway had no doubts this old hag had been the one to drag Quinn down the basement stairs. Rob's eyes were wide with absolute mortal terror at the sight

of this woman. Galloway glanced from Rob to the ghostly form, then back again. "You two were made for each other," she said, with no trace of sympathy. She grasped Rob by the collar, and with all of her strength, she pushed the demented author into the reaching arms of the ghostly hag. Rob screamed as she closed her grasp around his skinny body. He screamed as she retreated down the dirt steps of the root cellar, dragging him with her. He screamed as the door shut behind him. His screams went on and on for a very long time. ***Chris turned the main power back on and helped Galloway free the captives from the cages. They tended to Kelsey. The poor girl had no concept of time. How long had she been kept under Rob's mind control? Probably since the very beginning. Meggy had vague memories, and was horrified to realize the things she'd done. Ethan consoled her. The soldiers began to place calls while tending to the college girls. "Are you alright?" Halley asked Galloway, as Galloway recovered a scattering of clothing that wasn't destroyed, and redressed herself. Galloway shrugged. "No worse than you are." Halley merely smiled. "I'm too fucked up for you to ever reach my level." Galloway was sore, exhausted, and shaky beyond words. She would recover. They all would... physically at least. Emotionally... well that was a fight for another day. "So you cut the power, huh?" Galloway asked Chris. He rubbed the back of his head sheepishly and blushed. "Yeah. I'm a fuckin' moron. I don't know why I didn't think of it at first." "None of us did. Don't beat yourself up." She patted him approvingly on the back. "I was just too obsessed with thoughts of revenge and wondering how the hell it was all even possible." "There's more than enough time to obsess over that," she assured him. "But you came back for us. That took balls. You could have just cut and run, but you didn't. You really pulled our asses out of the fire. Thank you." Galloway extended her arms to give him a hug, but Chris glanced at her and backed away. "I'd rather not, no offense." She looked down at herself, and surprisingly she burst out laughing. She was drenched in sweat. There was cum in her hair, and multiple other places. Bodily fluids were all over most of them. "You're an ass." She laughed harder. report

NEXT PAGE

"Rob may have fucked my wife, but I'm starting to think I got off lucky. You all look like the Ghostbusters after they blew up the marshmallow man," Chris remarked with a scowl. "Only you're covered in something way worse than melted marshmallow." Galloway only laughed harder. Her friends and neighbors all looked at her like she was crazy. "Come here," she threw her arms wide. "Come on, Chris, give me a big ol' hug!" Chris began to hurry away, but stopped in his tracks as the root cellar door creaked open behind them. They all froze and looked at it in nervous anticipation. He emerged from the darkness, blinking against the light of the overheads. His clothes were torn and his legs were unsteady. His hair had turned completely white and it was a mess. His skin had wrinkled, and his eyes were haunted. Robert Bradford ascended the stairs, looking like a ghost of a man. The

soldiers stepped forward protectively, forming a ring. Their expressions were murderously intense. Halley and Graver were glaring. Alvarado was cracking his knuckles. York was wiping his mouth repeatedly with the back of his hand. Only Galloway's face was neutral. Rob regarded them. His expression was one of terror, but not at the men and women who were gathering around, more than willing to hurt him. There was nothing they could do to him that would be worse than what he'd endured down in that root cellar. He found his voice— a desert wind blowing across dunes. "She... showed me... things..." "I don't care about that," Galloway's voice snapped him out of his daze. Rob looked at her, and she saw that his expression of horror wasn't just out of what he'd seen down there with the ghost. There was something deep and profound in that stare— shame. He was ashamed and disgusted... with himself. The expression of a man desperate for forgiveness, but resigned to know it will never come. Galloway folded her arms. "You could have done anything with that power. Something wonderful. Something beautiful or meaningful. And you didn't." "And I didn't," he echoed. He wanted to let his eyes drop to the floor, but he didn't. He held her expression. He needed to see the hatred in her eyes. In all of their eyes. He needed to face the gravity of it all. "Sorry," he said softly. "There's a lot of destroyed lives looking at you right now, Rob," Galloway said. "You better find a way to make this right." "If it takes the rest of my life, I will," he said somberly. Though none of them had any reason to... oddly, they all believed him. *** Hollow Pleasure will be concluded in the next (and final installment)... and yes... there will be more sex... ***report

NEXT PAGE

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END OF CHAPTER

*** Disclaimer ***The following installment contains themes of hypnosis, mind control, non-consent, gangbangs and elements of incest. You've been warned. This is a work of fiction. All characters depicted are at least 18 years of age. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental. ***Hollow Pleasure epilogue***3ABy the second landing, Robert Bradford had to pause. He peered up the final flight of stairs with apprehension. He did every time that he came home. The dread of facing his neighbors. But as he always did, he accepted the inevitable and started up. As he neared the top, a pair of footsteps descended. He flinched inwardly when he recognized the pink converse sneakers, before looking up and seeing the rest of her. Kelsey Parker no longer lived across the hall from him, in 3B. She had moved out. After everything that had happened, she was still so fuckin' cute that it made Rob want to cry. But the smile was now gone from her big brown eyes— they used to always be bright and sunny to match her disposition. She had a cute little upturned nose, and just enough of an overbite that her front teeth displayed like a chipmunk. She could have been the cutest Hoo from Whoville... and lately, the saddest. Her hair didn't seem so perky, and the hoodie that she was wearing was extra baggy to hide that perfect flat tummy and those enormous E-cup tits. They paused uncomfortably, staring at each other for a moment. Rob saw the subtle way that she moved the box in her arms higher up, to cover her chest. "Hi," she said. She didn't want to acknowledge him. But it just wasn't in her nature to be rude. She was just that type of person. "Hi," he said flatly and looked away in shame. They passed each other one last time, and that was that. When he reached the top of the

stairs, he glanced at her open apartment door. Inside, it was completely empty. That had been the final box in her arms that she carried downstairs. The overly cheerful Jack-o'-Lantern decoration that she'd hung on her door so many weeks ago (before all of this had started) had been taken down. He found that he missed it. Rob missed seeing something that smiled at him. Nobody did the way that Kelsey had. And he doubted nobody ever would again. With a sigh, he stepped into his apartment. "You're late," the dry humorless voice greeted him. "I'm sorry, I just wanted to pick up some things for dinner," Rob stammered. "Y-you're all welcome to stay. I can make enough for everyone." He added hopefully. He didn't want to be alone and his offer was more than just out of politeness. "We've been over this, Rob. We're not here to be friends." Halley Hargrove stood beside her technician, Alex, and one of her officers. Rob couldn't remember this fellow's name. They rotated in out so frequently. They waited patiently while Rob unpacked his groceries, then he sat down at the computer console in the turret and stretched his neck. Halley and her men watched closely as he began to type. This had been an on-going routine for the past few weeks. Rob had promised to set things right, and so far he had been making good on that promise. But that didn't mean that Halley and the group trusted him. Far from it. They saw how quickly the power to manifest whatever he wanted with the simple act of typing had corrupted him into making his neighbors engage in the most despicable acts. Halley had tried to confiscate the computer, taking it back to her lab for her forensics team to comb through. But the fact was, it didn't function beyond the walls of the Connelly house. When Rob (or anyone) typed on it outside of the apartment, a mere word document was all that was created. This needed to be done at the apartment itself. Halley supposed she could have destroyed Rob's computer entirely... but she was intrigued by the power behind it, and wanted to further study how any of it had even been possible. Something paranormal was at play. That was the general theory among her and her team. After diving a bit deeper into the building's history, she had found accounts of the occult that had been deeply buried and hidden. At one point, a tenant or property owner (the details weren't clear) had developed an obsession with the seven deadly sins. In particular, how each sin had a specific demon who represented and personified them. This person had been an unattractive old hag who wanted control over people's sexual desires; she had a fixation on lust—hosting séances that frequently devolved into orgies and perversions of the flesh. She had been buried in the cemetery behind the property. Halley wasn't clear on how exactly she fit in with mind control, Robert Bradford, or a computer processor turning simple words into reality... but Halley had no doubts that the apparition in the basement was her. Under the circumstances of finding out their apartment building was haunted by the spirit of a devil worshipping pervert with supernatural powers, most residents were packing up and fleeing for greener pastures. Kelsey Parker of 3B was one of them. Perhaps she would try to reconnect with her boyfriend—a relationship Rob had been responsible for wrecking. Perhaps

not. Regardless, Rob needed to hurry before everyone left. Hence why Halley and her team spent most of their days over here. Rob was basically on an extended supervised probation. They had a system in place to monitor him. Rob had promised to use his new found gift to try to improve people's lives, but that didn't mean they were willing to trust him. A series of fail-safes had been put into place in case he ever tried this bullshit again. Halley wasn't taking any chances. None of them were. Rob had worked out a deal with them. It was a closed door deal. The fact was, Halley's firm was private law enforcement. Going public with some wild story about a computer granting supernatural powers to its user that could give them whatever they wanted with the typing of a word sounded ridiculous... and explaining to a court that said user had employed it to mind control his neighbors into his private harem was so crack pot, Halley would have locked herself up if she hadn't witnessed it first hand. In this case, she and her team had to be the judge, jury, and executioners themselves. If Rob was unwilling to be cooperative, or expressed no desire to change, they would have made him disappear. Halley had enough connections, and was friendly with enough real police who'd be more than happy to look the other way. But she also wasn't a stone cold killer. Halley had been fair... more fair than she had to be to a man who had no choice in the matter. She would let Rob keep his freedom, in exchange for round the clock supervision, and limited supervised access to his computer. She sometimes suspected that Rob sort of enjoyed the company. He seemed like a pretty lonely guy in general. And now suddenly, each day he had people hanging around in his apartment. Rob was desperately trying to make friends with them, and once in a blue moon, she'd give him a smile or let him join in a conversation with her and her men. Baby steps. She would even be willing to put him on her payroll eventually. But that would be much further down the line— after he could prove to her his willingness to make amends, and that he could be trusted. But that was far far away. For now, they had tasks to do. Rob's eyes wandered to the window and he glanced out in time to see Kelsey climbing into her car with the last of her boxes. His shoulders sagged. "Saying your goodbyes?" Halley leaned against the wall, following his gaze. "Yeah, I guess," Rob said without looking up. "You kind of liked her, huh?" He nodded. "Biggest crush I ever had. Even before the whole... you know..." "You know it was all hollow, right?" She responded. "All the affection she was showing you when you started controlling her. That wasn't her. That wasn't free will. Like that puppet in the basement... it was you all along, just making her dance." "I know," he said. "But sometimes it was nice to pretend. Reality is much crueler than fantasy." He swallowed and his throat bobbed. Halley watched it. She lightly patted his shoulder. "We'll stay for dinner," she said at last. "Really?" He seemed to perk up slightly from his inner turmoil. "Really. Just don't think this makes us friends. You'd need to make one hell of a meal for that." Rob shook his head. "No, I wouldn't assume. W-what do you like? I mean for future meals? Assuming you guys want to do this again in the future." Halley let a ghost of a smile lift the corners of her

mouth. "I don't know about the rest of the guys, but I'm a slut for beer and pizza."***1BApartment 1B sat empty. Chris and TJ Berger had moved out following the events of the past several weeks. It wasn't all because of Rob and his antics in the apartment. They were a young couple and it had been in talks for a while to purchase their first house. They had moved in with TJ's parents for the fall and the winter while they saved their money, and in spring, they would begin shopping around. Something small and pretty was in both of their minds. Someplace for TJ to garden and garnish with flowers and fun and life. Although neither of them would know it until much later, their inability to conceive a child was no longer a problem. Miraculously, Chris's issues in that department had cured itself... Equally miraculously, before they'd moved out, all of their stolen items had been returned to them with an apology note. Everything that the burglars had been broken, had been fixed and returned to their rightful places, as good as new. Similarly, Galloway's stolen guns and equipment had resurfaced in those returned goods. Chris kept in touch with Galloway and the other neighbors, feeling compelled to check in regularly. After all, that's what heroes did. With his IT background, Halley was relentless about offering him a job with her firm, but he had yet to make a decision. Although it had its appeal. After saving his neighbors, Chris's confidence had improved ten-fold. So had his sex life for that matter. Perhaps Rob's meddling had woken something up in both— he and TJ's sex was practically acrobatic now. They'd broken their fair share of furniture, or come home from long walks in the park with grass stains on their knees and TJ's panties missing. Not that Chris would ever endorse an open relationship after what he'd witnessed, but there was something about watching another man take his wife that spurred his own assertive tendencies to life. They would be just fine.***1AApartment 1A also sat empty. The three college students had moved out and parted ways. They were a bit freaked out. Lucy moved to a different apartment, and although she had been horrified to learn all of the things she'd done under the control of Rob, a small guilty part of her was slightly proud. She had acted and dressed in ways she would never in a million years have had the self-confidence to do under normal circumstances. And she'd seduced a sexy older man in uniform— and he'd gone along with it, of his own free will, no less! It was still horrifying and embarrassing, but part of Lucy felt a little surge of triumph over it all. She kept in touch with the investigators and private police force who'd saved her. Captain Graver checked in on her once in a while too. That attention was nice, even if he was already taken. And Investigator Hargrove bore her no ill will. If anything, Halley often teased Graver about his new admirer. Tina, and her family had gone into therapy. There wasn't much to tell there. They all had some issues that needed resolving, and dad's money was getting them there. Danni had the biggest obstacles to surmount. Low on funds, Danni had transferred to a community college in a different city and relocated a few hours away. She had tentatively reconnected with her brother. They'd spoken about the situation, hashing out what they had done via video chat with a sense of embarrassment. But they

had always been close and they needed to get through it and put it past them. One thing that both she and Bill had agreed on was that they were too dependent on each other emotionally. In the middle east, isolated from the world, Bill had started to see Danni as a girlfriend that kept him motivated. He needed to separate those feelings and put them in different boxes. And Danni realized that she needed to stop putting all of her self worth in her big brother. She needed to become her own woman and find someone that she could connect with romantically. They still kept in touch, but they severed much of their emotional ties.

***2A

Ethan was up when his alarm screeched. He hated that thing. "Self righteous pain in the ass," he said to the clock as he slapped it into silence. But despite the tiredness, he was going to work, and that brought him joy. Working at a library was nothing glamorous, but it gave him some identity, didn't make him feel so helpless, and allowed him to contribute around the house. He snuggled his arms into his crutches and made for the bathroom. Along the way, he passed his mother. She was fixing her earrings as she was heading for work. "Have a great day," she said with a cheerful smile. She leaned in to give him a peck on the cheek, but hesitated. The worry washed over her features, she thought the better of it, and moved along. Things were still a little weird between Ethan and his mother. Once she had come to terms with everything that had happened, there was a lot of guilt and shame. Influenced and under mind control or not, she had still had sex with her son... her baby boy... and she felt horrible about it. She was having trouble forgiving herself, even if Ethan forgave her. Ethan had made every effort to try to get his mother back into the groove of normalcy— coming to terms with what happened. After all, he'd been a participant too... and as much as it pained him to admit it, he'd been a *willing* participant. The fact was, he'd never been mind controlled, and as much as he tried to resist her sexual advances... he was weaker than he thought. His mother was a good looking woman, and the temptation just too great. They'd spoken about it at length several times, clearing the air and getting all of the cards out on the table. They now seemed at the stage where they accepted it, and could move on in a relatively functional way. But Ethan often sensed lingering shame and sometimes... sexual tension. That tension sometimes worried the both of them. Maybe Meg hadn't been as strongly controlled as they both liked to believe. But that revelation was enough to decide that Meg needed to start dating again. At the moment, Ethan was the only man in her life, and she needed to loosen that cord a bit, before the wires in her head crossed into something more. Ethan watched her head off to work, knowing that she would do just fine. She was a hottie. She would have no trouble finding someone. Ethan hobbled into the bathroom and began his rituals, listing off the things he'd want to do before he left for work. Shower, make coffee, pack a lunch. Maybe he'd make one for Galloway. He was also considering what he wanted to say in some little note to tack to her door, just like old times. He showered with all of these thoughts in mind, not thinking about much else other than his day ahead. When he made to step out of the tub, he accidentally

knocked his crutches from the spot they were leaning. He swore as they toppled into a planter that his mother had placed beside the toilet. He darted across the floor and caught it before it could break. That was when it hit him... he was walking without the crutches!"What the hell?" his brow lowered in confusion. He was in the middle of the bathroom floor, totally naked, and standing with no problems or ailments. Tentatively, he took a step and rested his weight cautiously on his leg. There were no muscle tremors, no spasms, no cramps, and no issues. His knees moved smoothly and his ankles pivoted. Ethan stood in the bathroom for a long time, testing each leg, one by one, back and forth. He bent, he crouched, he stretched, and he flexed his muscles. He was mystified. Slowly something began to dawn on him and he glanced at the ceiling above him. "Oh my god," he said out loud. He jumped a little, coming down with a dull thump. His legs were working! "Oh my fuckin' god!" he shouted, more excited than ever. His first thought was "I have to show Galloway!" He was so excited that he almost forgot to put on pants before he dashed across the hall. By the time he was finished showing Galloway this miraculous transformation, they were both crying and hugging each other.***2B Galloway found Halley and Captain Graver in Halley's cramped second floor office. It was disorganized and, much like the owner, it was modest and purely functional. Her training was almost complete. In a matter of days, Kate Galloway would be an official private police officer for this firm. A soldier-for-hire with the skills of an officer, investigator, security guard, body guard, and crisis responder. But before that became a reality, she needed to have a talk with her bosses. Graver was waiting patiently with his broad arms folded and his butt resting on the edge of the desk. Halley looked over from their conversation. Her expression didn't register surprise. It seldom did. "Galloway, what brings you out here?" Halley asked. "Hey, I wanted to have a talk with you about something, if you've got a minute," Galloway said. Her mind was already made up on this. The decision was a little rash, but she wasn't going to back down. Galloway's face, which was normally so placid and filled with good humor, today looked hollow and a little drained. "That's fine," Halley replied. She looked to Graver, then back to Galloway. "We wanted to have a talk with you as well." Now Galloway was taken aback. "You did? You go first," she said, worried how this might affect what she was about to ask of her bosses. "Relax, you're not in any trouble," Graver chimed in. A corner of Halley's mouth lifted in a slightly amused smile. She plucked Kate's file from the corner of the desk and flipped through dozens of pages of her training regiment and certifications. Galloway remained cautiously silent. "I was talking with the captain, and the instructors over at the State Police that you've been working with. We're all really impressed with you." Galloway's eyebrows lifted. "Really?" They both nodded. "You know the Captain. He talks you up." Graver added, "I've known you for a long time and believe you to be a sincerely good person. I trust you to make good decisions and put the safety of everyone around you above all else. Halley agrees. I don't know how dedicated you are to the job, but I certainly think you're dedicated to yourself and those who

trust you. Likewise, we've both seen you in action. And everything we throw at you, you handle. You handle it all with an even temper and a 'bring it on' attitude that impresses the hell out of us."Galloway shrugged, feeling a little uncomfortable about the compliments. "I appreciate the kind words, but I don't know about that. Pretty much everything I've done during training, I've been scared shitless for." "That's a good thing," Graver said. "You're supposed to be scared. If you weren't, I'd think you were reckless. We want to make you an offer. I know you're training to be a regular officer at our firm. But the truth is, we want you to lead the tactical division here."report

NEXT PAGE

Galloway blinked. She hadn't been expecting that. "Lead it? I thought you're the one who—" "I do, but I've got a lot on my plate. Most of my time is spent dealing with clients and contracts and strategies. That doesn't allow me much time to work with the men in a hands-on kind of way. That's where you come in. I need a second-in-command. We want you to train the new recruits, work with them, lead the men any way you see fit, and run the field ops. They answer to you. Think you're up for it?"Galloway was dumbstruck. It sounded like a lot to handle—almost to an intimidating degree. Could she do it? But she thought of Ethan and what he would tell her. He would believe there was no other job that she was better suited for.Galloway found herself accepting, and almost forgot to bring up what she had come here to say."I'll do it," she told them. "But there's a big stipulation. It's conditional on my accepting."They waited."I want you to hire Quinn." Quinn had recently been released from the hospital. His injuries from his spill down the stairs had recovered— the broken bones in his wrist and hand. He still had back problems... although after Ethan miraculously getting over his cerebral palsy, Galloway suspected that Quinn's injury wouldn't be a problem much longer, but she didn't want to count on it. All that aside, it was his attitude that worried her. He was experiencing a loss of purpose— adrift in his own feelings of despair. He needed something to save him. She could see it hiding in his eyes, or just behind his smile that didn't seem so bright anymore. It was a battle he was struggling to fight, and he was losing..."Quinn was born to be an officer," Galloway continued. "Back injury or not, I think if you took a chance on him, he wouldn't let it slow him down. No police department will take him, strictly because of his medical history, and it's killing him. I can vouch for him, he won't let you down."Halley looked reluctant. Graver gave it some serious thought. Kate let them mull it over."You worked with him before. What are your thoughts?" Halley asked Captain Graver.He shrugged. "Quinn's a lovable asshole. But it's your decision who's on your payroll." "Is it going to be a problem, working in close proximity to him?" Halley said. Her eyebrow arched ever so slightly, and Galloway knew what Hellfire was driving at— their tendency to sleep together while on the job.Galloway shook her head. Sex or not, they always had a good working relationship, and

she was sure they would now. Halley still didn't look entirely certain. She had met Quinn a few times in the past. Her initial impressions of him hadn't sat well. They hadn't liked each other right from the start. To her, he was an insufferable cynic who couldn't outgrow his own views of the world. Finally she sighed. "Damn you Galloway," a little sparkle of amusement crossed her face and Galloway found herself sighing with relief. Halley held up her finger in the air. "You will work with him closely, especially to keep him in shape and up to standards. He's got an injury so you need to find a way to work with and around that. Two: If you can keep him from annoying me, and the entire rest of the team, then I guess he's in." Galloway smiled brightly. "I'll keep him on a short leash." "Alright then," Halley said, the matter settled. She slid a file across the desk. "You've got three new recruits starting in a few weeks— just as soon as their backgrounds clear. Chick Brubaker, Britt Lincoln, and Eddie Foster. They're your men now. Train them however you see fit. You can start Quinn with them as well, provided you can work around his injuries as he heals." Galloway didn't realize her heart was pounding. Captain Graver stood and gave her a salute. "Dismissed, Lieutenant." Galloway returned with a sharp salute, an about-face and left the office, practically jogging with joy. Good news seemed to be coming rapid fire lately. She couldn't wait to tell Quinn and Ethan...***2B She found them both in the kitchen as she arrived home from her meeting with Graver and Halley. Quinn and Ethan were in the kitchen. Ethan's mother was on a date with someone from work, and he decided to hang out with Quinn. Quinn was rolling some simmering brats around in a pan while caramelizing onions. He and Ethan were in the middle of debating which actor played the better Batman. Ethan wasn't willing to back down from Bale. Quinn just sighed. "Can't we both just agree that Clooney was the worst?" Galloway stood in the doorway, enjoying the scene for a moment. To see them hanging out and getting along, considering they had once been in a weird rivalry for her attention, was warming her heart. "What's for dinner?" She asked with a delighted smile lingering on her lips. "Brats," Ethan said. He had been spending more and more time over here since the incident with Rob. In part, he was avoiding his mother, who he had sort of began to drift away from. Maybe it had to do with the sex... or maybe he was just naturally at the age where he was ready to fly the nest. "Foods that are dick shaped," she smirked. "Nice." Ethan reddened. Quinn snickered. "How many do you want? They're pretty big..." Galloway didn't even let him finish before she was running her tongue over her upper lip. "I want two... at the same time." This time both of them turned bright red. But Quinn laughed. "That's my girl." Ethan got up as Galloway joined them, offering her a seat. "You don't have to get up every time I walk into a room," Galloway remarked. "You've seen me sitting down far too much," he said with a smile, relishing his newfound ability to walk without orthopedic aides. "In other words you want to show off how spry and agile you are," she grinned. "Well... yeah... that too," he rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. "So I have some more good news," she said excitedly. Quinn glanced up from the stove and paused. "Guess who

Captain Graver just asked to be his commanding officer in the field and number two?"Quinn thought for a second, then his eyes widened. "No way!"Galloway nodded proudly. "He made me a lieutenant."Ethan lit up.Quinn smirked. "That's only because he got to see you naked."She punched him. "You're an ass.""I am not! I think you'll make a terrific number two."She punched him harder. Quinn only continued to laugh louder. "But seriously, Kate, we're proud of you!""Hell yes we are," Ethan beamed."I want to celebrate after dinner," Galloway insisted."You got it."They ate and chatted and bantered. Galloway sat and savored the moment, feeling like for the first time in a long time, everything was as it should be. It was funny, she mused, what had to happen to them all for them to achieve this. What Rob had done was messed up, but without him playing his part, Ethan and Quinn would never have warmed up to each other the way that they had.Galloway watched them talk with an easy smile on her lips. Either the physical therapy was working wonders, or Rob's supervised time on his computer was paying off, because Quinn no longer seemed to be aware of his back problems. And Ethan... without his crutches... he was a knock out. He'd be quite the heart breaker. His confidence was already on the rise and it was only a matter of time before he'd find himself flirting more and more with the ladies.Galloway decided this was a rare time where she ought to make the most of these fleeting moments, and really savor them. She excused herself for a minute as the men cleared the table.Quinn rummaged through the fridge for a minute and came out with three beers. He passed one to Ethan."You know I'm not 21, right?" Ethan said."You know I'm not a cop anymore, right?" Quinn replied."Touche.""There's not a lot of beer," Quinn called down the hall to Galloway. "If you want, I can quick run out. Or we can go for ice cream? It's your promotion, how did you want to celebrate?"It was quiet for a moment in the apartment. Then the door clicked open and Galloway stepped into view. Quinn and Ethan's jaws dropped at the same instant.Galloway was standing in just her boots, and a black lace thong. Her duty belt hung cock-eyed on her hips, and her vest was just barely zipped- mostly open, revealing her cleavage in all its glory. She wasn't wearing a bra. She stood in front of them, almost completely naked, with her slutified uniform. A naughty soldier."When I said I wanted two at the same time, I wasn't talking about the brats," she teased as she strutted into the kitchen.Neither man knew what to say. They just looked completely dumbfounded. And the color that splashed across both of their cheeks made her smile. It was cute. They had both seen her naked before. She and Quinn were regulars- even at group sex. And Ethan had slept with her once before. There were hardly any secrets there, but the way they glanced at each other, then back at Galloway, you'd swear they'd never been in this situation before."A-are you serious?" Quinn asked.Galloway rolled her eyes and opened her vest, revealing her perky tits and hard nipples. "No, I'm half naked because I'm showing you my new uniform. What the hell do you think?"Ethan looked at Quinn. "Are you alright with this?"Quinn was a little taken aback. He was fine with it, but this was new territory, sharing her with Ethan- who even though he was of age,

Quinn still regarded as a kid. "I am if you are," he admitted, even as his pants began to bulge. The excitement wasn't just because of Galloway's amazing body and eagerness to reveal it. They were going to involve this innocent neighbor who Galloway viewed in a protective little-brother manner and he regarded her like a goddess. There was something so... taboo about it. Before they could discuss it further, Galloway seized each of them by the collars of their shirts. Ethan was first. She pressed her lips hard into his mouth, her tongue finding his and fluttering over it. He shut his eyes after a second, and his posture seemed to melt. Then she switched to Quinn. His face was rougher than Ethan's smooth baby face. Their tongues rolled together. Quinn was much less nervous about what was to happen, finding his groove with Galloway's tongue very quickly. When she pulled away, both men had managed to shut up. Then she dragged them to the bedroom like she was leading two dogs on a leash. When they were in the warm embrace of the soft lights, Galloway greedily went back for another long kiss from each of them. There was more passion this time. Her lips locked onto a nervous Ethan. "Don't be nervous," she whispered to him, but her own body was trembling with excitement as well. This was very different from the rough gang bangs she'd experienced, thanks to Rob. There was real emotion behind how she felt about Ethan and Quinn. As their tongues played, she took his nervous hands and ran them behind her body, over the curves of her exposed ass cheeks. Ethan was tentative at first, but then he started to squeeze and rub. Quinn was already feeling her from behind, rubbing her breasts beneath her vest. He teased her nipples until they grew hard. There was a strange but welcome vibe to the room that was very different than the rough debauchorous sex of the last several weeks. There was a feeling of passion, and danger... like they shouldn't be doing this, but all of them wanted to— of their own free will. Both men were hard and neither said a word as Galloway's hands slipped down to rub both of them through their pants. "Mmmm... my men," she purred softly. Her fingers teasing around their bulges, encouraging them to grow larger and larger. Galloway's lips slipped off of Ethan's, as she sucked in an excited breath between her parted lips. Ethan couldn't pull his mouth from her skin. She tasted too good, smelled too good. His mouth roamed down her cheek to her neck where he kissed and licked at her skin. Her hair tickled his face. Quinn kissed his way down the opposite side, still massaging her chest, pinching her nipples softly and kneading the flesh of her C-cups. They were both breathing heavily as they peppered her neck with warm hungry mouths. She rubbed at their bulges, but their roaming incessant hands and moving bodies were making it difficult. She reached up, running her fingers through their hair and beginning to force their mouths down her body. She pulled open her vest, exposing her chest. Galloway's fingers each closed around a handful of their hair and she pushed their faces into her chest. "Come on boys, this is team effort," she moaned, pleased with herself as Quinn wrapped his lips around her left nipple, and Ethan, her right one. Both men started to suck at her. "Fuck we should have done this sooner..." she groaned, tilting her face up to the ceiling. "Much

sooner." She ran her hands up and down over the backs of their heads, pushing them harder and harder against her boobs. Their tongues roamed, teasing her nipples, tasting her skin. It seemed like they couldn't get enough of tasting her. They sucked hungrily, finding their voices a little, moaning as they lapped at her. Galloway was trembling with anticipation, though she didn't want to rush things. All in due time. But her arms were already breaking out in goosebumps. The thrill was overpowering. Her legs began to tremble with the same excitement that she once had for the artificial 'bad man' fetish. The men's suckling at her chest became more aggressive... eager and hungry. She couldn't take much more of their muffled moans and warm wet mouths. She pulled Ethan upright, and let her needs do the rest. She shoved him backward onto the bed. "I can't wait to try out this fully functioning body of yours," she shed her silly tactical vest, and began to crawl up his body. She stopped when her head was level with his crotch. Ethan stared down at her, a little afraid, but tremendously excited. She ran her hand over the bulge in his jeans, and let her tongue taste it over the denim. She wagged her butt as she undid Ethan's zipper. "Quinn, you know what to do," she said over her shoulder. Indeed, Quinn was already on it. He slid her thong down her smooth firm ass and knelt behind her. In a moment, she felt his rough stubble and warm kisses being planted on the sensitive areas of the backs of her thighs, traveling inward. "God, I forgot how big you are," Galloway cooed when she managed to free Ethan's dick from his pants. With her pretty face and flushed cheeks hovering over his crotch, it was impossible for Ethan to not be at full attention. His cock stood tall and proud. He gasped as she folded her warm fingers around his bare flesh and began to stroke. Her eyes weren't on his cock, but on him. They seemed to stare right through him. He shivered, and she stroked him smoothly, coaxing the first drop of precum into forming on the very tip. "Ohhh... oh god Kate..." he panted softly. She gave the underside of his shaft a little flick of the tongue. "Uh huh," she responded. The drop broke free and rolled down his throbbing shaft. Instinct kicked in and Galloway chased it with her tongue. She licked and tickled his cock all the way down as she plunged her mouth. She didn't stop until she reached his balls, and once there, Galloway parted her lips and took one of them softly into her mouth. Ethan moaned excitedly as she sucked them. All the while she never broke that hard penetrating stare that her ice blue eyes regarded him with. As she knelt in front of Ethan's excited crotch, behind her, Quinn held Galloway by the hips and buried his face into her pussy. She was excited and it showed. She was positively soaked. He chased the juices along her pouty pink lips with a long lap from his tongue, then he probed at her pussy until she shook her ass and moaned pleasantly. Her moans were muffled, because she was hard at work, basting Ethan's balls with her lips. She sucked at them one by one, and took long tastes of them, coating them lovingly with her saliva. Her hand pumped Ethan's shaft steadily. All he had to do was lay back and enjoy. When Galloway was sure his balls were given the attention they deserved, Galloway ran her tongue up the shaft toward the head. Her movements were a little too quick— she was

excited to have Ethan in her mouth once again, and his face reflected that same eagerness. Galloway paused at the tip, only for a second to see the desperation in his eyes. Then she smiled and plunged him into her mouth. He moaned out in pleasure, as her warm mouth came down on him all at once. Then she was sucking and bobbing and stroking and moaning. The moans weren't entirely from the taste of Ethan's manhood in her mouth. Behind her, Quinn was fucking her with just his tongue. He delivered fast little flicks inside of her pussy. But it wasn't enough and they both knew it. She sank her hips down on his upturned face until she was practically sitting on him. His nose pressing against her ass. His tongue slid out of her pussy and began to lap at her clit. That was what set her off moaning louder. Quinn sucked and licked at her clit, using his tongue, using his lower lip. He was putting all of his effort into pleasuring her with just his mouth. His hands had a firm hold of her hips, and he was pushing her back and forth against his face in little humping gestures. Galloway's hand spun in circles around Ethan's shaft. She stroked him into her mouth as she sucked and slobbered noisily. Ethan was moaning. He remembered oral feeling good last time, but forgot how good it really was. "Galloway..." he began to pant. "Galloway... I'm... I'm close." To his surprise, Galloway only grinned and sucked harder, faster. Her lips tightened and her hand moved in faster and faster jerks. "Oh shit..." He gasped. "Uh huh... Mmmhmmm... uh huh!" She urged him, alternating as his cock slid in and out of her hungry lips. She was bucking her ass against Quinn's mouth excitedly. She didn't think she could slow down on Ethan's cock, even if she wanted to. It was just going to have to happen. "Ohhhh no!" Ethan's abs flexed. He half sat up. "Yesssss," Galloway's incessant bobbing went on and on. Suddenly Ethan's cock erupted. The first few ropes flew into Galloway's expectant mouth. But then she popped off of her friend's dick and watched geyser after geyser fire from the tip of his jumping cock. It covered his own stomach and lap in a milky glazy mess. Galloway's hand stroked furiously, pumping him the whole way through his eruption. Ethan was gripping the sheets and moaning with pleasure. "Ohhhhhh... mmmmm..." he grunted, his eyes clenched shut. Then his eyes popped open, and embarrassment colored his cheeks. "I'm sorry that was so quick," he stammered. "You're just so hot, and you're so good..." "I've had a lot of practice," she winked at him and ran his wet cock over her lower lip. "I know you wanted a three some but I hadn't expected to—" She shushed him. "Do I look like I'm slowing down any time soon?" She grinned as her hand continued to stroke him. "You're just going to have to get hard again... I suspect that won't be very hard to do." She winked. He laughed nervously. "Quinn, get on the bed," she ordered her friend. "I need your dick too." Quinn came up for air. "Thank god. I was starting to get a neck cramp at that angle." He grinned. His lips were wet with her juices. "Shut up and lay down," she ordered him, not amused by his complaints. He lay beside Ethan, and started to shed his pants. Galloway used that time to clean up Ethan with her mouth. He'd coated his own lap with a considerable amount of cum, and Galloway wanted to make sure that not a single drop

escaped her appetite. She dragged her tongue across his stomach, scooping and collecting his seed in her mouth, before swallowing it hungrily, then returning for more.report

NEXT PAGE

Ethan sucked in a breath and giggled softly as her tongue slid across the ticklish areas of his hip flexers. She lapped it off of his shaft, and balls and inner thighs, drinking it down like the nectar of life. By the time she was finished, Ethan had managed to grow fully hard again. Galloway shifted so she was knelt between Quinn and Ethan. Quinn had discarded his pants and was stroking his cock as he watched. Galloway transferred her mouth from Ethan's cock to Quinn's. She devoured him as enthusiastically as she did Ethan. One hand around Ethan and one around Quinn. Maybe it was greedy on her part, but she couldn't have been more fulfilled in her life. The two men who she cared about the most, and she was getting to have them both at the same time. How could a girl possibly be so lucky? She was much rougher with Quinn. He could take it. She swallowed him all the way to the back of her throat. She teased him with her teeth. She jerked him hard enough that his balls slapped against her chin. At one point, Quinn rested his hand on the back of her head, petting her hair. Galloway snatched his hands and pinned them to the bed. She didn't need his help. She bounced and nodded her head, taking him up and down faster and faster. Quinn was gasping excitedly. Galloway felt that excitement as well. She popped off of his cock and instantly dropped her head into Ethan's lap. He startled at the aggressive way that she gobbled him right up. She bobbed her head several times, then went back to Quinn again for another suck. She alternated back and forth like that. "You boys aren't going to fight over me, are you?" She taunted at one point, on her knees between them, in nothing but her boots and duty belt. One cock in each hand that she was stroking furiously. They shook their heads. "No, I think we can get along just this once," Quinn grinned. Ethan nodded his agreement enthusiastically. "Mmmm... good... because this is so much more fun when you work together," she remarked. She turned, inched herself higher so she could lean over above Ethan's flushed face. She stopped an inch from his and smiled. It was a naughty smile. "Remember how we first started out when we fucked last time?" He nodded quickly. "How it was sweet and loving? This time I want you to get behind me and fuck me like an animal." He swallowed but nodded. "Now," she almost seemed to snarl. The desire for the two of them bringing out the aggression in her. Ethan nearly jumped up. He clambered behind her as Galloway ordered Quinn to kneel in front. Ethan rubbed his cock nervously between her inner thighs. She shook her ass at him and peered over her shoulder. "Go on then," she said, holding Quinn's cock close to her mouth like a microphone. "You know what to do." Indeed Ethan did, because a moment later, and he was sinking his cock into her sopping pussy. Galloway squealed in delight, one that sounded like when she was being sluttily defiled by the demons and robbers of her past. But this one was authentic and filled

with love. "God Ethan," she moaned as he sank his length further and further until his body came to rest against her firm ass. "You are an absolute fuckin' stallion." Ethan smiled through his heavy breathing, and flushed with confidence, held onto her hips and started to slide himself in and out of her body. Not that it was necessary. Galloway already started bringing her butt back to meet his thrusts. She turned her attention back to Quinn, and with Ethan finding his rhythm fucking her from behind, she gripped Quinn's cock in her hand, stroking him softly and resting the head of his member against her lips. He smiled at her as she stared up at him. "I love you," she mouthed the words. His smile grew. "I know you do, Kate," he replied. She wrapped her lips lovingly around his shaft and lowered her mouth over him. Quinn let out a groan. God, it had been too long since Kate had him in her mouth. He couldn't resist bucking his hips, just as Ethan drove himself into her. Galloway didn't mind. If anything, she enjoyed the men fucking her from either side. She let go of Quinn's cock and held him by the hips, letting him take charge. He reached down and swept her hair back from her face. Both he and Ethan drove into her at the same time. Ethan glanced up, and saw Quinn's level of concentration. He blushed red again, and looked down. "No worries, kid," Quinn grunted. "This isn't the first time Galloway's been spit-roasted. We're experts." "Blah," Galloway spit his cock out of her mouth. "Do you really have to call it that? Like I'm some kind of hog?" Ethan and Quinn both laughed and after a second, Galloway joined in. The tension eased and Galloway returned Quinn's cock to her mouth, sucking and bobbing with renewed vigor. She must have been doing a good job, because Quinn went silent, his jaw went slack. For long minutes, they made no sounds other than the soft eager sucking of Galloway's mouth, and the hungry muted moans that escaped her. Ethan held her by the ass, listening to the steady light slaps that he made each time he slid his cock between those beautiful pink pussy lips. Ethan was aware that he could hear his own heart pounding, and for some inexplicable reason, he had the overwhelming urge to blurt it out. "I love you, Galloway," he grunted and instantly regretted it. Quinn smiled easily. "Take a number, kid." Galloway came off of Quinn's cock and smiled at her younger friend. Ethan was already blushing, worried that his heat-of-the-moment comment might have put the brakes on the whole threesome. But he was feeling it and for some reason needed to say it. Galloway turned and knelt in front of Ethan. "I'd kiss you if my mouth hadn't just been stuffed with Quinn's cock." "Oh who cares?" Ethan said and pulled himself forward. His lips met hers and their tongues rolled together in frenzied passion. When they finally came up for air, Galloway said "I love you too, Ethan. Both of you." Then she eased Ethan back onto the bed and climbed on top of him. "I want you both at the same time," she said as she scooted herself until her hips were over top of Ethan's throbbing manhood. Quinn knew where she was going with this and moved in behind her. On his back beneath her, Ethan could only gaze up into Galloway's face. She took him by the hands, just like she had when she took Ethan's virginity. She laced her fingers through his and wiggled her hips until his stiffness

returned to her pussy. She lowered herself slowly... waiting until she felt Quinn pressing against her ass. "Fuck... this is such a dream," Galloway moaned softly, her eyes closing and an expression of satisfaction and calm joy crossed her face. "You always were a sucker for double penetration," Quinn remarked as he pressed himself into her ass. Galloway bit her lip, sucking in a breath through her teeth. "It's amazing. You should try it some time." "I'll pass," Quinn said, enjoying the sensation of Galloway's ass swallowing up his cock. He sank himself all the way down as Galloway sat on Ethan's cock. Galloway slowly started to move her hips as the two men were fully inside of her now. She peered down at Ethan. "What do you think of DP, Ethan?" "It's weird," he admitted, feeling the tightness of her pussy as she slowly and steadily moved her body. "But I think just because there's three of us." Galloway panted, bracing with her strong arms, her fingers clenched through Ethan's, which she had pinned to the pillow. "Don't like the crowd, huh? Shy boy." Her eyes were mostly shut, lost in the pleasure that their simultaneous penetration brought her. Ethan moaned more as she sank down on him and rocked her hips from side to side to tease them both. "I wouldn't do this with any other two friends," he admitted. "Plus... it's kind of bad... seeing you like this. It turns me on." "It is bad, that's why I like this," Galloway grunted, her back arching, her wide hips pushing back into their thrusts. She wagged her hips back and forth before resuming her slow easy riding. She ran her tongue over her upper lip, letting them sweep her up in the moment. Then she dropped forward until she was laying on top of Ethan. She was grunting softly. Her firm heavy breasts pressed against Ethan's bare chest. She licked teasingly at his lips, her hair draped over one side of his face. "Fuck me. Both of you... fuck me. Punish me for being such a bad slut." Her words spurred more eager thrusts from the two of them. Before long, Quinn was driving his cock deeper, in and out of her in long excited strokes, while Ethan braced his newly working legs on the mattress and bucked up into her. Both men were passive personalities, and Galloway's demands were exactly the inspiration they needed to go at her harder and faster. The bed began its slow rhythmic knocking against the wall. Galloway's voice came out in steady moans with each exhale. Her eyes were still shut and her tongue sampled and savored the taste of Ethan's lips. "That's it," she moaned around Ethan's mouth, just loud enough Ethan and Quinn to hear. "Fuck me... fuck me... fuckmefuckmefuckmefuckme..." she panted. They built up to a fast steady speed. The headboard continued to pound against the wall, faster and faster. The mattress was beginning to squeak aloud, protesting the weight of three moving sinners. Galloway was all too aware of how much Rob had control over her turn-ons, because now that he was no longer pulling the strings, Galloway realized that *this* was her biggest turn-on- taking the two men she cared about the most into her body. Sharing herself with the people she loved. Even as she thought of the way the two of them moved their bodies to pleasure her, it was too much. "Oh god... harder... harder," she panted. "I'm going... I'm going to... oh fuck, I'm going to cum!" Her eyes bulged, and she

grabbed Ethan by the hair and covered his mouth with eager kisses. Quinn lay across her back, and together they sandwiched Galloway between them. Their cocks working the whole time to power through her orgasm and continue fucking as she came out the other side of her pleasure. Galloway's lips pulled hard on Ethan's tongue, sucking at it. She whimpered and cried out in between their kisses. Her body convulsed, as her wetness ran freely down Ethan's member. He and Quinn didn't relent— working together like she wanted them to. When she was finally able to regain her wits, Galloway relaxed her smile and her eyes lazed, half lidded. "You boys made me cum so fuckin' hard," she panted. "We make a very good team." "Let's try something," Ethan breathed after a minute. Even Galloway was taken aback by this sudden display of confidence. She knew Ethan to do what he was told, not take the initiative around a woman who intimidated him. Quinn and Galloway climbed off of him. Galloway met Ethan's eyes, and for a second, the momentary flash of confidence in his expression made her not recognize him. It was sexy. "Quinn, lay down," Ethan instructed. Then he met Galloway's expression. "I don't think it's fair that you're in control *all* the time. I want you a little powerless." He teased, and again, Galloway thought him calling the shots was a bit sexy. "Sit down on Quinn, your back to him." "Yes sir," she said, deliberately sounding slightly meek. Part of it was authentic— excitement and nervousness. She gave a snappy salute, then lay down on Quinn's chest, returning his big heavy cock to her ass. Quinn held open Galloway's legs, making sure they were in the air and not on the bed where she could brace herself. Then Ethan lay down between her open legs— where he belonged and returned his cock to her pussy, their bodies sandwiching once again. "You've been a bad officer, haven't you?" Ethan asked, as he started to rough fuck Galloway. His hips moving with an ability he hadn't had weeks ago. "Yes I have, sir!" She said, her voice breaking and growing higher as Ethan rammed his cock in and out of her. Galloway hardly recognized her friend, but she liked it. He was showing a side of himself that she'd never seen before. "And you need to be punished, don't you?" He asked, reaching up her head, and running his fingers through her hair. She thought he was going to kiss her, but instead, he locked onto her ponytail and gave her a gentle but firm tug to bring her face in line with his. "I do! Punish me sir!" Seeing her own legs held off the bed by these two men, who fucked her from different angles drove her wild. Quinn's cock pushed in and out of her body. With the sheen of sweat and bodily juices building up on all of them, they practically glided against each other now. Ethan's thrusting was growing much more aggressive, he glanced down between their bodies to watch his cock disappear inside of her. His body was doing things it never could before, and he was astonished. When he looked back up to Galloway, she was astonished too... and somewhat smitten. Her eyes were glazed over in a lusty expression. "How can I make up for being such a slut, sir? I shamed the entire department." She pleaded. "You're going to fuck your Captain every day," Ethan grunted. His hips a blur that only his youthful energy could deliver. "Every day, sir? I mean... yes Captain!" Galloway could barely

move, and yet she loved it. The bed springs were squealing with the same delight that she felt. "And every officer and trainee," Ethan continued. His balls were slapping against Quinn's as they rough fucked her now. But it was unavoidable and neither one wanted to stop. "Every single one? But there's so many!" She grunted. "Are you a team player or not?" Ethan moaned. "I am, sir!" She moaned, her head lolling slightly from the physical exhaustion. They were throwing her around harder and rougher. The headboard wasn't just bumping the wall but slamming into it. The floor boards creaked and groaned. "Then you're going to fuck the entire department. That's your job now— to be the department slut." "And I'll be the best department slut I can possibly be!" She assured him, her eyes rolling back in her head. "Yes you will. I'll line the men up daily and they'll run a train on you..." "Ohhhh fuck!" Galloway cried out. The orgasm that rocked her was so fierce that she saw stars dazzling in front of her eyes. Her pussy was practically gushing as her muscles tensed and convulsed. Ethan could feel her muscles squeezing his shaft so hard, and he pressed his mouth into hers and they kissed like never before— the fierce desperate kisses of a sexual frenzy that neither had been in together before. By the time Galloway's orgasm was subsiding, Ethan felt his own beginning with a small tingle and rapidly spreading up and down his length. "Oh fuck, guys, I'm going to cum soon," Quinn cried out beneath Galloway's bouncing ass. "Me too," Ethan broke their kiss long enough to reply before Galloway grabbed Ethan's head and locked right back onto his mouth. There were no more words shared. Galloway didn't urge them on, or give them any directions, or plead with him, or tell them how she wanted it. Everyone knew what to do— their bodies knew exactly what they wanted. They kept right on fucking. Ethan's body pumping hard, all raw reproductive instinct now. Their movements were so fast and rough, Quinn and Ethan alternating their movements, in and out of her like they were sawing back and forth. The bedroom was simply a chorus of muffled moans that grew louder and higher by the second. Then it all happened at once. Ethan's cock gave a spasm and went off deep inside of Kate Galloway. A moment later, and Quinn joined him, exploding inside of Galloway's ass. Their semen flooded her from either end. Feeling the convulsions running up and down their thrusting shafts sent Galloway into another orgasm. The three lovers climaxed together. Ethan's balls drained into her pussy, spasm after spasm, until it ran from her body and down between her legs. Quinn's cock was coated with a healthy amount of Ethan's cum, but he couldn't worry about that now. He had his own orgasm to worry about, because as Galloway's muscles tightened around the two of them, his cum shot deeper into her. By the time all three of them were done, they collapsed in a sweaty heap on the damp bed spread. They all lay catching their breath and staring at the ceiling in a sex drunk haze. Finally Quinn was the one who asked it. "Did that really just happen?" "Do you need to see proof?" Galloway smirked and ran her hand between her legs, bringing the mess to Quinn's face. "Get out of here with that," he tried to push her hand away, before having to flee from her unrelenting fingers. Galloway laughed for a long time before

reluctantly climbing from the bed. "You boys made quite the mess," she hurried to the bathroom, and after a few moments, they heard the shower start up. Quinn and Ethan glanced down at themselves, slightly repulsed by the cum that was clinging to their laps. Galloway leaned out of the open bathroom door. "Are you idiots coming, or not?" They didn't need to be told twice. They hurried after her and joined her in the shower. It was a tight fit, and they all squeezed together beneath the hot water. But pressed that close together, with Galloway once again in the middle, it wasn't long before things started to happen. And they didn't stop happening until the water ran cold and they had to shut it off. Naked and wet, they fucked in the bath tub— Galloway bent over and sucking on Ethan while Quinn fucked her from behind. They tried to behave when they dried off and returned to the bedroom for their clothes, but once again, Galloway couldn't stop herself from planting a kiss on each of them... kisses that turned into make-outs, that turned into much much more. By the time it really was over and they were too exhausted for another romp, they collapsed on the bed, Galloway in the middle, holding their hands as they fell into a deep sleep.***2AA couple weeks had passed since the night that Galloway had shared herself with Quinn and Ethan. They hadn't had a three some like that since. Quinn and Ethan certainly wouldn't have been opposed to it doing it again, but Galloway decided it best if they didn't. Ethan was a young man who was free to discover the world. And as much as she wanted to boost his self confidence, she also knew that too much affection would make him dependent on her. She loved him as a friend, and more, but she wanted what was best for him— that was to eventually find a healthy relationship out there in the world. Truthfully, the other reason was for Quinn... and a bit for herself. Galloway, who had always been pretty sexually free with her body, found herself wanting something a bit different. She loved Quinn... she always had, but his tumble down the stairs had made her realize something. She was *in* love with him. She didn't so much want to be shared, as much as she wanted him to be the only one she went to bed with. It was a somewhat new feeling after so many years of being best friends and fuck buddies. But it was a feeling that she wanted to nurture. The three of them stayed friends in that time— hanging out, going for food, watching TV or chatting. But it was slightly before Thanksgiving that things ultimately changed. The cars were already packed. Galloway had helped and Meg was grateful for the extra hand. She knew that Galloway just wanted to spend some last minute time with her son. And that was okay. They weren't moving out of any reason that involved the Conover House... or at least that's what Meggy had said. Ethan's mother had managed to find a very well-paying job offer a few hours to the south, in a major city. Ultimately, it was a good thing. Financially their life would no longer be a struggle. report

NEXT PAGE

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Ethan was a grown man, capable of making his own decisions, must of his independence was still new. He still needed his mother for many things, and she needed him. Especially after recent events. It was a move they'd make together, however reluctantly. Meg was waiting patiently in the car for the two to finish their goodbyes. Then it would really be over. They sat on the front steps of the Connelly House. The very same place that only months ago, a strong and outgoing woman with wild raspberry hair, torn jeans, and combat boots had sat down and said hi to a lonely young man. Neither of them spoke for a very long time, what felt like an eternity. They were both afraid that if they did, it would start the wheels turning to the final goodbye—something they were both dreading. They stared down at their shoes. "It's for the best, you know," Galloway said, trying to sound practical. But she instead sounded robotic and cold. Ethan didn't reply. "It's best for both of us," she continued. "You need to spend more time with your mom. And we were both going to eventually go in different directions with our lives. We kind of have to let each other go." Ethan didn't look at her. She felt a little hurt by that. But when she looked closer she understood why. He was crying. "Come here, kid," Galloway said. She could hear Ethan sniffing and it broke her heart. "Give me a hug." He threw his arms around her and they held each other for several long minutes. It wasn't long enough for either of them. She doubted no amount of time would ever be. She discreetly wiped her eyes so he wouldn't see the tears when she let him go. "You remember how I like to read?" He asked. "Sometimes I get sad and cry when I finish reading a book. Because the characters become like my friends, and there won't be anymore chapters that I'll get to spend time with them." His voice was quivering. Galloway didn't trust her voice not to break. She only nodded. "This is like that, but way worse. Because you really were my friend. The best one I ever had. And now that story is over." "It'll never be," she assured him. "Because we'll always be friends. You can come visit whenever you want. And even if we don't see each other again, I will never forget you. I promise. Every single day of my life, I'll take a few seconds to think about you, and wonder where you are and how you're doing. And I'll smile remembering you. I'm not bullshitting either. I know I will." "I will too." "But our story won't be over, okay?" He nodded, still sniffing. ***1A The jitters that Ethan felt over the first day of school never changed, no matter how old he got. It was a trembling fear, combined with butterflies in his stomach, an urge to cry and a desperate hope that his future would be filled with wonderful friends and memories. On an impulse, shortly after the move, Ethan had applied to a local community college and been accepted. While most students started in the summer/fall semester, he was beginning in the winter—shortly after the holiday break. It was a welcome change—Ethan had been in a fog for a long time. He missed Galloway and Quinn... but especially Galloway. That feeling hadn't faded since moving out. They kept in touch but it wasn't the same. And now that feeling was worse than ever as he nervously walked into the lecture hall of the main building with his backpack slung over one shoulder. He felt as though he would have to

wait the rest of his life, just to talk to Galloway about everything that's happened in the last few days. He wished that she was there to reassure him... but she wasn't. That reassurance would have to come from within. He checked his schedule for the hundredth time, and despite being meticulous, he'd accidentally walked into the wrong classroom twice. When he found the lecture hall, the professor was already in the process of taking attendance. He felt like a spotlight was cast on him the moment he walked in and all eyes glanced in his direction. He kept his head down and his shoulders hunched as he navigated the rows of desks. He managed to shuffle to an empty desk beside a rather attractive and slender brunette with long straight hair. She glanced at him, and suddenly Ethan was struck. Danni Esposito? His former neighbor from 1A! She offered him a polite smile that said she didn't recognize him. "Danni? You go here?" He was shocked. She looked momentarily confused. Then recognition flooded across her features. She had to do a double take. "Ethan?" Her high voice managed to whisper. "Is that you? I didn't recognize you. Where are your crutches?" For some wild and crazy reason, despite his usual tendency to be frank, he instead glanced at himself, then looked to the ceiling in feigned exasperation. "Ugh. I knew I'd forget something today." She looked at him in disbelief, but started to snicker. They both had to keep their voices down to fend off the fit of giggles that was threatening to overtake them. When they settled, he whispered "I guess I won't be needing them anymore. I think we can guess why." "Yeah," Danni said, her voice quieting down and becoming more serious. "I guess we do." They sat together in class, and all throughout the course of the lecture, they were both sneaking little glances at each other. Towards the end of the class, as they sat taking notes, Ethan felt a nudge on his free hand. He glanced over and Danni was smiling at him. There was something in her expression. Then she laced her fingers through his. When the class ended, they were still holding hands.*** The End ***report

NEXT PAGE

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